PICTORIAL REVIEW

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MAY
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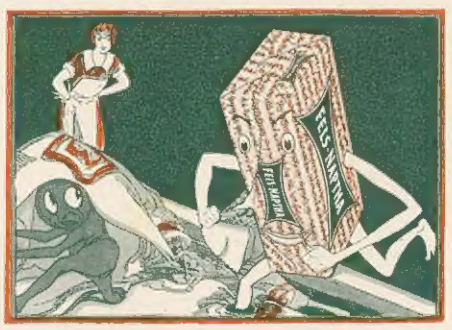

And out comes DIRT. *For* DIRT *is afraid of* FELS-NAPTHA. *You are saved—saved the work of hard rubbing!*

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FELS & CO., *Philadelphia*

FELS-NAPTHA

THE GOLDEN BAR
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PICTORIAL REVIEW

VOL. XXIX. No. 8 — MAY, 1928

Registered in the U. S. Patent Office

ARTHUR T. VANCE, *Editor*

William Paul Ahnelt

President and Publisher

JUST LIKE A MAN

By Louise Rice

SHE had brought a specimen of her husband's handwriting to me for analyzation.

"You are a lucky woman," I told her. "Your husband is possessed of many virtues, not the least of which is a sense of humor. He is constant, a hard worker, fond of home. Surely you have no difficulty with him?"

"Not exactly," she replied, "but—does he look to you as if he could be subtly unjust?"

"No, he doesn't," I replied; "does he seem to be?"

She shook her head helplessly. "It's this fifty-fifty business that is the trouble. When we were married Charles agreed that I should keep the shop—I'm 'Lucy, Gowns,' you know—and that we should share everything. I have always made more money than Charles, but he's a lawyer and it takes a long time for a lawyer to make his way. It began when we were first married. We both wanted a home. Aside from his profession, he has no other interest. He loves flowers as much as I do. He had the garden spaded, and I did the planting. He said that he didn't understand 'the fancy-work.' Did you ever squat for hours planting a garden? That started it. Because I saw then that this fifty-fifty idea was very one-sided.

"I have longer business hours than Charles, but I am the one who has to engage the servants, and count the laundry, and buy new sheets, and put things away in moth-balls, and order the food. And when I get into the house at night, I have to dash up-stairs and get on a pretty, fresh dress, for Charles always fusses when I don't 'look my loveliest.' If I show that I'm disturbed he becomes disagreeable; but it does exasperate me to see him so detached. I wish that we could go out to dine once in a while on the maid's night out, but Charles does love his home! He always says, 'Oh, let's just make a picnic supper for ourselves.' That means that I will have to get it while Charles trots back and forth after me, stopping to kiss me. He forgets what he goes for in the cellar. And when he takes the food in to the table he forgets to put on the covers, and everything gets cold, and he insists on warming it and burns it!

"Last year the whole thing got on my nerves so that I blurted some of it out to Charles. It ended by my crying in his arms and his gravely questioning whether it would not be better for me to give up the shop and stay home.' Can you believe it? He hadn't even understood what I had been saying. That taught me something. But I just won't believe that he is calculatingly selfish. I've tried asking him directly to do things. He looks surprized and says, 'S-u-r-e-l-y,' in a soothing way, but he never does the same thing twice unless I ask him. Take that matter of the garden. He pays rather high for his golf club. He needs the exercise, he says. Yet I have to pick all the flowers, and do all the chores on Sunday morning.

"Charles loves the impromptu party; loves to bring people in late at night for 'a little snack.' And I have to get up the snack. If I wiggle out of it, in some way or other, Charles goes out and brings back ice-cream and macaroons, and then the party costs money. Of course I can get up something with what's in the ice-box at very little expense. But that takes a lot of energy out of me.

"Then there's Junior. I have a fine nurse for him. Charles pays half of her wages and I the other half. We pay all the bills that way. But no nurse can ever take the place of a mother. I wish that Charles would sit with Junior sometimes, or help him with his lessons or buy his clothes. You'd think one man would be able to buy for another, wouldn't you? And that brings me to something else—I don't see why a man should not go shopping for his own underclothes, but Charles just smiles when I ask him to do that. He says, 'Oh, a woman always loves to shop.'

"When he is sick I have to stay home from the shop, but on the rare occasions when I have to stay in bed, he tiptoes in, kisses my forehead, and goes away, leaving a trail of orders behind him, for fruit and flowers and perfume. When any of his people are in trouble I am the one to go to their aid. I went last week for three days and returned to find the house neglected, the baby at outs with his nurse, nothing in the ice-chest in the way of supplies, and Charles out golfing. Being lonely, he assured me, he had been golfing every afternoon. And yet he had said that he couldn't get away from the office to go to his own family at this time.

"To-day Charles telephoned the shop to ask if I'd please get home a little early and have something squiffy to eat. Very important client for dinner. It doesn't sound desperate, does it? but I just shouted, 'No, I won't!' and banged up the receiver. I am losing my patience. And the injustice makes me wild. Only last week I had two very important customers come to town for the day. I invited them home for dinner. Then I went out and called up Charles and asked him please to come home early and attend to the little things. And what do you think he said? 'Why, honey, your house is always perfect. Don't tell me that you can't take your friends to it as it is. They'll love it. Everybody does. Don't bother me. By!'

"I made an excuse to the women and gave them an expensive dinner at some hotel. When I went home I sulked all evening. Finally I burst forth and asked Charles why he hadn't been willing to help me. 'But I was busy,' he objected. 'Why didn't you bring your friends anyway?' Now, to-day, he calmly asks me to do the very thing that he would not do, and he knows that I have a special sale on for the week. It's so unreasonable. If I could believe that Charles didn't care whether he was unjust, I could understand it, but he's a d-a-r-l—" She burst into tears.

"My dear," I said, "cry if it will make you feel any better. It's about all you can do! The truth of the matter is that your Charles can not understand. He is still reacting to impulses that are a million years old. When primitive man went out to fight the giant beasts of the ancient world he came home pretty tired and often nicked up considerably. The woman had the fire going and a pot of hot water ready for his hurt places, and then she cooked and fed him and no doubt covered him up with the warmest skins so that he could gain strength for the next day.

"Life kept on being physically strenuous for the man for a casual million or so of years, during which he got his steaks and chops by daring life and limb, and tho women had it rather hard, too, it was on the man that a woman's life depended. Long ago all that was changed. Long ago the pendulum of civilization began to swing the other way. Woman began to carry more and more responsibility and to fight with circumstances. But, you see, men are really the conservative sex. Witness the stability of their styles in dress. A man adds an extra button to his coat and for twenty years is content with the innovation; in the course of which time woman has run the changes from crinoline to bare knees. In those long-ago days a woman bathed her own hurts and nursed herself when she was sick, and had her babies without much nursing, and was always there. She and the home place were the background of the man's existence and a most necessary background, and she couldn't ask much from him. It was all that he could do to live through the strenuous hours when he was out in an unfriendly world getting food for her and the children.

"Charles has a hangover, my dear, a cosmic hangover. He is still experiencing the reactions of the primitive days. It has never entered his mind that he ought to take over some of the burden that our mothers have borne for ages. He doesn't even know that it is a burden. For Charles and men in general are so used to the skill, ease, and endurance with which women attend to all the machinery of living that they can't believe it is difficult."

"'A cosmic hangover,'" she quoted, half smiling. "I believe that idea might appeal to him. He has a keen mind."

"You tell him what I've told you," I advised, "and then remember that it's going to take you the rest of your life to enlighten him about these conditions. But you can have one consolation. Your son's wife will have a little easier time than you have had, and maybe your son's son will begin to understand. Conservative and retentive—that's man!"

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"WHAT ARE THE YOUNG PEOPLE COMING TO?"

The college crowd expresses the point of view of the Younger Generation

BY MARY FIELD PARTON

EDITOR'S NOTE

This is not a fanciful account of what might have happened. It did happen. The first Congress of Modern Youth was held at Columbia University last year. Mrs. Parton has faithfully reported for Pictorial Review what was said and done there. The very audacity of the thing may startle the more mature reader, but there is no questioning the sincerity of those who took part in it. Incidentally, another "Congress" is to be held this Spring.

Drawing by Myrtle Sheldon

"HERE AMID THE CLATTER OF DISHES ON BARE WOODEN TABLES, THEY DISCUSSED ALL MANNER OF SOCIAL PROBLEMS AND PERSONAL RELATIONSHIPS"

THE youthful chairman stood with the ease of the seasoned debater on the platform before an audience of upturned faces. Young, eager eyes met his. The woodsy fragrance of early Spring drifted in through the open windows and over the gay garden of youths whose bobbed and cropped heads swayed and dipped and turned. The chairman waited for the last bubble of laughter to break, the last wisp of whisper to float away; then quietly:

"The first question for this conference to decide," he said, "is whether we will admit adults to our discussions."

Instantly a slim young girl leaped to her feet. Color mounted her cheeks; flight was in her voice. "I move, Mr. Chairman," she said breathlessly, "that this conference be in *fact* a conference of, by, and for youth; that we exclude even last year's graduates on the ground of age." Flushed, she sat down, took out from her vanity-case a wee bit of fluff and powdered her nose while rockets of "Second the motion!" shot up from all over the assembly of boys and girls.

"Except," said the chairman tentatively, "except the experts whom we have invited to sit in our conferences with us?"

A dozen boys and girls were on their feet, flagging the chairman's attention. He recognized a stocky lad down in front.

"Mr. Chairman, we got up this conference, the program and everything, and I think we ought to run the show. It's all right to let the experts sit in, to answer questions, but I think elders should be seen and not heard." He plumped down in his seat with the satisfied look of having made a touch-down for his team.

A pretty, golden girl, whose dancing eyes mocked a serious brow, rose to speak. "I move, Mr. Chairman, that we shut out reporters. Newspapers report only the sensational and without context; then when our parents read the papers they say, 'What are the young people coming to?'"

Thus the first Youths' Conference of New York City, the most original and unique convention of young people ever to be held in America, opened its three-day sessions at Columbia University.

The idea of the conference originated among a group of college boys and girls who were in the habit of meeting in the cafeteria of Columbia University at lunch. Here amid the clatter of dishes on bare wooden tables, they discussed all manner of social problems and personal relationships, particularly those affecting modern youth.

One day they said, "Let us call a convention to see what boys and girls in other schools are saying to these new problems confronting our generation."

They sent out a summons to twenty colleges and universities in and about New York city, and in answer to that call came over two hundred youths in the effervescent teens and theory-loving twenties.

Gentile and Jew, Catholic and non-sectarian and Protestant, they came together as delegates from student groups, representing hundreds of other boys and girls, to discuss among themselves, uncensored, undirected by adult thought, problems that youth must face.

Every kind of young person was there: the thoughtful, the gay; the lovely, the commonplace; the homely little girl with muddy skin and thick-lens glasses; the chatterboxes, the brooding; the cocksure, the timid; studious lads whose shoulders even at twenty were round from bending toward books; the high-strung and the unimaginative; the dull, the precocious; the bookworm and the butterfly.

Their announcement stated loftily that their purpose in coming together was "to understand the world in which we live." And to accomplish within three days this stupendous understanding, the convention divided into small groups for the discussion of every conceivable human behavior. Against grim old walls of race and class prejudice these boys and girls hurled ceaseless arguments. With deadly scientific phrases they cleverly bombed and undermined and innocently charged against old walls that have stubbornly withstood the assaults of philosophers and dreamers for century upon century.

In one of the classrooms a group of boys and girls discussed the relationship between men and women. They spoke of intimate things with the frankness of children, unconscious of difference in sex; unconscious, too, that to older, wiser ears their inexperience gave to their precocious pronouncements a flavor of humor. With the informal ease of an afternoon tea they sat in their classroom chairs, some slouched far down on their spines, others alertly upright as if ready to pounce on any old-fashioned heresy, some with heads, heavy with ideas, propped on elbows that rested on the broad arms of their chairs.

"Since the days of our parents the entire situation involving the relationship between the sexes has changed," said an emphatic young woman in trig sport suit, short to her knees. "Parents have stone-age intelligences not to see that when a profound change takes place in the economic life of young people, behavior changes; human relationships of all kind shift——"

A boy with ruddy cheeks and the direct, honest eyes of a collie jumped up and interrupted her. "That is," he said, cutting directly to the heart of the matter, "modern industry and mass production have absorbed women. Moreover, professional and apprenticeship and business training takes so many more years than it did a generation ago that celibacy is forced upon youth long after physical and mental maturity, and during a period of emotional stress. A lawyer, a doctor, a business man must start at the bottom, and even to get half-way up the ladder takes many years. Meanwhile nature is goading him toward marriage, which for economic reasons he must postpone. Our parents married much earlier than young people can to-day. It's this postponement of marriage that creates new and definite problems for youth."

"Once it would be thought that the postponing of marriage created a problem only for men." The girl who spoke was like a lighted candle. Straight and sleek was her body in its silk tunic; her cheeks, her lips, her eyes, bright flames. "We know now—modern psychology tells us, and I suspect our mothers knew it in their hearts, but pretended not to know—that the creative force is equally powerful, urgent, in women and in men. Men and women differ only in the way they manifest that urge. Their different physical nature makes them act differently."

An impatient girl snatched the skein of logic off the speaker's hands. "Yes, and when man was woman's only career, marriage her only future, she had to act cold and innocent and at the same time cute and cuddly. With professional and business and artistic careers, as well as marriage to choose from, women can now own up to having some emotion of their own. Our generation can be frank about our feelings without being thought—bad." She tripped on the last word, but she held her bobbed head proudly high.

"And what our generation knows, too, is that the likeness between men and women is greater than the difference. Women are approaching man's way of living, his greater tolerance and his freedoms. According to Jung—" The boy who continued the discussion spoke with the solemnity of a convert. His owl-round eyes beamed benevolently at the girls through horn-rimmed glasses. Down and sophistication were on his lips. Authorities at the end of his finger-tips. He would have quoted them all, but a chunky young girl elbowed him and the authorities aside.

"Well, there's nothing noble about that," she said. "All there is to man's changing attitude toward woman is that with jobs and careers competing with men for women, man's behavior toward woman inevitably changes. Women used to act coy and shy for the same biological reason that now they do not. Coyness once gave zest to the male's pursuit, and when the pursuer was the only employer, you might say, marriage the only job, a woman had to act that way. Employers to-day do not chase the coy, and bashfulness gets neither jobs nor, for that matter, husbands."

Half audibly a girl whispered, "The modest violet is sure in the ash-can!"

"With congress gaiters and mitts," whispered her neighbor.

Questions arose. What was to be the relationship between modern men and women during the unmarried but mature twenties? In the way of scientists examining and classifying various odd forms of sea-life, these grown-up children discussed the various substitute relationships that might bridge the period. They examined the claims of trial marriage and marriage limited to a definite period, and free love and companionate marriage and birth-control. But no

Continued on Page 86

"We'll never be satisfied with makeshift music," *my husband said*

We had heard the new Orthophonic Victrola several times. Frankly, it spoiled us for anything less perfect. Those round, mellow, lifelike tones . . . the illusion of the singer or player being right in the room . . . the naturalness and the versatility of it! . . . We wanted to own one immediately.

But Edward had heard somewhere that you could do certain things to the old-type machine and make it "like an Orthophonic." He decided to experiment with ours. . . . Well, let's pass over *that!* Even Edward was convinced. "We'll never be satisfied with second-rate music," he said. And so, we bought an Orthophonic Victrola!

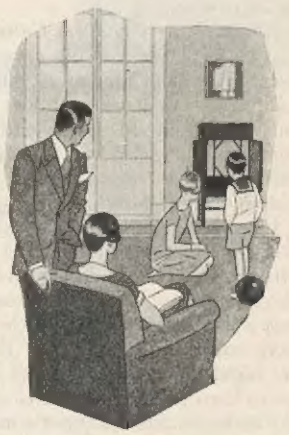
He decided to experiment with ours. . . . Well, let's pass over that!

I wish I had the power to put into words what this wonderful instrument has meant to all of us. It plays the kinds of music that each of us likes best. The Victor people say it is "Waiting to play for you." Ours does little waiting. There is music in *our* house all the time. Edward and I feel, too, that it is a splendid musical education for Sue and Jimmy.

The old Victrola? Our local Victor dealer was willing to make us an allowance on it. He also said that we might pay something down and so much a month, if we liked. But Edward preferred to pay cash. However, that's a detail. The important thing is, we have an Orthophonic Victrola, and we consider it the finest investment in happiness we ever made!

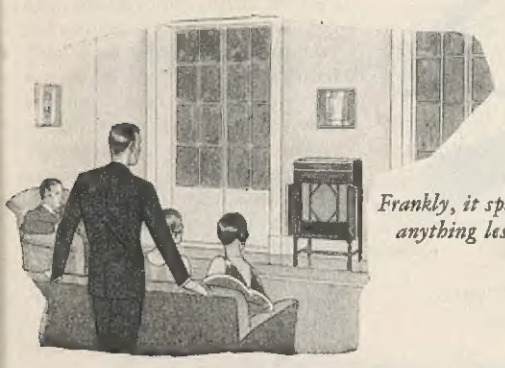
Model Eight-twelve. A very popular Orthophonic Victrola. List price, $225. With electric motor, $35 extra.

Be sure of this: Only an Orthophonic Victrola gives Orthophonic results. And the Orthophonic principle is controlled by Victor. Ask your dealer to demonstrate one of these incomparable instruments *in your home*, where you may judge its harmonious appearance as well as its music.



It is a splendid musical education for Sue and Jimmy

There are many beautiful models, from $75 to $1550, list price. Most of them are *electrically operated*. No winding. Just play and enjoy. See and hear the *Automatic* Victrola, which changes its own records.



Frankly, it spoiled us for anything less perfect

The New Orthophonic Victrola

VICTOR TALKING MACHINE CO. CAMDEN, NEW JERSEY, U. S. A.

WHO SAID HOLLYWOOD WAS WILD?

The amusing comments of a noted actress on the motion-picture colony

BY ELSIE JANIS

Drawings by Erick Berry

"I WAS DREADFUL IN THE MOVIES, YET I STILL GET LETTERS ABOUT MY FILMS FROM SOUTH AMERICA AND AUSTRALIA"

AFTER nearly three months spent trying in vain to find the fastly famous and famously fast life of the film colony, I feel it is my duty to warn the world that as a legitimate successor of ancient Rome Hollywood has a lot to acquire. I've done quite a bit of sincere "snooping" in my efforts to "ogle an orgy"; and even tho it may hurt the film industry if it becomes known that the people who sway the silver screen are steady and sane almost to a "middleclassity," I can not resist giving the low-down on the high life out here as I have had the pleasure of seeing it.

I'm absolutely sold on California—the big trees are not exaggerated, but the big sprees are. When I announced last Spring that we were going to spend the Summer in California—well, that is, Los Angeles, and, I finally admitted, Hollywood—my friends teed up their eyebrows and politely asked, "Why?" But I could read between the lines on their foreheads that they were thinking Hollywood! "Hey! Hey! Elsie is going to break out."

I frankly admit that the idea did cross my mind, but every one I've met here is working too hard "to break out" without an effort; and so I have enjoyed about the happiest Summer of my life in the most safe, sunny, and satisfactory surroundings (pardon the rush of s's to the pen). I have spent the days lolling beside a swimming-pool and my nights in bed much earlier than is my habit because it's so hard to find any one to stay up with you. When one has to be on the set (that's movie for "stage"), made up and ready to "emote" at 9 A. M., as even the big stars are required to do, it takes a great event to cut in on the allotted time set aside for "pillow-pounding."

Evidently I am not a great event because, as I suggested, the film stars are a most "retiring" crowd, and so the only late hours that I may have kept have been those of a Saturday night, which is the big night because on Sunday most of the cameras cease cranking. The Mayfair Club has its parties Saturday night, and just imagine seeing in one beautiful ballroom practically every one who is, has been, or is going to be a screen sensation. Thrilling!

But the really great blow to the theory that no man is safe in Hollywood and no woman wants to be, the solar-plexus tap to the newspaper propaganda which would lead one to believe that marriages, tho made in heaven, are remade annually in this neck of the woods, and the most discouraging sight to a person who has a time-worn and slightly citrous opinion that people in public life should not marry, is the absolute plethora of apparently happily married couples you meet here.

Whether the bright California sun blinds them to one another's faults, I can't say, but the fact remains that I have met many men who have been married to the same wife for several years past, and as many wives who seem to have the firm intention of remaining married to the same man for years to come.

Quite seriously, domesticity is rampant—and such lovely homes! You know, back East the folks that have swimming-pools are given a lot of credit and have to have a lot of same to afford one, but out here swimming-pools and patios spring at you from all corners—even the Janises have them. Babies, too, are found in the best families. No! the Janises haven't any, but then they only came out in June.

Parties?—lots of them, mostly dinners followed by cards, music, or perhaps a movie in the personal projection-room, and then good night, because to-morrow is another day and a busy one.

Drinking?—cocktails before dinner and perhaps a night-cap before leaving, but no apparent desire to help make America dry by drinking everything drinkable. When I arrived I had been occupying for almost a year and was still sitting pretty in a seat on the near-beer wagon. In the East I took a lot of bows for this feat and was considered a bit unusual. Imagine my consternation at finding, not one, but many of the feminine film favorites drinking water—an ancient custom, but popular among these lovely ladies who are saving their dollars for a rainy day, and their faces for a "close-up."

Smoking?—not very popular among the more popular girls. It's bad for the dental decorations, and, to coin a phrase, "the camera does not lie," neither will it whitewash. Mind you, all these observations have been made in the midst of a rather small colony. but that colony holds practically all of the people whose names are over our film palaces and in whose salaries, love-affairs, marriages, divorces, and income tax the public seems to be interested.

Work?—how they work! I never realized what an easy time we have in the theater until this Summer, when I have had the privilege of going into the great studios and seeing the big "flickers" in the making. When you sit calmly in your large and comparatively inexpensive seat, watching your favorite screen lover press to his palpitating "boozoom" the lady of the casting director's choice, and you think you wouldn't mind being in the lady's place—try to imagine the two lovers, whose love scene is ended almost too quickly to satisfy you, having to play the scene five, six, seven, or even ten times before the director says O. K., and the very tired lovers, half melting from the heat of the lights, murmur K. O.!

"OUT HERE SWIMMING-POOLS SPRING AT YOU FROM ALL CORNERS"

Patience is more than a virtue in the films; it is an absolute necessity. I used to visualize the director getting everything all set, the lights arranged, the players at attention, and then at a given signal the star would be told that if she would deign to honor the scene with her presence, etc., that's out! The star is ready, the scene is ready, the actors rearing to go; even the director has said the magic word. The cameraman languidly gazes upon this scene which he is prepared to "shoot"; he places an eye well behind the lens of his trusty camera, which can make or break a star, and then calmly says, "Powder, Miss Blotz; you have a shadow under your right eye." Why she has not only shadows but rings under both eyes, caused by sleepless nights spent in wondering whether or not she will pass the eagle eye of the cameraman, I don't know.

While Miss Blotz powders, the lights are killed, meaning doused, the actors stir uneasily, the director turns away, murmuring what he would give for a shadowless star, and then Miss Blotz, well powdered, reappears. The lights burst into living, the actors make an effort to do the same, the cameraman approves; this time they are really ready, and the orchestra, which accompanies the moods of the scenes, no matter where they may go, starts to sigh hopefully.

"Camera!" shouts the director—there is a flicker, and one of the lights, either from fatigue or sheer boredom, sputters and dies. "Cut!" yells a raucous voice, and everybody stands or sits or swears while a misguided lamp gets its carbid manicured. The scene is finally shot and then shot again and yet again, until you wonder why the director is not.

The other day I saw one of the most famous stars do one "close-up" seven times, and I couldn't see the slightest difference between the first and the seventh. After each shot the director would walk languidly over to the star and whisper a lot of directions, the star would say "Yes," and then do the scene over again. At the moment I can't think of anything I would like to do seven times in succession, but the star didn't seem to mind, and I suppose directors must have exercise.

Girls! If by any chance you have been told that you have a "movie face" and you are about to turn down that nice young man who only knows that yours is the face he loves, and go searching for a film career, just be sure, before you sell that old gold breastpin that grandma left you and start saving for a railroad-ticket, that you have not only the "movie face," but the movie courage and mentality.

The latter has been grossly underestimated, in my opinion. I have listened to the people who say that the beautiful but dumb predominate on the screen. Well! —I've certainly seen more beautiful girls out here than anywhere in the world, but I have yet to find that dumb one they all talk about.

I'm going to take the chance of rousing the royal ire of some of the queens I have had the honor of meeting by giving my impressions of them. Mary Pickford—a perpetual rosebud with the heart of a full-bloom rose, the mind of a bank president, and the sense of humor of any highly paid cartoonist you want to mention. Pola Negri—

Continued on Page 84

How modern dentists crusade against "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

SPECIALISTS POINT OUT BOTH THE REASON AND THE REMEDY FOR TROUBLES OF THE GUMS

From a professional paper:

"Take an ordinary dinner, for instance, from the soup to the sweets; if there were anything that demanded real mastication we should soon grumble at the cook. The habit of bolting food and the lessened mastication required with our more elaborate dietary supply the clue to many matters now engaging the attention of the profession."

From a standard text:

"The use of natural foods has been replaced by highly processed substitutes from which the coarseness is removed, so that the need for masticatory effort is greatly diminished, with the resulting detrimental effect on the teeth and their supporting structures."

From an article in a dental journal:

"If the gum tissue is artificially stimulated, a change takes place in the texture which . . . seems to act as a protective armor . . . and makes ingress of infection extremely difficult."

From a well-known practitioner:

"The instant the gums are brushed properly, the blood starts to flow more rapidly and new life and color make their appearance."

THE very real relation between our diet and our gum troubles is recognized by each and every dental authority whose words are quoted above in the panel on the very page you are reading.

Our soft foods have damaged our gums—have made them tender. Today gums bleed too easily. "Pink tooth brush" appears—a sign of weakened gums, a very possible forerunner of more stubborn troubles to come—gingivitis, Vincent's disease, and perhaps even the more infrequent pyorrhea.

The way to have firm, healthy gums—beautiful, white teeth

Read what these authorities say about soft food. Regard carefully how they recommend gum massage to restore to the tissues the exercise and stimulation they require. These quotations are from published works, and in them, as becomes professional etiquette, there is no urge to the use of any special product.

But there are thousands of good dentists who urge the use of Ipana Tooth Paste to their patients—as the medium for massage of the gums as well as for the regular cleaning of the teeth.

The reason is simple. Ipana contains ziratol, a preparation with well-known antiseptic and hemostatic properties. Ziratol gives Ipana the power to tone and stimulate the gums, building them to sound and sturdy health. This property of Ipana is one of the important reasons for the hearty professional support it has enjoyed ever since the day it was placed upon the market.

So follow the sound advice of these specialists. Give your gums, twice a day, this gentle frictionizing with the brush or with the fingers. It's very simple. It takes but a moment of time, and it may help you avoid years of trouble.

Why a full-size tube makes the better test of Ipana Tooth Paste

Below is the usual coupon, which will bring you a ten-day test of Ipana—enough to judge its delicious taste, its fine flavor and its power to make your teeth clean, white and brilliant. No tooth paste excels Ipana in these respects.

But a full-size tube contains more than one hundred brushings and will last over a month—long enough for Ipana to demonstrate its benefits to your gums. So make this fairer test with a large tube from the drug store. Let Ipana start its good work for you tonight.

IPANA Tooth Paste

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF SAL HEPATICA

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. D58, 73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... *State* .....

FOUR LADIES OF THE FRENCH EMBASSY

An interesting glimpse into the charming home life of a distinguished diplomat

BY FREDERICK L. COLLINS

THERE is only one Ambassador from France to the United States. But there are four Ambassadresses. The youngest is ten years old. And the oldest, if you judge by her gay spirit, is not much older.

Renée — that's the ten-year-older — was at school when I was at the Embassy. And I don't know much about her except that she is much beloved by the other three Ambassadresses and by her father, the Ambassador. The latter has written a poem about her. The last few lines go something like this:

> For there's no man, however low, who has not something new
> That he, outside his office hours, has fashioned all for You,
> Hoping it will occur to You to ask for it some day,
> And that You may be pleased—some queer and hideous array
> Of not much use—ah, but on which his very heart is spent!
> Just so my little daughter comes with shy embarrassment—
> Her heart puffed up with pride and fear—on my birthday to present
> A pincushion, work of her hands, complex and wonderful,
> Embroidered with a thread of gold and made of scarlet wool.

The translation is Margaret Munsterberg's, not mine. And I haven't seen the original. But these lines seem to me to tell the basic facts about two members of the Claudel household: that Renée is a regular girl and that the Ambassador is a regular father.

Renée mustn't be confused with Reine. The former is only a schoolgirl with a pincushion and a smile. The latter is not only the queen which her name implies, but she is that much more important personage, a débutante. Not precisely a débutante, according to our strictest specifications, for she is only seventeen; but rules mean very little to Reine Claudel.

She has her name printed large and black in the diplomatic list of the Department of State. She sits solemnly—but not too solemnly, for this is the French Embassy!—in the high, stiff chairs of the Ambassadorial dining-room. And, on state occasions, she marches with her father, her mother, and her elder sister past the cold Vermont eye of the President of the United States.

Why shouldn't she? Girls are rare in the diplomatic circle. Dancing men are many. And Reine Claudel, for all her blond dignity, is eminently and very enthusiastically danceable.

Her big-eyed, dark-haired sister, Marie Antoinette—but we'll learn more about her, and her mother, too, if we go right up to the Embassy and see them. We'll have to take a cab, for it's a long way from the Union Station to 2060 Sixteenth Street; and when we get all dressed up to call on Ambassadresses it usually rains. But the ride is not dull in rain or shine; it leads through some of the finest residential streets of the finest residential city in the world, up the hill past the famous Henderson "Castle" to the not unpleasing combination of Parisian architecture and Maryland sandstone which has, for nearly thirty-five years, housed the families of French Ambassadors.

The house does not belong to France. Mrs. Henderson built it, and, I think, still owns it. But M. Jusserand lived in it for twenty-five years, and his successors, MM. Deschanel, Bérenger, and Claudel, have followed his example. It is a good house, but, as Madame Claudel expressed it, "not too large." As we roll up the driveway —that's what one does when one visits embassies—a solemn-faced butler peers out of a small front window and eyes us with the appraising coldness of a Paris *concierge*. He hopes that we are going to the side door which leads to the chancery. He fears that we are coming to the front one.

His worst fears are realized. And so are ours. We are no sooner through the broad doorway—it is arched like a church window, with glass and metal doors, and silk curtains that are red in the daytime and in the evening, with the lights behind them, a gay pink!—than we discover that the butler *is* a Paris *concierge*. Maybe a Paris taxi-driver. For he refuses to talk to us in his perfectly good English and makes us talk to him in our perfectly execrable French. After some moments of misunderstanding he departs uncertainly in search of we know not whom: it may be the Ambassador; it may be the chef.

Photo by Underwood & Underwood

MADAME CLAUDEL AND HER YOUNGEST DAUGHTER RENÉE

Photo by Harris & Ewing

HIS EXCELLENCY AMBASSADOR PAUL CLAUDEL

Anyway, he leaves us. And we have a chance to choose between two high red-lacquer chairs with very stiff backs and a low white-marble bench with no back at all. Everything in this wide entrance-hall is red and white. The very French rug is shaggy red; the chairs, the table, the very French wardrobe are shiny red. The walls and the fireplace are sandstone, a rough, warm white. The chandeliers are crystal-cold.

From above the fireplace, his marble cheeks glowing from the reflection of so much cheerful lacquer, beam the youthful features of France's "first Ambassador," the Marquis de Lafayette. And out of a wide, light alcove at the rear of the house rises the gently curving staircase, with its railing of gracefully wrought metal and its rich carpeting of blue and gold, which leads to the salons on the second floor, where, we are informed by the now voluble butler, "the ladies" will receive us.

The grand salon—but here comes Madame Claudel with her daughter, and the sunlight, behind her.

She entered the room with her right hand outstretched. I was glad it was the right hand. She wears a thumb-ring on the left one! I liked her right away—in spite of the ring; in spite of, perhaps because of, the exotic quality of which the ring was a not inappropriate expression. In face, in figure, in movement, in expression, in everything that can be cataloged and classified she is French; but there is something of the East about her, the Far East, to which she went as a bride and where she has spent nearly ten years of her married life. Her eyes do not slant, but they should!

Madame Claudel is the kind that one describes in exclamation-points. Her tempo is staccato. She talks quickly, nervously; with her eyes more than with her lips. The lower half of her face is sphinx-like; the upper half, cinematographic. Her long, slender, expressive hands talk when her eyes talk. She is a vibrant woman: small, slim, above all, chic. Smart rather than pretty. Distinguished rather than beautiful. A handsome, arresting figure—not untouched by mystery.

"I talk English very badly," she said, "but I have my daughter."

"Mother understands perfectly," exclaimed Mlle. Claudel in a soft, sure voice which had only the slightest trace of accent, "and in six months she will speak perfectly as well. Now she is afraid."

"I have been here but two weeks, you know."

Madame Claudel's English might not be perfect, but it was thoroughly workable; and, supplemented by her quick, expressive eyes, which showed how completely she understood all that was going on, it gave the effect of quite unfettered conversation.

"My sister has been here but one week more," said Mlle. Claudel.

"And you?"

"Oh, I have been here a long time. Nearly a year. I came with my father."

Then, between them, they explained that mother had to spend a little time in France when the Ambassador was suddenly transferred from Tokyo to Washington. There were several important matters: one a son who was learning to be a diplomat in Paris, and had to be left alone, "poor fellow"; another was their new "castle" in Savoie. Both ladies referred frequently to the "castle." (At first I did not recognize the English translation of the French *château!*) They were going back next Summer to see the boy and the "castle"—all except father, who would travel in America to see the country. "He would like that," his daughter said. And his wife agreed.

The "castle," it seems, was in a small village in the hills just outside of Grenoble. I knew the place well. I had spent two Summers within a few miles of it. We became great friends over our common love for the gracious land of Savoie.

Madame Claudel's people were all Savoiards; altho her father had moved to Paris long before her marriage and had become one of the best-known Parisian architects. He designed the great cathedral on the heights above Lyons. She has artistic and inventive blood all through her ancestry. One member of her family was responsible for the famous French 75s—the giant cannon which helped to defend Paris throughout the World War. Her marriage with Paul Claudel, the poet-diplomat, was the natural outgrowth of congenial tastes and pursuits. The young Reine Sainte Marie Perrin was well fitted by birth and temperament to become the wife of that versatile man.

Her husband had spent his life in the French consular service. In the early '90s he had been Assistant Consul in Boston and New York. Then he had gone to China, where he stayed in various posts for fifteen years. In 1906 he made the long trip home by way of Syria and the Holy Land. He came, as Mlle. Claudel expressed it, "to marry

Continued on Page 70

A LEADERSHIP MADE AND MAINTAINED BY QUALITY

A new perfection in Campbell's famous beans! Another step forward in Campbell's service to the critical tastes of America! Always the nation's favorite—by far the leader in popularity—Campbell's Beans are even better now than ever. The flavor, slow-cooking and other qualities that have given Campbell's Beans this leadership are all retained. But they are lifted to a new and higher excellence that is irresistible. A real treat awaits you!

SLOW-COOKED
DIGESTIBLE

You can soak the hard work right out of your washday ··· *this new way*

When a tubful of clothes stares up at you, have you ever wished they would wash themselves? Of course, they can't *quite* do that—but almost!

Do you realize that Chipso *soaks* clothes clean?

Chipso is *modern*. The minute you pour hot water on the fine, thin flakes, the richest, lastingest suds imaginable foam up before your eyes. Just *leave* the clothes in these Chipso suds while you tidy the house or wash the breakfast dishes (with Chipso, too!) and when you come back in 20 minutes or so, the dirt will be ready to drop out. (If you prefer to soak overnight, the clothes will be safe as a baby in a cradle—because Chipso harms nothing but dirt.)

You can remove this loosened dirt now, just by *squeezing* the suds through the clothes. If any spots remain, rub them a little between your hands—and you are ready for rinsing and wringing! Really, a Chipso tub-washing is as easy as that! And if you use a washing machine, soak your clothes the same way *before* you start the motor—and see how much sooner they are clean.

Millions of women now end washday well before 10 o'clock—and without a stroke of old-fashioned, hard work. No drudging over washboard and boiler! Not a moment wasted chipping or melting bar soap! They use Chipso! Chipso soaks their clothes clean!

Dishpan drudgery goes, too! And you will find a new half hour *every* day if you will let Chipso suds help you with your dishes. Here, too, Chipso does the hard work for you:

Pour hot water *on* Chipso flakes—for instant suds! Wash the glass and silver first. While you are rinsing and wiping them, put the china into the Chipso suds to soak off the grease. Again, while you finish up the china, soak the cooking utensils in exactly the same way. This method is quick, easy, and keeps your hands practically out of the dishwater!

You will find that a little Chipso does lots of work, too—a large box lasts a month of dishwashings, or 4 to 6 family washings!

PROCTER & GAMBLE

Chipso –
hot water –
instant suds
Soaks clothes clean
Dishes ⅓ less time

Free: *Saving Golden Hours*. "How to take out 15 common stains . . . save clothes by soaking . . . lighten washday labor." Problems like these, together with the newest laundry methods, are discussed in a free booklet—*Saving Golden Hours*. Send a post card to Winifred S. Carter (Dept. CR-5), Box 1801, Cincinnati, Ohio.

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The most amazing success in the history of household soap

HERE IS THE BEGINNING OF ANOTHER TWO-PART SERIAL

MONEY WON'T BUY IT

You will laugh at the madcap adventures of a millionaire's daughter who refused to lead a conventional life

BY BAYARD VEILLER AND WILLIAM GILBERT

Illustrations by Frances Rogers

HEREWITH is recorded the progress of an omelet and a piece of dry toast. A stately progress—from the kitchen of the Timberlakes' big town house all the way up to the top floor—it occurs every morning; and the jeweled tribute of a nation to its princess could not be offered with more loving care.

For the omelet and the piece of dry toast are for Gloria Timberlake, exquisite Gloria, whose palate is as rare as she herself is beautiful.

No less an artist than Henri Marie Anne Jacques Mouquin can testify to Gloria's perfect judgment in the immortal question of food. On his honor as a gentleman of France, he declares, his hand on his bosom, there is no palate in America like hers. And his eyes are enraptured as he recalls the times when Gloria would dance into his immaculate kitchen with its sparkling coppers to hold entrancing converse with him on the merits of *sauce Bearnaise* as opposed to *sauce anchovy beurre noir*, or the proper instant to add the sherry when roasting squab.

"And so beautiful, too!" cries the second cook.

Henri Marie Anne Jacques Mouquin sniffs.

"That may be," he responds, "but mere beauty can grow on any bush, while a taste like hers is as rare as the Orloff diamond. It ravishes me. It inspires me." His chest expands like a pouter-pigeon's. "My art," he cries, "thrills her. Its delicacy, its nuances, its sense of balance and phrasing—she is a great artist in appreciation."

The second cook shakes his head.

"But she eats so little!"

"*Imbécile!* What would you? Would you have her as big as a *marmite?* Would you make a pig of her, like yourself? *Bigre!* I tell you again and again she is an artist!"

At the same instant he flips the omelet from the fire and turns it swiftly into a silver-topped dish.

"*Omelette au fines herbes*," he murmurs. "She will taste a mouthful only, but she will recognize the handiwork of a master."

He decants the steaming coffee—coffee made superdelicious by his secret, a suspicion of chocolate mixed with it—into a silver pitcher with a long, delicately turned spout.

"Kind of an idiot!" he squeaks at his assistant. "Mind the toast!"

The second cook minds it while his master gazes over his shoulder like a pilot bringing a treasure-ship through perilous seas. Under their eyes the thin bread-slice crisps, turns amber. Heat creeps through it, so that no part is untouched by its magic. One side is almost done—turn it over. Two heads, close together, bob in unison. Then, as if by a miracle, it is done. Off it comes. The chef brandishes momentarily a flickering blade. A silver dish, well heated, wrapped with an immaculate napkin, receives it. The ceremony of the progress of the omelet and toast is under way.

A last inspection and Henri Marie Anne Jacques Mouquin, with the gesture of a marshal of France, draws himself up, clicks his heels.

"Now," he breathes, "now you may take it."

Not far, for at the entrance to the kitchen pantry the second cook reaches the boundary of his domain. But there another waits. With swift precision the food is transferred to another tray—silver, this one. A great goblet of cracked ice appears, in its center a fragile beaded glass of orange- and grapefruit-juice combined. Silverware casts its thin glitter upward. The progress swiftly proceeds.

Only to the far end of the butler's pantry. There a benign, ruddy individual, as bland and dignified as an archbishop, inspects it critically. He softly clears his throat.

"The spoons here," he delicately indicates, moving three spoons a quarter inch apiece. "The toast so," he murmurs, touching the hot dish. From a tray of roses resting in a bed of cracked ice he selects a single blossom, but only after a close inspection of many, and places it on Gloria's plate, having carefully dried its stem with a towel. A small tinkling pitcher of ice-water—just so. A goblet—thus. He draws back, and then with a flicker of the eyelids and a single glance permits the footman to go. The progress of the omelet and the piece of dry toast proceeds.

"LIPSTICK IN HAND, GLORIA PRINTED ON HIS EVENING SHIRT THREE HUGE CRIMSON LETTERS"

Before the breakfast-tray, carried on the electric elevator, reaches the door of Gloria's own suite on the top floor of her father's house, it has passed through the hands of two other footmen and a housekeeper. And now it is taken in charge by Hortense, Gloria's own maid, and is ready for Gloria when she quits her bath.

But, if anybody knew, the triumphant, stately progress of the omelet and the piece of dry toast has been accomplished this morning for the last time in many weeks.

His daughter's bathroom is no place for a parent. No matter if the bath is as big as most people's apartments. No matter if a sizable chunk of his top-heavy income is responsible for the rose-streaked marble of its walls, the chased silver of its fixtures, the sunken, rosy immensity of the bath itself.

The skylight (that was Gloria's idea) made way for a golden shaft of sun down whose path a dozen Naiads and water-pixies might have danced to garland Gloria in a cloak of shimmering glow. She stood enveloped, her body of breathing pearl half revealed, half concealed in the cascade. The cold was on, and Gloria reveled in it. Her young, firm flesh laughed with glee at the onslaught of the water. It was joy to Gloria—a physical joy that she loved.

As she stuck her head out from under the cataract to listen to Hortense, who was saying that breakfast was ready, most women onlookers would have raged with jealousy. They would have seen that Gloria's hair—she scorned bathing-caps—kept its curl.

Hortense held the great towel in which two Glorias could have wrapped themselves entirely. It was at this point that Josiah W. Timberlake burst into the room. An impulsive man of millions

"I want to see you, Gloria!" he roared.

"You do, Father!" his daughter grinned, slipping into the white, woolly embrace of the mammoth towel. Unconcerned, she proceeded with a brisk rub-down, turning her mind inward to enjoy to the utmost the lovely glow that followed the icy needle stabs of the shower.

Josiah W. Timberlake scowled. Gloria's flippancy angered him. Not another human being acted toward him that way. Butlers, footmen, chauffeurs, senators, bank presidents, directors and trustees of big corporations—every man and woman alive (save Gloria, who was very much alive) gave him the deference due to his fifty millions or more, his proved business genius, his well-known generosity, fair dealing, and good citizenship. Why should Gloria, who would be nothing if it were not for him, he imagined, alone taunt him?

"I want to see you," he repeated, "about something special."

By this time the girl, aided by Hortense, and looking

like a tall, agitated, pink-toed polar bear with curly locks, had rubbed the glow firmly on and the water firmly off. In a jiffy, with the inexplicable dexterity of women shifting clothes, she had dodged in one flashing motion out of the big towel and into a warm bath-gown.

She slipped her toes into mules beside the bath-mat. Then she pranced toward her scowling parent, said, "Josiah dear, you're upset," and kissed him lightly on the tip of his nose. In another instant she was out of the room and seating herself at the breakfast-table arranged by an open window.

As her father followed her he could not resist a feeling of awe and admiration at her lithe, gay movements. His daughter! This ravishing thing! If she only would respect him! Josiah W. Timberlake sighed; if she only would be less criminally, inexcusably extravagant! Less care-free with her activities and friends! Extravagance was to be the subject of the morning lecture—extravagance and what he considered his daughter's undisciplined life.

Josiah didn't know how to begin. The maid bothered him, hovering about. She seemed to be on much better terms with his daughter than he was. Then Gloria herself made him feel uncomfortable. Silhouetted against the window, her head with its boyish curls, standing up in all directions, was haloed in the sunlight. She was engrossed in the exultant inspection of a piece of dry toast. Her youthful bath-gown, with its vertical stripes, was all that shielded her from the world's eye. Her father forgot that he had intruded on her own particular privacy, and felt nervous at what seemed almost indecency of apparel on Gloria's part.

He framed, in what he thought was French, a command to Hortense to depart. Hortense listened, but seemed merely bewildered. Gloria, applying that sixth sense by which beautiful girls are able to understand the inarticulateness of their fathers, knew what was wanted. She smiled at Hortense. It was an extremely difficult thing to tell the difference between Gloria's smile and sunrise on a Spring morning. Authorities said that Gloria's smile was just a shade lovelier. Then she gave her maid a free interpretation of Josiah's speech.

"Beat it, Hortense," she said.

The maid went softly away.

Gloria's delicate, peachblow nostrils sniffed the battle. Which detracted no whit from the savor of the *omelette au fines herbes* she was at the moment sampling. Not much of it, tho. Gloria was not one to eat herself out of her waistline, no matter how delicious the food might be.

She examined the little finger of her left hand, looking for a callus on it. This was the finger around which she was accustomed to twist her paternal parent. And while she looked forward to the battle almost with pleasure, she felt a slight trepidation, because she realized that her father, after all, was no mean antagonist. When she glanced at him from under her long lashes he looked particularly horrid that morning, too.

The best defense in warfare is proverbially the offensive. So:

"DARLING," she cooed impertinently, "are you bilious this morning, or has mother been cruel to you again?"

The blow bounced off, unavailing.

"My bile is my own business," Josiah retorted. "It's your gall that concerns me." Gloria's great eyes grew wider.

"Why, Daddy," she purred, "whatever can you mean?"

"There's a young man down-stairs," Timberlake grunted, "who's waiting to see you."

"Horrors!" cried Gloria.

"He informs me," Timberlake continued, "that you bought an automobile from him yesterday." Gloria seemed puzzled.

"Oh, is that all?" she said. "Which one was that?"

"A Rolls-Royce," her father snapped.

"Oh, that," she said. "I thought it was something serious like a summons. I thought I might have promised to marry him in a careless moment."

"Certainly not," Timberlake barked. "He looks far too sensible to ask you."

"Ouch!" Gloria's giggle was spontaneous.

"You've got a Rolls already," boomed Timberlake. The girl pouted.

"But this one's mauve, Daddy."

"A mauve Rolls-Royce!" Timberlake's neck-muscles swelled. "Of all the fantastic, ridiculous colors——"

"For sunny afternoons, Daddy!" she pleaded. "Nobody can ride in a navy-blue car on sunny afternoons."

Timberlake appealed to the ceiling—perhaps to a higher realm. How could a man argue with that girl? He felt apoplectic and breathed out, whistling. He would have to start again.

He didn't realize that Gloria's frivolity was merely his own training—his own coaching, which covered her natural simplicity and sweetness like a cloud.

"Is there anything, young woman," he demanded presently, "that you've ever wanted that you haven't got?"

Gloria considered, and smiled rosily.

"You wouldn't let me elope with Giovanni when I was fifteen."

"That was for your own good," her father cried. "And he was the best chauffeur I ever had. He might be working for me yet but for your silly nonsense." Gloria sighed.

"As I remember him, he was charming," she said, "charming. He had the most exciting broken nose. I wonder what's become of him." She sighed again.

Things were going well. With almost no effort she had switched her father's thoughts from the mauve Rolls. But for once Gloria underrated her antagonist. That one casually shifted in his chair.

"I told the man you couldn't," he remarked.

"Couldn't what—marry him?" she grinned.

"No—buy the car."

GLORIA flamed. That wasn't fair. It was settling the issue before she had a chance to fight. She muffled her rage, but her mouth made a straight line.

"I intend to have it," she announced imperiously.

Now, the one thing that enraged Josiah W. Timberlake was haughtiness. Like most parents, he felt a sort of insufficiency in the presence of his child. It was the old, old war of the generations—hot-blooded youth, inexperienced but arrogant in its own wisdom, versus the battered, weary knowledge of age. So when Gloria dropped her eyelids over her eyes and when her mouth became a straight line, Josiah really lost his temper. He gripped the chair.

"And just how do you intend to get it?" he snarled. The fight was on.

"I'll get it," Gloria snapped, intent and grim, "if I have to marry it." In her face was as much of a sneer as she could manage.

"You would!" Timberlake roared. "It would be typical. No girl in New York dangles so many male puppets as you do. With the manners of barkeeps and the morals of——"

"Father!"

"Yes," he proceeded, "you know I'm speaking of Larry Waterman. And he's not the worst; you seem to have a positive passion for downright yeggmen."

Gloria leaned dreamily back in her chair and smiled sweetly. She clasped her hands behind her neck, and the gesture, clearing her arms from the wide sleeves of her robe, was like a kiss—a kiss for a thousand charming sweethearts, those of the past and those yet to come.

"Yeggmen?" she murmured. "How about Baron Gratiano?"—and behind her eyes came a vision of the Lido under moonlight.

"That Roumanian?" cried her father. "He had a title—and that's all."

"He had eyes," Gloria sighed, "eyes like a thoroughbred Airedale. I loved them."

"How about that purser?" Timberlake spat out the word.

The laugh that filled the room was gay with memories.

"What a dull trip it would have been without him!" she crooned. "My adorable 'Erbert!"

Timberlake bounded on his feet.

"Well, your adorable 'Erbert can't buy you a Rolls," he sneered, "and you can't buy it yourself, because your allowance is cut off from this moment, and I'll stop your credit everywhere in town."

Gloria caught her breath.

"I'm sick of your extravagance," he continued. "You're a female wastrel, and you're being seen in very questionable night clubs with very questionable people, and I won't have it." His rage was consuming him. He paused for breath.

Gloria was frigid with anger. When she spoke it was with icy venom.

"Don't be obnoxious," she commanded. "You can stop my allowance and my credit, but I don't have to listen to your psalm-singing."

Timberlake glared at his daughter. He spoke in fury.

"It's you that will be singing psalms and begging my forgiveness before the month is out," he ejaculated. "Meanwhile," he added, more calmly but with equal bitterness, "you may be able to find money—on the streets or anywhere else you please."

She stood, a white-hot flame, before him.

"I'M ashamed!" she cried. Her eyes narrowed. "I don't suppose you know—I don't suppose you can imagine what it means for a girl to be ashamed of her father."

Timberlake was white.

"You'll beg my forgiveness," he cried, "on your knees." And he shot forth his hand and grasped the girl by the wrist. "On your knees!" he muttered, and tried to turn her wrist under his hand to bring her down to his feet.

He might as well have tried to break a steel girder. An electric spark shot to his elbow. His arm hung limp, tingling at his side. It was fully a minute before he could move it freely.

When he did he glanced at his daughter. Tears were in her eyes. She wasn't pretty then because the tears were tears of rage. Gustily, she cried:

"Father, you take your money—you take your darn money and go to the devil!"

With a wild burst of weeping she vanished. The door of her bedroom slammed. Timberlake heard the bolt snap.

Mrs. Timberlake was a peace-loving woman, and as she grew older a self-effacing one. Her position as moderator between two tornadoes—her husband and her daughter—put her, in her own home, in a more or less neutral light. Only as hostess did the sparkling humor which Gloria inherited from her appear, and the gracious poise that made the big house in the East Sixties a rendezvous for many people.

But the smile faded from her eyes when her husband stormed into her pleasant sitting-room.

"That daughter of yours," grunted Timberlake, "needs a lesson, and she's going to get it."

His wife made no answer. Silence was sometimes best.

"She darn near broke my wrist," he cried.

Mrs. Timberlake could not believe her ears.

"What?"

Timberlake, mutely and with the gesture of a little boy showing a bruise to his mother, lifted his right arm gingerly. "She raised her hand to me," he complained. He forgot to mention that Gloria's gesture had been purely defensive, and that the whip-cord muscles of youth had been overbrusk with the pudgy flesh of age.

"Where she inherits her evil temper from I can't imagine," the man complained. "She's as proud as Lucifer."

The level glance his wife fixed on him did not reveal by a single twinkle the amused emotion she felt. Where else did Gloria inherit those qualities if not from the man who was complaining of them?

Timberlake rehearsed his grievances. They lost nothing in the telling. Once he forgot himself and his temper too. That was when Mrs. Timberlake, noting the sallow color of her husband's face, quieted him a moment and said:

"Josiah, let me get you some bicarbonate of soda. You look sick."

"Bicarbonate of h——!" roared Timberlake like the bull of Bashan. "Who wouldn't be sick when one's own flesh and blood turns on one? I've cut off her allowance, the vixen!"

MRS. TIMBERLAKE was grave. "I'm not sure you're right," she said. "Don't forget, Josiah, that money isn't everything. There are some things that money won't buy."

While Josiah's grievances were being unfolded downstairs, a blue hurricane was raging on the top floor of the big, leisurely house in the East Sixties. Garments of sheerest lace and chiffon, dainty rhinestone-buckled shoes, satin sandals and equally tiny but sturdy brogues, and webbed silk stockings and soft woolly stockings hurtled through the air and came to rest in the shelves of trunks. Two slender creatures, like nymphs possessed, dodged and gyrated among the dainty things.

There was an appeal in Hortense's eyes, an unspoken question on her lips. When quiet descended again, Gloria became aware of these things. She shook her curly head.

"No, Hortense," she softly breathed, "not this trip. This is my show."

"Oh, Mees!" sighed the girl. "Please!"

Gloria looked again at Hortense. What a pretty girl she was! Just Gloria's age, twenty-two; dainty in her own minute way, just as Gloria was dainty in her lithe tallness. Wasn't it funny? Gloria mused—she the mistress, Hortense the maid. It might just as well be reversed. Hortense was sweet, quick, clever, pretty—what was the difference? Just money, as far as Gloria could see. Just money, and yet Gloria, looking at the maid, had the same thought her mother at the same moment was enunciating two floors below—"Money isn't everything. There are some things money can't buy——"

She spoke:

"Don't worry, Hortense. They won't give you the chuck. But if they should—I'll find you——"

The girl was in tears. In a flash Gloria realized how deeply she had wounded Hortense. It was she—not the job—that Hortense loved.

Impulsively, in a flash, Gloria had Hortense in her arms. Curly blond hair close to straight black hair. The two girls, strangely moved by the emotion of the moment, sobbed together, comforted each other, shared the same tiny, frilly handkerchief. They were no longer mistress and maid—they were just comrades, comrades in bewildering trouble.

The tears were soon over. Smiles followed. Comforting, brave smiles of friendship and understanding. Gloria rose.

"Just the little hand-bag, Hortense," she said, reaching for it. She was firm again. The siege of weeping had done her good, strengthened her, cleared her brain of the fog of anger. At the door she turned. She seized Hortense swiftly in her arms and kissed her. She was gone.

Josiah Timberlake sat back in his chair and smiled a tight-lipped smile at his wife. Her expression was grave.

"I'm afraid, Josiah," she cried. "Think well before you act. This may easily become a very serious, very terrible affair. I beseech you to reconsider."

Josiah's wrist inopportunely tingled.

"I have considered," he barked. "The time has come to put my foot down. If I don't do it now, even more serious things may happen later——"

He was interrupted by the door opening. Gloria stood there, smiling and urbane. No trace of the storm of the previous half-hour was visible. She was dressed for the street and carried an overnight bag. It was one of those French things, made of beads, almost as large as an old-fashioned carpetbag. She smiled at her mother and entered.

"Father," she said coolly, and the flash in her eye started his anger boiling again, "I'm giving you the chuck."

Her parents were speechless.

"I realize," she continued, "that if you have the bad taste to call me a parasite that makes me one. Your attitude makes it true. So hereafter any money I spend will be my own, because I will have earned it."

"Earned it?" cried her mother wonderingly.

"Earned it!" snorted her father.

"Earned it," Gloria repeated positively.

At this point Timberlake laughed derisively, and his daughter lost her temper.

"Why shouldn't I?" she cried. "Other girls do. I'm young, strong, vigorous, and everybody says I've inherited whatever brains you have."

Timberlake's laugh was uproarious by now. But behind the laugh he was thinking hard. He had just begun to concoct a plan—a gorgeous plan. He wouldn't try to stop Gloria now for the world. Much better to let her go, but as to her earning a living—it made him laugh. He did.

"Go ahead!" he roared. "Go ahead! The sooner you're gone the sooner you'll be back—to beg my forgiveness. But let me give you one piece of advice——"

"I'm not having any, thanks," snapped Gloria.

"One piece of advice," Timberlake persisted—"there's no harder way of earning a living than marrying one!"

Gloria tossed her head.

"This is the day of women," she cried. "The world belongs to us. I'm going to face the world and make my own way not beholden to any man. I'm going to earn my own money, and then I'm going to spend it just as I please!"

She ran to her mother and planted a hot little kiss on her cheek.

"Cheerio, mother dearest," she cried; "don't worry about your angel child!"

At the door she turned and nodded impersonally at her father.

"Good-by, sir," she said.

Worried in spite of himself, Timberlake half rose from his chair.

"Where are you going?" he thundered.

"To the Ritz."

The door banged.

For twenty-four hours on end the grim smile did not leave Josiah Timberlake's lips except when he was sleeping—and perhaps not then. He was thinking. And he chuckled with delight over the plan—the gorgeous plan—that was taking definite shape in his head—the plan that was going to bring his proud daughter to her knees, humbly to him, to beg his forgiveness, and to be the docile creature he imagined he wanted her to be.

Only once did the smile even threaten to come off. That was when Gloria, the morning after her departure, sent for her trunks, which he refused to let go out of the house.

An hour later Gloria blazed into his study to demand her clothes. Timberlake was urbane, smooth, and cold as an icicle, still smiling.

"I thought you were on your own now?" he taunted. "I thought you weren't taking any favors from me?"

"But those things are mine!" Gloria stormed. "I'm over twenty-one and they are my property. I own them."

Her father chuckled.

"You won't get them," he said shortly.

"When I quitted this house I quitted it voluntarily," the girl cried. "I was not forced out. And when I left I had my things all packed. I could have taken them with me at the time if I had chosen to. They're mine!"

Timberlake could see the logic of this, but he didn't admit it.

"Go get a warrant for them," he said. "And then I'll get an injunction—and then we'll go to court—and then we'll be deadlocked.

"Warrant—injunction—what do I know about such things? All I want is my property."

"The world belongs to you women," Josiah taunted, "but what is in my house stays here. If you want clothes go buy them—with the money you have already—no doubt—earned."

Gloria, defeated, stormed away. Timberlake settled back in his chair and rang for his secretary. The time had come to put his gorgeous plan into execution.

The secretary, a quiet and competent young man with eyes that goggled behind heavy lenses and a jaw that snapped like a steel trap, listened. He displayed no astonishment when he left the room ten minutes later.

An hour and a half afterward he knocked on the door again.

"Pretty quick work, Hoffman," said Timberlake. "Let's see what you've got."

The secretary spread out several huge folders on his employer's desk. They were plans of accommodations of two ocean-liners sailing the next day, which was Saturday.

"You can have this suite on B deck on the *Cappadocia*," he said, "or this promenade-deck layout on the *Gargantua*. Your passports are being renewed now, and you're promised them on the dock."

"We'll take this," said Timberlake, pointing. "Fine."

The secretary paused. He nodded to the door.

"They're outside, most of them," he announced.

Timberlake straightened his tie.

"Bring 'em in."

The millionaire had a natural aptitude for handling men. He knew when to be firm, when to be harsh, when blunt, when considerate. It was second nature to him. So he sat at ease with the newspaper men his secretary had summoned by telephone-messages to their city editors.

Eight or nine men found seats in the study, wearing the friendly manners of their trade, wondering why Timberlake, whose publicity-bump was minus, had sent for them. Timberlake drew a deep breath—now to unfold the gorgeous plan—the gorgeous plan which was really a gorgeous lie.

"I'm sorry to bring all you chaps up here," he said, "on what really is a personal favor."

He ran his eye over the group.

"How are you fixed?" he demanded. "Smoke if you want to—here's cigars and cigarets unless you prefer your own brand. Hoffman, there's ten of us—find out if the gentlemen want Scotch or rye."

A good beginning. He looked the bunch over and liked them. He could do business with that kind.

"I'm in a bad fix," he bluntly announced.

"What's the lady's name?" rose a kidding voice. There was a laugh, in which Timberlake joined.

"That's the trouble," he cried. "I don't know."

So it was a woman. The newspaper men chuckled, amused at their own jest and Timberlake's acceptance of it. Then he began his gorgeous lie.

"Some young woman, name unknown to me," he said, "has been running up bills in all the shops in town and charging them to me. The remarkable thing about the case is that the young woman resembles my daughter Gloria so closely as to be a twin, and impersonates her to carry out her thieving."

He paused with mock diffidence.

"I don't know," he said, "whether you fellows would call that a good story or not——"

An enthusiastic chorus, almost a shout, assured him that it was. Hot news! The boys could see the headlines—

DOUBLE OF TIMBERLAKE HEIRESS RANSACKS FIFTH AVENUE SHOPS
or
GLORIA TIMBERLAKE "TWIN" FLIMFLAMS UP-TOWN MERCHANTS

Timberlake opened a drawer in his desk and took out a file of Gloria's bills for the month before. He handed them to the nearest reporter.

"Run through those," he said. "Practically every item there was charged to me by this unknown girl, who is such a likeness to Gloria that she deceives everybody."

The list was huge—Kendel's, Hurzman's, Peggy Kirk's, Goodwin-Belter, Kay-Dorff, Dorber's, Hattie Carmody's—all the smartest and most exclusive modistes in town. Restaurant bills—Marguerite's, Pedro's, the Ritz, the Chatham, Sherry's, the Gotham. Even night-club checks—from the most elegant to the rowdiest. The bills amounted to approximately $15,000.

"The job," Timberlake proceeded casually, when the list and prices had been copied, "was an inside one, too. The goods were received here by Gloria's maid, who turned them over to her principal." He raised a halting hand. "I know you won't use that fact about its being my daughter's personal maid because detectives want it kept secret until they find the woman. Just say a member of the household, will you?"

Reassured on that point, "Other things have occurred," he said, "in connection with this episode that make it imperative for Mrs. Timberlake and myself to take Gloria abroad until it is cleared up. The fake Gloria has been in certain places and under certain conditions that make it very embarrassing for all of us. So the three of us"—he emphasized the word "three"—"are sailing secretly to-morrow for Europe."

He asked the reporters not to release the story until the following Monday, when he, Mrs. Timberlake, and (as he said) Gloria would be on the high seas. The reason why he was giving the story to the press, he told them, was that he didn't want to make an arrest, if possible, and believed this publicity would be the simplest way to warn the unknown pilferer.

Hoffman entered and whispered to the millionaire that the steamship booking had been arranged. Timberlake sat back in his comfortable chair and grinned.

The gorgeous plan was working!

Gloria, back at the Ritz after her unsuccessful skirmish with her father, sought to soothe her fury by pacing the

"'I'M ASHAMED!' SHE CRIED. 'I DON'T SUPPOSE YOU KNOW—I DON'T SUPPOSE YOU CAN IMAGINE WHAT IT MEANS FOR A GIRL TO BE ASHAMED OF HER FATHER'"

rooms like a caged leopard. It wasn't fair. It wasn't sporting. The things were her possessions. Hers. Things she had worn. It was just spite.

She tamped out her cigaret and came to a decision. If her father was going to play the game that way she would too. She picked up the dainty French-style telephone that lay on its prongs beside the bed. She got the manager.

"Mr. Simpson," she said, "this is Miss Timberlake. I want you to call the De Luxe Agency and get them to send me right over that gray Minerva limousine. I'll want it for all day, and you can put it on my bill."

Josiah would pay for his trick, and pay through the nose. After to-day would be time enough to renounce his money. This was merely justice. Merely what he owed her.

Gloria ducked into the jacket of her little three-piece costume suit, jammed her small grosgrain-ribbon hat on her tousled curls, and made for the elevator. The doorman smiled as she sank back into the cushions of the Minerva and gave the command:

"Kendel's, please."

Followed the maddest orgy of shopping that even Gloria—no novice at the art—had ever indulged. Hastily she pendulumed from store to store. Her haste increased. Buying begets buying—extravagance capped extravagance. She was almost a drug-addict, seeking always the panacea, the solace of the craved-for drug, which only increased the craving.

Her journey down Fifth Avenue was a zigzag, with nervous stops sometimes half an hour long while she chose and discarded and chose again. Up-town she sped, and commanded the chauffeur to turn west on Fifty-seventh Street, to halt at one after another bazaar of the world of riches and elegance. Thence east again, as fancy directed, and down Madison Avenue, darting into occasional side streets when some new impulse struck her or she remembered some exceptionally daring or exquisite thing seen in passing in the window of some tiny shop of the *élite*.

At Kendel's: Five evening frocks—one of sealing-wax-red chiffon, with full ruffles on the skirt, rising to the hip; one of white crêpe Romain, very simple, with iridescent beading; one a combination of black Chantilly lace and black chiffon arranged in a Spanish effect, enhanced by a bolero and circular tiers on the skirt; one of cleverly arranged colors, silver threads on baby-blue satin; one an affair of saucy, provocative fringes.

FOR shoes—to Rob's: Twenty-one pairs. Seven for evening, as follows: One pair of black satin with diamond-studded heels; one pair of black-satin sandals with gold-kid trimming and embroidery on the toes; one pair of silver kid and green satin, with a design cut out on the vamps; a pair of metal brocade pumps, with a gold strap its only trimming; a pair of vermilion-suède and silver-kid sandals worked in alternate stripes; one pair of dyed baby-blue, to go with her dress; another pair of dyed green, to go with another dress she had not yet bought, but planned to. Seven pairs of afternoon shoes, three pairs of sport shoes, four pairs of mules.

Frocks, again: At Peggy Kirk's: A black crêpe georgette for daytime; a printed chiffon frock without a collar, V-shaped in back, blue and white; two more evening gowns (one of them green, to match the irresistible slippers).

At Frappé's: Six hats.

At Hattie Carmody's: Two daytime dresses, both imports, of course—all her purchases were imports. And a third of pale golden beige at Hurzman's.

At Kay-Dorff's: A shimmering trayful of dainty imported lingerie, enough to stock a shop; and thirty pairs of stockings.

Sport clothes: Crisp, neat ensembles, two of them; and a little straight blue gabardine coat.

Three different kinds of Summer furs from Gunder's.

By tea-time Gloria was drunk with buying. Her eyes shone, and as she settled back in the Minerva's cushions she tingled with excitement and nervousness. Heavens! the amount of money she must have spent! She had no idea how much—a fortune!

Several times she had bumped into friends in her mad garnering. At Frappé's Genevieve Duane stopped her.

"Don't tell me, Gloria," she cried, "that you're so old-fashioned as to be buying a trousseau! Every one of those hats is the one I wanted!"

"Take this one," Gloria responded, "and give me that piece of jade for it."

"But, you dear goose," Genevieve replied, "the jade means nothing—it's just a thing I picked up in Cairo. It isn't worth a dollar. It's just lucky."

"It's just lucky" murmured Gloria. "That's fair enough—give it here." And she snatched the little stone bangle on its ribbon from her friend's neck. "It's worth the hat!" she cried. "It's an omen!"

She left Genevieve holding the forty-dollar hat in her hand, bewildered.

Tea-time. Gloria, alone in her suite, was forlorn. She had got over her dazzlement of the buying hours. She was lonesome.

She would give Larry Waterman a *coup de téléphone*—signal across the wires that she was stopping for the time at the Ritz, and why shouldn't he come over with a hip pocketful of highballs? Larry would do it, she knew—good old Larry. Only too gladly. She made a *moue*. It wasn't her usual habit to encourage Larry to drink. It put him off his game—and she hated that. Larry, she knew, would be amateur squash champion if he cut out the booze. As it was, his only championship was in lemon squashes.

No! She wouldn't ask Larry. She must think. This was her own show, as she had told Hortense, and she must go it alone. The first thing to do, of course, was to get a job. There again, of course, she could go to her friends. There were enough men who were fond of her who would be glad to give her work. Plenty of them! But that wasn't quite sporting. Her dad could point out that there really wasn't much difference between making money at the expense of friends and getting it from him. She must *earn* money. And that she planned to do.

Let's see. How do people go about getting jobs? Gloria wasn't quite sure. She wrinkled her pretty brows until she realized she was wrinkling them, and then she stopped. Surely it wasn't necessary to spoil your looks in order to think. She figured with pencil and paper for half an hour. How much—or, rather, how little—could she live on? That was the first thing to decide.

That night she had a simple dinner served in her room. But to-morrow! She danced with delight as she thought of the cascade of rare, beautiful, gorgeous things that would begin to come tumbling about her. Priceless things! Such lovely, exquisite things to adorn her lovely, exquisite body! Such *chic!* She adored them.

The dinner-check came to eight dollars. She signed it and gave the perfect waiter a two-dollar tip. When she examined her purse she discovered she possessed only a single ten-dollar bill and some small change. Even her jewelry she had forgotten in her haste the day before. Why hadn't she remembered to buy some that afternoon? She should have. She had the little jade ringlet that had belonged to Genevieve Duane, and which now bobbed around Gloria's neck. A symbol of luck. Good luck! Well, she needed it.

Lots of people in New York got a laugh next morning when they saw an advertisement in a prominent place in the papers. Not so Gloria. When she examined it with critical eyes to see if it was printed just the way she had dictated it over the telephone, it seemed a very fine advertisement; nothing could have been put more clearly or satisfactorily. The advertisement read:

YOUNG WOMAN wishes confidential position with firm of long standing to learn the business. Firm must give references. Salary to start $300 a week.

"'LET 'EM TAKE ALL THESE THINGS,' HE SAID. 'YOU DON'T NEED 'EM. EVEN IF YOU TO THE HOTEL. THEY WON'T ARREST YOU. YOU'RE FREE AS AIR. JUST

Such an advertisement would have to have a prominent place. It just naturally demanded it.

Among those who laughed there was one whose reaction was not spontaneous. His laugh was not a laugh at all. It was a thin, gray grin like that of a gray wolf. It was a yelp of a laugh. His hair—this man's—was a little sparse on top and gray, and under his eyes were gray-brown streaks and a puffy cushion. Tired, this man, tired by an unquenchable fever of yearning. A little heavy in the waist-line, too. A little tired all over. Like an erotic satyr that has grown old.

The letter that came for Gloria by special messenger that morning was sleek and gray like the man who wrote it. The letter explained, with great suavity, that the writer was much impressed by Gloria's advertisement and took this method of reaching her first. The letter explained that the writer wanted an exceptionally clever young woman to act for him in a confidential capacity; and would the advertiser call at the writer's apartment that evening at seven? As a professional man, the writer suavely explained, he had no office. A well-mannered letter, like its writer. A tricky, sinister letter, also like him.

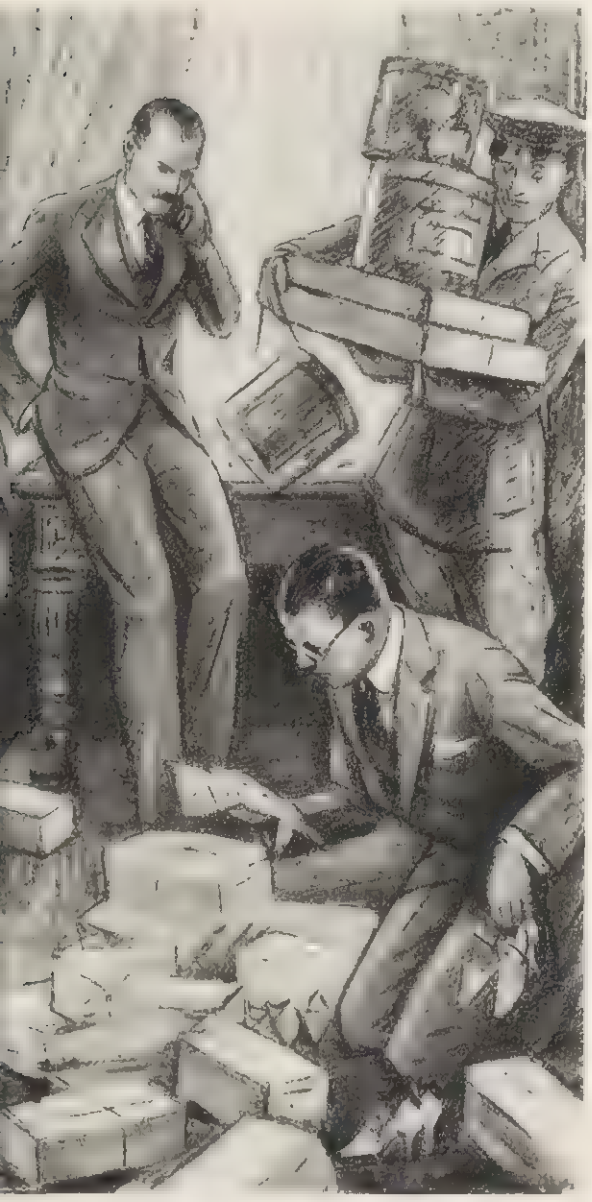
The address was on the west side of Central Park—a region that Gloria knew little about. She broke her ten-dollar bill to go there in a taxicab.

The elevator that mounted to the writer's apartment was silent, its attendant obsequious. The ring at the apartment door did not return to her ears, but in an instant a silent man opened the door. There was a saturnine

scar in front of his right ear that gave the right side of his face a singularly cadaverous expression. Otherwise he seemed the perfect butler. The door closed behind her noiselessly.

Gloria, ushered into a massive room where braziers burned with strange incense beside the huge fireplace with an ancient oak mantel, had the sensation that she was being watched as she waited. The feeling trickled up her spine; and she set her chin firm and sat with perfect composure. Why be alarmed?

With a start she realized that a man in evening clothes was standing beside her. How long he had been there she did not know. His entrance had been as noiseless as a



HAD ANY JACK, DON'T GIVE IT WALK OUT'"

wraith's. She looked up at him, at the gray-brown pouches under his eyes, at the suave smile on his lips, at the fever of yearning behind his pupils. She rose.

"You are the young lady who advertised?" the man asked in clipped, precise accents.

"I am."

"Please sit down." The man chose a corner of the divan by the fire for her. How curiously the braziers smoked! He drew a small chair close in front of her. His suave, graceful smile did not vanish.

"It was a trifle unusual, your advertisement," he said.

Gloria raised her eyebrows.

"I was not aware of that."

"Most unusual, I assure you." He suavely cleared his throat.

"What commodity," he softly demanded, "is it that you offer for the price of three hundred dollars a week?"

She glanced at him, astonished. He waved his hand gently.

"But perhaps," he continued always with the same smile, "it is not a commodity. Perhaps your business experience is so unique that where most secretaries of the very first order are content to begin a new position at fifty dollars a week, you can demand three hundred dollars?"

Gloria flushed.

"I did not describe myself as a secretary," she said. "I said I would accept a confidential position——"

"Ah!" the man fluted, "I was sure you were not a secretary." His eyes took on a new glitter and he smiled more tightly. "I am sure your advertisement was as I suspected—of a very particular nature."

This was a madman, Gloria suddenly decided. His cheeks quivered even as he smiled, and his eyes were sparkling. She pulled herself together.

"Perhaps," she said coldly, "if you will inform me what you wish of me we will get to a better understanding."

The man pulled his chair closer.

"Just so," he said. "I admire frankness and practise it." He cleared his throat, and one of his immaculate, begemmed hands strayed near her body.

Then he stated, very clearly, without equivocation, but with the same manner of an exquisite, his proposal.

When he was through, something flamed in Gloria. She was more enraged than she had ever been in her life. Yet, with perfect quiet, she merely said:

"Do I look that sort?"

"Dear young lady," he spread forth his hands, palms up, "you look any sort—one can never tell. Your advertisement was a puzzler, and you are strangely, annoyingly beautiful."

She rose, and he too. Imperious, flaming within, Gloria gazed at the man, contempt on her features.

"Your puzzling over the advertisement," she said, "has driven you crazy. You are daft."

The man's face tightened.

"So!" he cried, moving between her and the door. "That's the game! A haughty lady being insulted by a business proposal! How about the insult to me? How about your advertisement? What else could it mean but what I took it to?"

Gloria was bewildered. This was a strange attack, and seemed to have some justice in it. On the instant the man's manner changed. His face took on a curious, yearning intensity. He fawned to her, his head a little sidewise. His arms went about her.

Gloria didn't struggle. With perfect calm she pushed the man slightly away from her with her right hand on his shoulder. Then with a swinging left arm she landed her hard little fist on the point of his chin. His grip instantly relaxed.

The gray man went down to the carpet, limp. Flat on his back. The whole episode, Gloria noticed, had been carried out in the same strange silence that had first affected her in the place. The man was flat on his back and stayed there.

Gloria was not even panting now. She was perfectly cool. She stood over him, waiting for him to rise. And when he didn't she laughed in genuine amusement. She was giggling delightedly as she walked away from him.

Now to go—out came bag, mirror, lipstick—and an idea. She stopped, scratched her head with a boyish, impish gesture. She couldn't depart quite so unceremoniously as that. She must leave something behind for her gray friend on the floor to remember her by.

Gloria leaned down, lipstick in hand. She printed in a big scrawl on the starched bosom of his evening shirt the three huge crimson letters—CAD.

Then she leaned back to admire her handiwork. And as she did so, another thought came to her—she must do a good job! With the lipstick she sketched a heavy red mustache on the lips of the still unconscious man, and then a fine red goatee on his chin.

The chauffeur of Gloria's taxicab halted irresolutely in the late dusk among the cross-tides of traffic at Fifth Avenue and Fifty-eighth Street. Gloria, huddled in a corner, was just as irresolute. The episode of fifteen minutes earlier was distressing. What had been wrong with her advertisement? she wondered. What had caused her gray friend to assume the attitude he did?

A clear voice reached her ears.

"Well, make up your mind. Either get on or get back."

The taxi-driver grumbled a response. At the same moment a big Simplex roadster flirted around the front wheels of the cab, heading south. Its driver, a young man, looked back an instant as the car sped on, an expression of raillery on his face.

The Simplex turned west on Fifty-fifth Street, roared a third of the way up the block toward Sixth Avenue, and halted. Its occupant climbed out, mounted the steps, said, "Hello, Thomas, is dinner ready?" to the man who opened the door, and flung his cap with a familiar gesture on a chair.

Henry Stevenson, Jr., was an independent young man, whether driving his Simplex or dining with his parents. He was independent in manner, in dress, and in means. Having reached the age of twenty-one a year earlier, he inherited a substantial fortune by the will of his grandfather, and promptly left home. He moved only a few blocks, however—to a roomy, ground-floor apartment up Fifth Avenue opposite the park. Established in his *garçonnière*, he surveyed the world with amused eyes, and did what he pleased to do without much noise.

What he pleased to do was for the moment a secret from his father and mother.

"Harry, how on earth do you manage to get your hands so filthy?" his mother demanded as he kissed her. He looked at his hands, which no amount of mechanics' soap would quite cleanse. He hated manicures.

"Fooling with the car, Mother," he replied. "I'm a good mechanic, you know." That wasn't the reason, he chuckled to himself, but it was reason enough—for the present.

Father and son pushed back their chairs and lit cigars after Mrs. Stevenson, her two daughters, the butler, two footmen, and a maid left the room when dinner was over. The elder examined his son's features—their ruddy glow of health, their expression of quiet poise. A good-looking lad, the elder Stevenson decided, tho he wouldn't have admitted it to anybody else for the world. And a lad who went his own way—just as he, the father, had done. What was going on in the mind behind those level eyes? the father wondered.

"Playing much golf these days, Hank?" he demanded.

"Nope—haven't time, Dad."

"The way your game was going last Winter, you were good enough to enter the nationals," the elder man ventured. Hank chuckled.

"That's all very well—anybody can enter 'em."

He gazed at his father humorously. The old man wasn't having much success with his quiz. He watched him stir in his chair and carefully deposit a quarter inch of cigar-ash on the tray.

"WHEN are you going to work, Hank?" his father demanded abruptly. If his boy wouldn't volunteer the information he might as well ask him direct.

"I am working," said the boy with a slow grin. "But I'm not saying just now what it is I'm doing."

"Not backing a musical comedy or a night club, are you?" Henry guffawed.

"Do I look it?" he demanded. His father surveyed him again. No telltale lines of sleepless nights in that face. No puffiness under the eyes. No taint of dissipation in the clear health of the skin, and not an ounce of flabby muscle or fat on him.

"Well, I hope it pays well," said the senior. Hank stretched.

"It pays well enough," he said. "As much as I'm worth—and it makes me fine and sleepy nights, too." He blinked, catlike, at his father. They were on good terms, this father and this son.

"I suppose you know you're breaking your mother's heart," the elder said. "She's ambitious for you, you know—" Henry chuckled.

"Sure, I know," he said. "She wishes cotillions were in fashion so I could lead them with a white orchid in my buttonhole, and all the dowagers would shove their *backfisch* daughters at me."

"Yes," his father grinned, "and bring home a bushel of paper caps and fake chrysanthemums— By the way," he added, "you better get yourself a new dinner-jacket—you're growing out of that one."

"Haven't time," the boy returned. His father saw that his son's shoulders and upper-arm muscles bulged dangerously in his sleeves. He was building brawn. The elder smoked reflectively.

"Well, you're the only son, Hank," he said. The boy laughed.

"You'll tell me next it's time I was settling down."

"Settling down or settling up—I don't care which. I wouldn't mind if you had a few vices—judiciously chosen, of course."

"Nothing vulgar, eh?" the boy chuckled. "Just enough to make you think I'm feeling my oats, what?"

The elder sighed. "Well, something like that. I never knew a fellow your age to behave the way you do. I bet you don't know a single girl in the 'Follies.'"

Hank flushed, and admitted that he was unacquainted not only with any "Follies" girls, but with any others of the Broadway species. Still, he made an excuse.

"You see, Dad," he volunteered, "I don't like 'em dumb!"

"Right you are, Hank." The elder put down his cigar. "But as a matter of fact, boy, all the Stevensons for generations have married young. Your grandad was nineteen when he married, and I was your age. So if you're following the family tradition, all right—only watch out for the girl. If she's not in the 'Social Register' and all that sort of bunk, your mother will raise the roof."

Henry gave his father a level glance.

"She's got to like the girl I bring home," he said. "If she doesn't, so much the worse for her."

The bright sun next morning looked down on several operations of interest in and about New York. It shone through the windows of the Ritz, where Gloria, still dazzled and charmed by her lovely purchases, peeked into a hundred tissue-stuffed boxes piled about her sitting-room, undecided what to do with them, where to put them away. And, being accustomed to Hortense's help in such matters, she merely wrinkled her small nose and left them piled up. Which was just as well—as is to be reported.

Not far away the sun had a hard time peering through the little crescent cracks of the boarding that closed the lower windows and doors of the Timberlake home in the East Sixties. Josiah, hands in pockets, superintended the boarding up, and watched the mechanic fasten the attach-

ments of the burglar-alarms. Mrs. Timberlake, installed in her own quarters, felt a sense of dread as the time came for the *Gargantua* to sail.

On the deck the millionaire, an hour later, gave his final instructions to his near-sighted secretary.

"All you have to do," he said, "is to keep your eye on Gloria without her knowing it. Monday morning she's going to find herself in a deuce of a mess. Leave her in it. It'll do her good. Don't help her if she appeals to you outright, but just see to it she doesn't starve. If she gets on the verge of it, give her a bite and sup. But that's all. And don't bother me about details. I don't want to know them—no cables! Understand?"

Hoffman understood.

"There goes the all-ashore bugle," said Timberlake. "Now run along, and watch out."

The first officer, on the fo'c'sle-head, signaled the bow-line was clear. The second officer, on the poop, signaled that the stern-line was still holding to warp the *Gargantua* out from the string-piece. The *Gargantua* blew a Gargantuan blast and slid out into the North River. All was clear.

A thousand feet out she hung, uncertain. Little tugs butted her bow around; the go-ahead jingle sounded in the immaculate engine-room.

Timberlake's instructions to Hoffman had been to watch out. The obedient secretary did so until the *Gargantua* was a mere speck down-stream. The Timberlakes' getaway had been perfect. No one had recognized them. The ship-news reporters, either in on the secret of the incognito sailing or genuinely unaware of the millionaire's presence, had not molested him.

Hoffman descended from the dock to West Street, ruminating on his mission to watch out for Gloria. On West Street he decided to walk eastward and take the subway up-town. So intent was he at watching out for the invisible girl that he forgot to watch out for himself. A truck loaded with bananas rumbled upon him as he dodged around the rear of a taxi. There was no job for the intern who arrived in an ambulance a few moments later except to sign the form specifying death by accident. Secretary Hoffman's next watching out would be, presumably, from the gates of paradise. Nobody on earth was watching out for Gloria now.

AT AN hour past the meridian the sun, casting a firm beam on the region known as Long Island City, across the Queensboro Bridge from Manhattan, shone on three husky figures seated on the grass beside a wire fence that surrounded the big factory of H. P. Stevenson & Co. The three huskies, dressed in filthy, grease-and-coal-stained overalls, were engaged in the pleasurable pastime of eating lunch.

A group of men approached them, well-dressed men, marching with a proprietary manner down the sidewalk. The group consisted of the president of the company, the secretary of the company, and three other officials. The president stopped suddenly and pointed to the huskies by the fence.

"Tell that young fellow to come here," he commanded.

"Which one, sir?"

"The one with the quarter-section of pie in his mouth," Stevenson said sternly. The one in question, summoned, put the pie carefully down and approached. The president of H. P. Stevenson & Co. moved to one side with him.

"Well, young fellow, what are you doing here?" he barked.

"Learning the business, Dad," responded the youngster in the grimy overalls.

"What's the matter with coming into the office?"

"Learn more where I am."

"Well, you're getting filthy doing it. No wonder your mother complained about your hands." The old gentleman scowled, secretly pleased as Punch. "I'll make you a vice-president," he offered.

"If I stay here a while I'll know more about the business than you do," the boy said with a grin.

"What do you mean?" his father snorted.

"Do you know how much a shovelful of coal weighs?"

H. P. Stevenson shook his head, no.

"Do you know how many shovelfuls of your coal we chuck into your furnaces every hour?"

No answer.

"Do you know what the men who are shoveling it are thinking about you and their job?"

No answer. The boy grinned.

"There's three things about your business that I know already and you don't. Give me time—I'll know it all."

His father blinked. Henry drew closer.

"Say, Dad," he whispered, "don't tell anybody, will you? Give me a chance—and lay off. How about it?"

The old man's face was a study.

"All right," he grunted, "but don't waste my coal."

Young Stevenson dropped back into his place on the grass and picked up the pie. His companions regarded him quizzically.

"What did the old man want, for the love of Mike?"

Young Stevenson took a big bite.

"He wanted to make me vice-president of the company," he said.

That got a big laugh. Just then the whistle blew.

"Come on, big boy," Henry called, and they started for the factory gates. "What's a Saturday afternoon off compared to overtime?"

"What's the use o' makin' money if you can't spend it?" countered one of his companions.

Shortly after five that afternoon, a young and coal-stained laborer dodged out the factory gate, empty lunch-pail in hand. He waved good-by to his cronies, walked briskly around the block, turned another, and marched down a street two blocks more. He looked over his shoulder. There was nobody from the factory in sight, as far as he could see. He ducked into a limousine, chucked his lunch-pail on the cushion beside him, leaned back with a sigh of comfortable fatigue, and told the chauffeur:

"Beat it for home, Alonzo. Me for the hot shower!"

The telephone-bell at Gloria's head rang with a vicious clamor.

She had passed a dull Saturday and a duller Sunday. Determined to keep away from her friends, and very uncertain—since her experience with the gray man—as to how to get work, what to ask for as a salary, what kind of thing to attempt even, she had kept close to her room. She read a few want ads; they all seemed nondescript or technical.

Gloria thought of many things—among them, dancing. She knew she was as good a dancer as lots of girls who were professionals in the night clubs she frequented. She could get an *entrée* without much doubt. The trouble was, of course, that all the proprietors knew her, and while they would be delighted to capitalize the Timberlake name even if she weren't a first-rate performer, Gloria couldn't bring herself to permit that. Her feud with her father forbade her to take advantage of his name.

Among other possibilities Gloria listed a score of modistes who knew her and would be glad to give her work. Gloria knew what that would be. She would become a sort of super-saleswoman, whose business it would be to induce, by her name and her unassailable social position, the wives and daughters of social climbers, as well as her friends, to purchase clothes under her advice and eye. But there again she would be capitalizing the name of Timberlake.

Tea-rooms—Gloria knew several girls who made good livings out of such places. The trouble there was that special knowledge and training were necessary—knowledge of buying food, of cooking, of running such an establishment. Partnerships were often successful, but she knew that the only use she could be in a partnership was to furnish capital, the other girl furnishing the technical information. That, of course, was out of the question, and, besides, it would be leaning on friends again, an act that Gloria was resolute to avoid.

It looked to her as if she would have to depend on blind chance, and she realized with a start that she had no time to waste.

The telephone-bell screeched again.

"This is Mr. Simpson, the manager," the voice said. "I wish to see you in my office immediately."

Gloria was shocked by Simpson's tone and manner. She rallied instantly and replied:

"If you want to see me, Mr. Simpson, you will find me here."

The connection was abruptly broken.

FRIGHTENED more than she would admit by this strange call, Gloria hurried into her clothes. She had just time to wrap a dressing-gown over her skimpy, fragile underthings when an imperative knock summoned her to the door.

The manager unceremoniously entered. He looked her over from head to foot, a hostile, insolent glance.

"You," he said, "are a wonder." The sneer in his voice was unmistakable. He sat down in a comfortable chair and crossed his legs. Gloria was too bewildered to speak.

"Just how long," the man continued, "did you think you could get away with this?" Gloria flamed.

"What," she said, "do you mean by talking to me this way?"

A sneer crossed Simpson's visage.

"Perhaps you haven't seen how prominent you are in the news this morning?" he inquired, and presented Gloria with a paper neatly folded where a head-line on the front page read:

HEIRESS FLEES SHOPLIFTING "TWIN"
Gloria Timberlake Off for Europe as "Double" Masquerades in Shops and Night Clubs

She gasped, and a sudden vertigo seized her. When she was able she read the account, which was substantially what her father had outlined to the press the Friday previous.

As she read she was thinking hard. Deny it! It was an unspeakable lie. But who would believe her? The statement was definitely attributed to her father, her own father! Say nothing until she could communicate with her father, because she couldn't believe he had really sailed. But that would be an admission of failure. It would be a surrender.

Gloria's Timberlake chin was firmly set—she couldn't do that. But, of course, she could at least demonstrate to the Ritz management that her family had not sailed—if they hadn't. She knew, of course, their private telephone. Turn to her friends, who could identify her, even if this story would make them suspicious? Her teeth clamped shut. She would not! Her will was adamant. She wouldn't under any circumstances do that; she would beat her father. He had made the test a bitter one. Very good, she would abide by his rules and beat him.

"SOMEBODY WAS YELLING AT HER. GLORIA WOULDN'T LOOK AROUND. SHE WOULDN'T. THE YELLING ROSE LOUDER: 'HEY, LADY, YOUSE FORGOT YOUR BAGS'!"

THE telephone jangled; and a voice asked for Mr. Simpson.

"Oh, send them up," that gentleman responded. His gaze once more reached Gloria's figure as she stood, shaken, the impossible account in her hand. It was a nightmare moment.

"Some tradespeople are doing themselves the honor to call on you," Simpson remarked with an ironic grin; and he glanced about the room, where a hundred boxes were piled high on table, chairs, divan.

"You didn't have time to get away with much, did you?" he inquired sweetly. "So much the better for you in case this thing gets to court."

The next half-hour was like a rummage-sale in a typhoon. The telephone rang a dozen times more, each call heralding a visit from some shop official. Gloria whirled in the middle of it, assailed by caustic, enraged glances, by sardonic jokes offered in relief as various shopmen found their goods unused and still there.

Gloria picked up the telephone.

"That will cost you fifteen cents," Simpson impersonally remarked. Gloria found her purse, pawed through it, took out a quarter and handed it to Simpson. He offered her a dime.

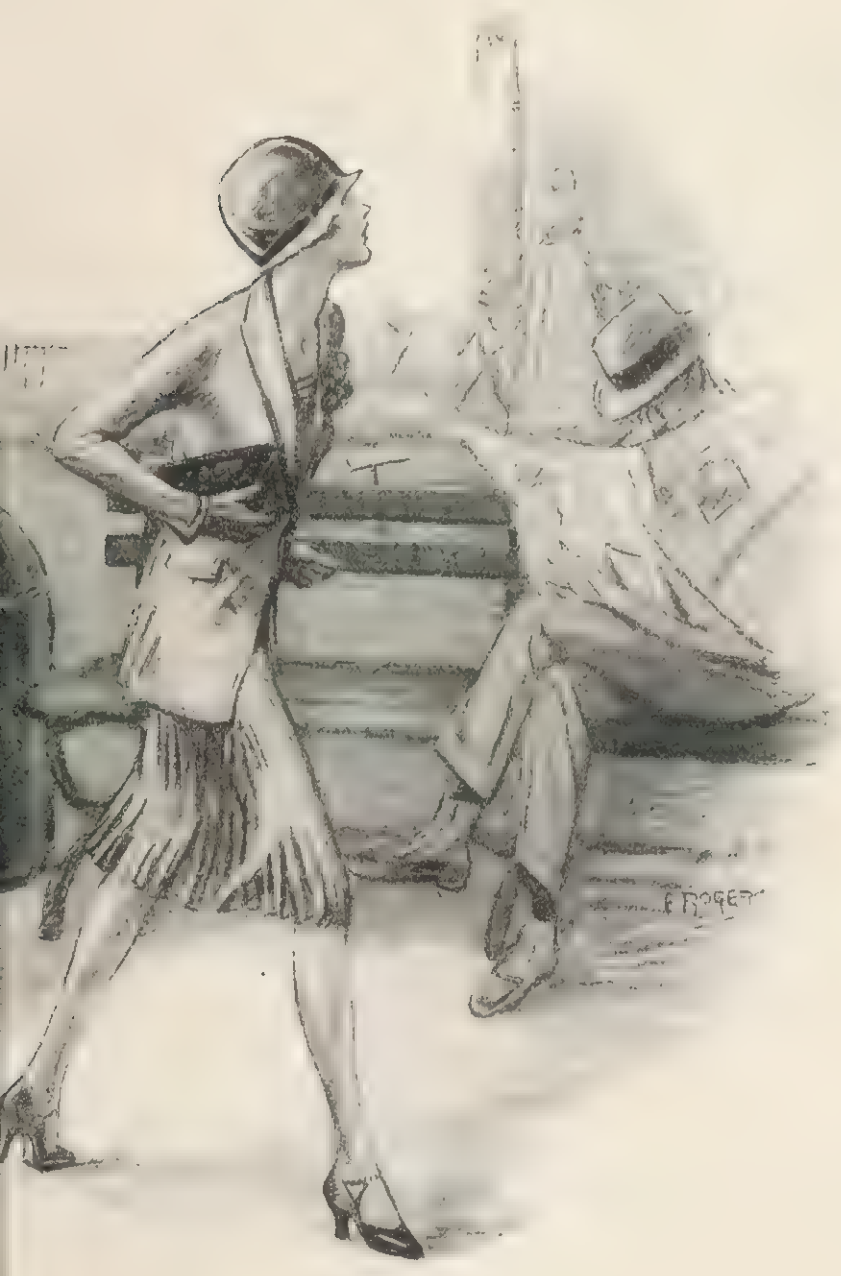
"Keep it," said Gloria haughtily, "but don't waste it."

Simpson tossed the dime to the carpet. She left it there, but looked at it yearningly. Since she had examined her purse she realized that dimes were precious things.

"Temporarily disconnected," said the operator after Gloria called the number of the Timberlake house. So they had sailed!

Her bank next. She would need cash, lots of it, to get out of this scrape.

The tradespeople were demanding it as an alternative to taking away the things she had bought from them. One of them had even fingered jealously the material



of the dressing-gown she wore. Gloria pulled it tighter around her.

"This," she said, "I happened to buy from you two months ago. The receipted bill for it is in my possession."

"Well, I guess it was paid for," the shopman said grudgingly.

The voice of Mr. Blakelock, the official with whom she always dealt at her bank, emerged from the telephone.

"This is Gloria Timberlake, Mr. Blakelock," the girl said. "Will you send a messenger over to me at the Ritz with five thousand dollars?"

The response was chill.

"MISS TIMBERLAKE'S account was closed out on Friday," the voice said. "I have no means of identifying you. Good day."

Frantic shopmen pawed over Gloria's things under the cold eye of Mr. Simpson and a house detective. Messengers departed, bearing packages that mounted high in their arms. One by one most everything she had purchased in her shopping orgy was stripped from her.

She happened to be in the bedroom when she found one of the shopmen close by her side. He was looking at her closely.

"Listen, kid," he said in a low voice, "I see you're up against it." Gloria gave him a grateful glance. Perhaps he believed in her. The man—an upstanding, dark-haired fellow in his thirties—proceeded.

"Let 'em take all these things," he said. "H——, you don't need 'em. Even if you had any jack, don't give it to the hotel. They won't arrest you—too much publicity wouldn't help 'em in this case. You're free as air. Just walk out."

Gloria, a little bewildered, sensed the truth of this.

"They don't really want to do nothin' to you," said the man. "Everybody stays out of the courts if they can. It wouldn't do them any good to pinch you—they got all their things back. It's only the hotel—they'll bawl the devil out of you and try to make you send in with some jack. Laugh it off, see? The hotel don't want any publicity." He waited for Gloria's understanding nod. She was glad of any advice. The man drew closer, took her arm.

"Then, when you get away, walk around to Fifty-first Street—" He gave a number. "Ring Belknap's bell. If I ain't there call me up at the shop—I'll be over." Gloria tingled.

"What did you say the name was?" she asked quietly. The man told her.

"And where did you say you worked?" He responded.

"All right," said Gloria. "Thanks very much for the information. And when all this fuss is over it will give me the greatest pleasure to have you fired."

The man drew back. Then he laughed.

"Say, lay off that wise-crackin', up-stage stuff, will you?" he demanded. "If you're a fake, all right with me; I'm helpin' you. If you aren't and really are Gloria Timberlake—you're in trouble right now—and you got no right to toss away a friendly offer that has no harm in it."

She glanced at him again, with different eyes.

"No, by Heavens," said the man. "I come to you on the level with a proposition, and all I get's a dirty look. If you know your scallions you'll see that maybe some time you'll be glad to ring that door-bell that I told you the number of."

Something burned in Gloria's throat. She was near to tears.

"Forgive me," she said, offering the man her hand. "It's hard to tell who to trust." She pressed his hand.

"Sure, that's all right," he said. "You never know—nobody does. But everything's jake with me, kid." He was gone. He had said, "There may be a time when you'll—" Gloria shuddered. She wondered if the prophecy would come true. She set her chin firm. Not just yet! When she looked up, only Simpson was in the room.

"I have now the honor," he said sardonically, "of presenting you with our bill." As he did so he bowed with mock humility and offered her an envelop. Gloria opened it. One hundred and fifty-three dollars and forty-five cents. As she raised her eyes she inwardly called upon her courage. The tip the shopman had given her was a good one.

"At present," she said, as bravely as she could, "I haven't the money to pay the bill."

Simpson's manner changed electrically. He frowned and moved a step closer.

"You mean to say you can't pay the bill?"

"I do."

"Do you know that you're standing in danger of going to jail?"

Gloria laughed as gaily as she could.

"Oh, no, I'm not," she cried. "Not from the Ritz. It's too good a story for the papers, particularly after to-day's news—a sneak-thief in the Ritz! You'd lose thousands by it."

Simpson turned red. A new idea came to Gloria.

"BESIDES," she said, "tho you think I'm a sneak-thief, I'm Gloria Timberlake, as you'll find out in time—and you can't afford even to think of the lawsuit I could bring for false arrest when this thing is cleared up. And violation of the State hotel laws." Gloria was aiming in the dark, but the shots were telling.

"Another thing," she said. "Whoever you think I am, you've seen me here and served me a long time. There isn't a hotel or restaurant in New York that I don't know a lot of things about—interesting things." She was gaining courage. "Think that over, Mr. Simpson."

A new thought came to her.

"Meanwhile," she went on, "suppose you really find out the truth of this thing without taking the papers' word for it any more? It might pay you to send a radio to the *Gargantua* and find out exactly if it is true that Gloria Timberlake is on board. I'd make sure if I were you." She tapped the paper. "That story—as you will learn—is a lie. A malicious, wilful lie!"

Simpson swallowed. Then he pointed to the door.

"Get out of here," he said.

Gloria, who had found opportunity during the rummage of the last half-hour to finish her dressing, sailed out. She sailed down the corridor, down in the elevator, out the lobby, and into the street. Not a bell-boy, doorman, or attendant bowed.

On her own at last! Full realization of just how alone she was struck her full force. For the first time in her life Gloria was standing on her own feet, and realizing it. Her backbone, the famous Timberlake backbone, stiffened perceptibly, and her Timberlake temper flared. She was remembering her father's taunts—and she was starting on her way. Just where that was she didn't know. Just how far the five dollars and ninety-eight cents in her pocket would take her remained to be seen. No money, no friends (unless she backed down)—just herself. She was as much alone, as much an outcast, as a prairie vixen, and she felt like one.

NEW YORK—the miracle city—who can know it? Not you who pass in limousines—you radiant, poised girls with your gems and your furs and your courteous gallants, not you. But you who shoulder through the crowds—part of the city, one with the surge and tide of the miracle at work. Not Gloria.

Uncertain where she was going or why, unaware of finding a job or a haven for herself, Gloria marched through the streets. She was as ill equipped by life and experience to make her way as any child. Less equipped really, because a wandering and obviously homeless child is quickly garnered in, while a stunning girl—even if she be shabby, which Gloria was not—is looked on askance, or with even less respectable emotions when she asks for help—if she dares.

Gloria was far on the East Side, marching along with the keenest interest now in the life around her. She found shops to look at such as she had never imagined. She halted, puzzled, in front of a fish-store. What in the world was that long, limp, fishy object hanging on a hook, studded with things that looked like rubber washers? At last it came to her—an octopus! A cuttlefish! She had never realized they were edible—had never thought about them since she stopped reading fairy-stories. She shivered—ugh!

The street she was on developed into an outdoor market, with barrows end to end along each curb. She skimmed among them, watched the dealers and buyers haggling. She was reminded of the bazaars of the East, no less foreign to her than these of her own city.

Then she heard the noise—the noise that is New York. The loud, raucous, quick reverberation that means the city. Whether the reverberation of automatic riveters, of the subways, of motor-busses, of mechanical drills. This time it was the elevated. Gloria had never listened to the noise of New York before. She had been cloistered from it. Here it struck her ears imperatively.

Eastward farther—the river. Sunlight playing on barges and on muddy, sewage-littered water. Motor-trucks rumbled past her, and she followed them to the string-piece of a wharf. The mud was elemental there; but little boys were having a marvelous game.

They were playing among great sewer-pipes, still coated with red lead, which lay on the pier like huge, disjointed torsos, waiting for transportation by water elsewhere. The little boys ran through them. Then they ducked into them and started rolling them, the way a squirrel runs round his wheel in a cage. Gloria watched, delighted. There was one forked pipe. A boy ran like a weasel into it. And as Gloria stood waiting for him to duck out again straight ahead, he bobbed into view ten feet away, out the other aperture. Gloria laughed aloud. She wanted to play too, but no one asked her.

As she laughed a truckman whistled, a piercing blast through his fingers. Gloria turned her head to the sound, and the truckman and his two helpers with high falsetto halloos waved their hats at her. Their invitations made Gloria's ears burn. She quit the dock—the pleasure gone.

She hurried westward, the streets formerly so friendly now like enemies. The folk in them seemed dirty, grasping, ugly, low. As she climbed the slight incline westward in the Forties from Lexington to Park Avenue, a sound struck her ears like that of a great beast, a giant beast, filled with rage and spite. It was a couple of automatic riveters screaming their iron message from on high—the sound of New York again. This time inimical, threatening, demoniac. Gloria shuddered.

She was hungry. It was well past noon.

So she turned—without a second thought, as from long habit—into Pedro's, one of the smart Park Avenue restaurants. Dressed still in her little three-part costume suit, she was perfectly at home as she swept through the entrance. At the door of the dining-room the *maître d'hotel* gave her a glance she didn't understand. A frigid glance, whose recognition was entirely unfriendly. He held his arm out, barring the way.

"My table, please," said Gloria. Louis's look was cold.

"There are no tables," he said. Even then she didn't understand. She pointed to the half-empty room.

"Surely all those can't be reserved," she said. Then she looked at the waiter. His eyes were bulging.

"I said," he repeated in tones so loud they could be heard throughout the lobby, "I said there ar-re no tables." His Greek-French accent grated on her ears. The import of his words grated worse on her consciousness—she was being turned out of the restaurant. She could feel her face flame.

"I shall report you," she cried, and wheeled. An instant later she was in the street again, her breast congested, tears behind her eyes.

"Why, hello, Gloria!" sounded a chorus of cheery, friendly voices. She turned a blank gaze. Three friends of hers, Muriel Vanderpool, Katinka Barger, and Isobel Bennington, were trooping into Pedro's with merry greetings.

Gloria turned on her heel. Head in air, a cold glitter in her eyes, she cut them. She moved swiftly off.

But she moved not too swiftly to hear the ejaculations of her friends.

"Why, no—it can't be!" "Gloria sailed Saturday!" "Didn't you read in the paper this morning?" "Do you suppose that's the 'double'?"

The deed was done! Gloria had cast herself loose. Her "double" had been seen. It would be all over town—among all her friends—by tea-time.

She drifted into a Childs restaurant, and bought a meal for fifty cents—half the price of her customary tip.

The man seated at the white table beside Gloria, so close their elbows bumped—but without any more humanity or friendliness in the contact than if they had been pieces of timber (such is New York!)—went away, but left his paper behind. Gloria impulsively seized it before the waitress came up.

She really wanted to read the story about "Heiress Flees Shoplifting 'Twin,'" but she suddenly remembered there were such things as classified ads in papers. She turned to them and marked some places under the heading "Furnished Rooms." Then under the heading "Help Wanted—Women" she skimmed several columns. Stenographers, file clerks, secretaries, piece-workers, librarians. Gloria sighed. What on earth could she do? What possible qualifications had she for earning a living in this workaday world? Her eye rested on the words "Models Wanted—Dress House wants tall, attractive girls, size 16——"

Gloria crushed the paper to her heart as if it had been her dearest friend. She had never appreciated the value of a paper before.

"FIVE minutes from anywhere," one of the "furnished rooms" ads was listed, and it was priced at "$10 to $12, single." As a matter of fact it was in West Thirty-first Street. Gloria couldn't believe that the price was for a week—more likely a day—but from further perusal she concluded it must be.

The smell of cabbage in the hall, the grime of the woodwork almost nauseated her when she got there. But she rallied, climbed the stairs, and was met by a beaming, unctuous, highly flavored landlady. The room was stuffy; there was a single unshielded electric bulb hanging from a cord over the bed, and another over the bureau, where a wrinkly mirror distorted the visage of whoever looked into it. The landlady turned down the top sheet of the bed.

"See," she said significantly. "Everything's clean."

"I'll take it," said Gloria. The landlady squirmed a little.

"You'll like it fine," she said, and waited.

Gloria didn't think there was anything else to be said, and she wanted to be alone. She spoke.

"Very well, thank you, Mrs. Meloney." Still the landlady didn't go.

"It's twelve dollars," she said. Gloria was bothered.

"Yes," she responded. "I know—I'll have it for you at the end of the week." Mrs. Meloney's face changed.

"You got no baggage," she said. "You gotta pay in advance."

Gloria, clutching the wrinkled newspaper, was in the street two minutes later. She realized more clearly the difficulties of her situation.

She visited two more rooming-houses with the same result. At one of them the landlady was blunt and actively scornful.

"You got no baggage," she cried loudly, "you got no references, you won't tell me where you work, and you're dressed like a billion dollars. This is a decent place."

"That's what I'm used to," Gloria responded.

"You don't look it," snapped the other, and the front door slammed in Gloria's face.

By this time she was weary. The excitement of the morning at the Ritz, the long walk afterward, the luncheon—which hadn't been very filling—and the unsuccess of her efforts to find lodging—all these things weighed on her spirit and her muscles. A twinge of terror shot through her.

She found herself trudging north on the west side of Sixth Avenue. Block after block she walked, troubled, trying to adjust her mind to her situation. She had to have baggage; she would get along better with different clothes, probably; worse ones might even help. At this point she remembered that friends of hers, having squandered their allowances, would sometimes sell frocks for cash, even buying them and charging them at expensive places to turn them in at cheaper ones for prices not a tenth of their value. Sixth Avenue. Why, of course—that was the place.

Madame Bernheimer met Gloria cordially.

"A party-dress you want, yes?" she demanded.

"A PARTY-DRESS I want, no," Gloria responded. "What will you give me for the things I have on?"

The *patronne's* manner instantly changed. She appraised the clothes swiftly in a single glance. Beautiful stuff! Then she dissembled.

"We don't do no business like that," she said shortly.

"I wouldn't want much," Gloria doubtfully volunteered.

Madame Bernheimer shrugged.

"I couldn't use them things."

Gloria was facing the old, old fact of barter—that the buyer in a forced sale can name his own price. But the old woman again covetously inspected Gloria's apparel from a distance. Diffidently she drew near and ran an appraising hand over the material. Up the back of the coat to the fur collar. She hid the gleam in her eye. Gloria hesitated, discouraged by the *patronne's* words; encouraged—but not much—by her actions.

Madame Bernheimer shrugged, sighed, looked forlorn.

"The goods is worn," she announced, "and the style is out."

Gloria laughed. Madame Bernheimer's remarks were so absurd that Gloria began to catch on that it was a game they were playing.

"I've worn it just twice," she said, "and it cost me three hundred dollars at Hurzman's a month ago."

Madame Bernheimer saw the girl had caught on. She turned away with a definite loss of interest.

"No—I wouldn't want it," she said.

Gloria held her ground. The old woman went about her business, nudging past her as if she were an unwanted intruder; picking up boxes and setting them down with much bustle.

"How much will you give for it?" she at last inquired.

The *patronne* screamed and called on Heaven to witness her exasperation.

"She comes in here with worn-out goods," she cried, "and an old number and wants I should pay money for it!" Then she added, "Let me see the lining."

Gloria shed the coat. The *patronne's* fingers thrilled at the touch of the fine silk. But the *patronne's* face revealed only anguish. She held the coat to the light, inspecting it sourly. Then she inspected the fur collar with care. Madame Bernheimer knew the value of the clothes. Finally she handed the coat back to Gloria with a negative shake of the head and not a word. Madame Bernheimer's choice of vocation had been the stage's loss. Even Gloria was deceived. She started slowly toward the door. Then the *patronne* drew another trick from her large bag of them. She stopped the girl with a kind, if grimy hand.

"You need money?" she inquired.

Gloria nodded.

"Pretty bad, eh, dearie?"

Another nod.

"Ah, that's different!" Madame Bernheimer shook her head. "Always I'm ruled by my kind heart."

After half an hour's wrangling the bargain stood that Gloria was to trade in the Hurzman costume dress for a very cheap little suit and ten dollars in cash. Gloria had enjoyed the combat in spite of her pressing need to drive a shrewd bargain.

AS SHE was undressing in the back room, she laughingly refused the Bernheimer offer for her underwear. There, if she had known, was Madame Bernheimer's weakness.

"You wouldn't like it," said Gloria; "it isn't silk."

The *patronne* rushed to the front of the store and returned with a handful of silk underclothing, which she held out.

"I give you these beautiful silk things for what you are wearing, and five dollars cash. I got a customer—" She was thinking of a show-girl she had once helped and who now, affluent, gave her friend the extravagant prices she asked without haggling. "You think I don't recognize the handwork of French nuns? You think I don't recognize real lace?"

When Gloria emerged onto Sixth Avenue again she carried two well-worn, fake-leather suitcases, one of them initialed "M. W." In them was nothing but paper—to weigh them down. She had on a plain little suit, tawdry even. But nothing was quite unbecoming to Gloria. Her own silk stockings looked no better than many a two-dollar pair; her shoes concealed their elegance under a scuffed exterior; her hat was her own too—so simple and elegant that it looked like nothing. She had a little money in her pocket.

The initials on the suitcase gave her an inspiration for a name. So it was "Mary West"—not "Gloria Timberlake"—who again rang the bell in West Thirty-first Street, "five minutes from anywhere," determined to take the room and to beat Mrs. Meloney down from twelve dollars to ten dollars a week, which she did.

Once installed, it was so late in the day and she was so tired that she decided to postpone job-hunting until next morning. A cheap meal in a quick lunch, and an hour later Gloria turned in and slept the sleep of the weary. In her hand she clutched the little jade bangle—for luck.

Two evenings later a happy girl joined the five-o'clock throng heading southward on Seventh Avenue when the garment-houses "let out." She smiled to herself cheerfully as she watched the hurrying faces; glanced into the gaudy windows where things nobody could possibly want were sold to everybody; listened to the sound of hurrying and of noisy motors which is the sound of New York; and fingered a little jade bangle at her throat.

Gloria was happier than she had been for a long time. She had had no trouble finding work as a model the morning after her first night at the unsavory Mrs. Meloney's. She liked the work, she was apparently successful at it, and it came easy to her.

DIRECTED by the advertisement to call that morning at the cloak and suit house on Seventh Avenue, she arrived early. Three other girls were waiting there, one of whom Gloria watched closely. The girl's manner—she was a dark, rather sturdy brunette—was assured, casual, supercilious. Just the manner of any snobbish member of society among comparative strangers who did not belong (the snob might suspect) to the D. A. R. Gloria hadn't much trouble imitating her.

A handsome woman of thirty-five entered and asked the four applicants to come with her to the wardrobe-room, or "models' aisle," as Gloria came to learn it was called. Each was told to get into a dress. The dark brunette was given a sports costume, Gloria an evening dress. She chuckled when she saw it. It was a copy of one of the "imports" she had bought a few days before. This was easy. She knew the frock was becoming to her; she knew just the effect of posture that would bring it out best. She donned it.

Gloria, having watched many models pose in Paris and New York, could sense just the moment when their exaggeration of manner ceased to be effective and became ludicrous She set herself at just the right pitch, as it were, and paraded the dress. A man entered and watched the four girls.

Gloria and the brunette were chosen, the others dismissed.

It was fun from then on. Life in the models' aisle was easy-going. Immediately one of the drapers measured Gloria for the kimono she learned was furnished by the house. It was turned out in an hour, and Gloria, shedding her plain suit, donned it the way a soldier would his uniform.

With the five other models she loitered in the aisle, which was really a fairly large, long room. It was lined with closets with sliding doors in which the "line" of costumes was kept. Mirrors were in every door; and at one end of the room was a row of little make-up shelves as in a theatre, one for each girl. A cheerful room.

The girls talked, smoked, read the "tabloids," played cards. When a buyer arrived in the sales department, the girls, aided by the wardrobe mistress and the little "hook-up girls"—errand-girls really, since there hadn't been a hook hooked in the business in ten years—dressed themselves in units of the Autumn "line." One by one they emerged from the aisle into the salesroom. Gloria learned that her job was to enter the room, announce in clear tones the number of the dress she was wearing and the price, pace the length of the room, turn to display the back and sides, and retire. If she were wearing an evening wrap she was expected to open it, too, to show the lining.

She found that most of the buyers were women. The proverbial male buyer seemed almost extinct, altho there were still a few—proprietors, perhaps, of smaller shops. Gloria learned also that the business was well paid. That she, if she applied herself, might hope to earn lots of money some day. As much money as she had advertised for—and more. The designers, she found out, were highly paid specialists. The saleswoman—she was the handsome woman of thirty-five who had hired Gloria—earned at least three hundred dollars a week on commissions. Gloria admired her, her shrewdness, her capacity to interest buyers, her wit, her technique of selling.

Gloria saw no reason why some day she shouldn't make as much or more. There seemed to be a dozen high-paid women in that one shop. And from the talk she heard it

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"THEIR EYES WERE UPON EACH OTHER; FOR THEM MISS CATOR WAS GONE"

MY MISTER

A strange story of husbands as told by their better half

By ELSIE SINGMASTER

Illustrations by Charles R. Chickering

MISS CATOR ran down the stairway of her little house at seven o'clock. Tall, straight, soldierly in her blue uniform, she looked as fresh as the morning, and no one would dream that she had been out all night. At the foot of the stairs she glanced into a mirror to assure herself that her coiffure showed no loose ends. Her hair would have curled, but she brushed it straight, braided it, and wound it round her fine head. She took three steps to the telephone and a tablet on the table beside it.

"Butterfield –ugh! Miles—poor dear! Kinzer—nothing the matter with her. Espy!" Her tone grew sharp. "Must I hear her tell lies about her mister?"

There was no one at hand to answer, but some one appeared instantly—a little old gentleman. He was much shorter than Miss Cator, but there was a resemblance between them. He wore a linen suit and a neat gingham apron and carried a coffee-pot from which rose a delicious odor.

"Did you speak to me, Ellen?"

Miss Cator mended her manners.

"Well, Pop," said she cheerfully. "Good morning."

"Good morning." The old gentleman smiled; this salutation, copied from the speech of Mrs. Espy, indicated clear weather. Mrs. Espy was a Pennsylvania German, and none of her idioms was more interesting than her names for the departed husband of whom she spoke constantly. Sometimes she called him "pop," tho they had no children, and sometimes "my mister."

"What did you say?" asked father.

"I said that I must hear Mrs. Espy tell lies. She lives on Maplewood Street, and I'll probably see Mr. Kinkle."

Miss Cator's voice became savage. Father looked not savage, but amused.

"He thinks you saved his life."

"I wouldn't save it again," declared Miss Cator wrathfully. "If he writes me another letter or sends me another bouquet I'm going to have him arrested."

"Your breakfast is ready."

Miss Cator sat down before a saucer heaped with strawberries. Father returned to the kitchen.

"I'll put your eggs into the hot water."

Miss Cator put into her mouth a luscious berry. She smiled—she was hungry; that was why she was cross.

"I suppose you heard me go out," she called.

"Yes," father called back. "I also heard you come in. What was the matter?"

"Matter!" repeated Miss Cator. "Paul Williams was driving Nettie Grandgent home and he ran into a tree. No traffic, no curve, nothing but love."

"Love!" exclaimed father.

"Love. Had his arm round her. He'll have a scarred face for life and Nettie will have dear knows what."

Father removed Miss Cator's strawberry-plate, then he fetched an egg-cup containing two eggs. He performed both acts as tho he were bestowing a *croix de guerre*.

"I expect you'll have a busy day."

"I shall have an irritating day. It's the unnecessary and the imaginary troubles I can't stand."

"It's the truth," agreed father.

"And Mrs. Espy's lying."

"That's a hard word," said father.

"The last time I was there her mister was a steeplejack; before that he was a preacher."

"Perhaps he was a steeple-jack weekdays and a preacher Sundays. Working with steeples might make him think about religion, or, being religious, he might think about steeples."

"Now, Pop!" said Miss Cator.

"Or perhaps there were two husbands."

Miss Cator finished her breakfast, washed her hands, put on the sailor-hat which was a part of her uniform, lifted her leather bag, and started toward the door.

"He was also an engineer on the railroad."

"Think of anything you'd like for supper?"

"Whatever you make will suit me."

"You mean," said father as the door closed, "you mean strawberry ice-cream."

Miss Cator's step kept time to a tune—Butterfield, Miles, Kinzer, Espy. Espy was a pleasant-sounding name, and Mrs. Espy was on the whole, in spite of her disregard for the truth, a pleasant person. If she held the truth in respect she could never tell the wonderful adventures of her husband with which Miss Cator regaled father after each visit.

Miss Butterfield lived in a large house set back from the street. Thirty years ago her lover had been accidentally shot and she had retired permanently to bed. She was now fifty, and her mother, who waited upon her, was seventy. On this bright morning the shutters would be bowed and queer shadows from the valance would fall upon her face. Her ills were the varieties of atrophy which would naturally follow thirty years in bed.

Mrs. Butterfield met Miss Cator at the door.

"She had a bad night," she said anxiously.

"And you also," said Miss Cator.

"I don't think of myself."

Entering Miss Butterfield's dark room, Miss Cator saw first the white expanse of coverlet and pillows, then the shape of the bed, then the face on the pillows. It was smooth but older than Mrs. Butterfield's and deathly white. The black eyes looked past Miss Cator at a full-length oil-painting of a pleasant but not very heroic-looking young man. He wore a tight-waisted frock coat, and beside him on a table reposed a bell-crowned silk hat.

"Good morning," said she.

"Good morning," sighed Miss Butterfield. "My back should be rubbed, and my arms."

Miss Cator still felt the shock of the night's experience, and she yielded to an oft-resisted temptation.

"Miss Butterfield, this is a most beautiful morning. Birds are singing, flowers are blooming. It's not too late for you to get out of this bed before you die."

Instantly Miss Cator repented. A loud wail rent the air—Miss Butterfield's lungs were not atrophied.

"Mother!" she called. "Oh, Mother!"

Mrs. Butterfield was at hand.

"What have you done?" she demanded.

Miss Cator held her ground boldly.

"I said the flowers were blooming and the birds singing and that I would help her to get out of bed."

Mrs. Butterfield embraced her daughter.

"You may leave the house," said she gently. "Perhaps you can't understand; you've had no experience of the power of love."

Outside Miss Cator stopped and mopped her brow.

"Love!" said she. "Love!"

At the Miles house, where another mother and daughter

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HOW CAN YOU HOLD

After all Love is an Illusion—Beguile him: SAYS ROSE WILDER LANE

IT IS no attack upon Genevieve Parkhurst's point of view to say that I find it old-fashioned. The value of an idea is not dependent on the mode, like the value of a hat. Yet her attitude evokes for me the atmosphere of days which, every time I remember them, remind me how old I am.

In those days American girls were very "modern" indeed, and shocking to their elders. Life was real, life was earnest, tho the fact that things are not what they seem did not receive the attention that it does to-day. Life was very earnest indeed, and that girl of the early Gibson drawings was very earnest about it. She had ideals of life and solemn, reverential ideals of love.

She believed in love as saints believe in heaven, and this pure faith in the sacredness and power of love led her, all innocently, to destroy marriage. For she quite literally believed that love is the greatest thing in the world, fine and strong and true.

She did not go so far as to omit the marriage ceremony—that came after her time—but she did insist that it was nothing but an empty form. Marriage, she devoutly believed, was the spiritual bond of trust and truth between herself and the one man in the world. Perfect confidence, perfect candor, not one thought concealed, not one shadow of deceit between these two forever—that was her ideal.

Yet she insisted that she was a realist. Love, she had been told, sometimes inexplicably vanished, and she knew—for even in those days pioneer women were holding up their heads in spite of the disgrace of divorce—that some marriages were unhappy. So she said, and bravely meant it, "Truth between us is more important than anything else. I ask nothing of you but truth. If you ever grow tired of me, tell me so frankly." (This made the man to whom she said it most wretchedly uncomfortable, poor thing. Such talk was not his notion of a happy hour with his adored angel. So he hastily muttered agreement, hoping to stop it.)

And she went on, "I will never try to hold you if you want to go." For she believed in love, the perfect understanding, the pure truth and trust between them; she believed in this so wholly that—as she told him—she would rather that he would leave her to live the rest of her days with a widowed heart than to shield her from pain with the tiniest lie. (And he did feel, somehow, that she wasn't very human.)

She was fine, that girl. And there were thousands of her in those ancient decades when the nine-gored skirt was shortening to the insteps, and shirt-waists persisted in spite of ridicule, and "The Story of an African Farm" was an immoral book. Yes, they were fine and true and courageous—and most pathetically comic.

Once I, myself, was such a darling idiot, and when I now look back upon that dead girl whom no one else can so well remember, I feel for her a tender pride that certainly I can not feel for this woman that she has become. And if she were alive to-day, it is no counsel of expediency that I would give her.

No, I would let her go on her splendid way to wounds and death. Blundering, destructive, and tragic as she was, she was fighting for an ideal that is still mine, for I believe with all my heart and mind that fidelity to truth is the meaning in life.

WE ARE born like blind kittens, and living is no more than a process of getting the eyes opened. To close our eyes to any truth, merely because we do not like it or because it hurts us, is a kind of suicide; it is not living, but an escape from living. For surely our first business in this unknown world is to learn what it is. Our clearest sight can give us only glimpses of reality; if we wrap our minds in illusions and delude ourselves with our own dreams of what we wish were true, we shall be lost indeed.

Therefore no one admires more than I the woman who holds her fidelity to truth dearer even than the man she loves.

But this, I take it, is not precisely the point at which Genevieve Parkhurst takes her stand. We are agreed in believing that fidelity to truth is good in itself. She believes, further, that such devotion to truth is expedient in love. To be truthful in love, she thinks, is to be successful in it.

I doubt this very much. I doubt it, first, because I believe that love—and by this word I mean romantic, poetic, enduring sexual love, the northwestern European and the American idea of love—is itself an illusion. I do not believe that such love exists in fact. The idea is historically very recent in origin, of course; an idea compounded of Arabic chivalry imported into Europe by knights returning from the Crusades and the primitive attitude toward women in the Germanic tribes.

It prevails to-day only in America and, to a lesser degree, in northwestern Europe; it never took deep root even in the Latin countries of Europe. And—really, now, to be wholly frank, each woman to herself—how long does that idea last in the average lifetime? How many happily married women of thirty-five or so still believe in love, that glamourous dream of youth?

The happily married women can best answer, because they clasped that bright illusion and tried to keep it. Those who, for one reason or another, through years of spinsterhood or through successive divorces, are still pursuing love, may well believe that it would be real if they should ever reach it. But the test of the pudding is in the eating.

LOVE, I say, is an illusion. It is made of romance, poetry, of youth's dreams and ignorance and the fevers of adolescence. It is fed on fiction, on moonlight, on idealism unschooled by experience. It is beautiful, but its beauty is not real. That young man in whom all beauty and goodness are incarnate is, in fact, a very ordinary fellow. He is more to you than life itself; you can not live without him—but the fact is that without him you will live very fully indeed, and in twenty years you will not at all remember the touch of his hand or the heart-shaking gleam of light on his hair.

Marry him, and if the marriage is successful the time will come when you will be not uncontent to be his wife; you will see that, as human beings go, he is a good sort; very easily you might have done worse, and you can truly say that you have a deep affection for him. You can *say*, indeed, that you love him. But will the word mean what it did the first time you said it? Not at all. It will mean affection and habit and, on the whole, respect and trust. It won't, in short, mean love, that illusory glamour that vanished at the touch of reality.

Now, nothing, fortunately, is more destructive to illusions than a sincere love of truth. I say fortunately because I believe that reality is always better than any human-made illusion. It seems to me that the incalculable mass of suffering in American marriage and divorce is due to our founding marriage on this love-illusion alone. Enough effort to see the truth will eventually, I hope, destroy this idea of love as a magic thing transforming life and uniting two human beings forever, and substitute for that illusion a sounder basis for marriage and the home.

Nevertheless I greatly value love as an illusion, as the noblest poetic dream of a relationship between man and woman which humanity has so far produced. Since, as I contend, too great regard for truth in love will destroy love, I beg that love be spared.

For this fidelity to truth is an entirely personal thing—a matter strictly between you and yourself. It is the business of each of us, as I see it, to see life clearly and steadily as it is. (So nearly as we can.) But it is no part of our business to force our observations on any other person. In the first place, we may not see even ourselves so clearly as we think we do; and in the second, the other person has a right to his own vision. No two persons see the same thing in the same way, and most certainly it is not expedient to play the oculist to others. Heroic it may be, but not expedient.

Take, then, the man and woman in love with each other. They are both, temporarily, in the happiest of trances. And this is interesting: each of them sees in the other all his own best qualities. Each sees, in short, his own ideal realized in the flesh. (It isn't there, of course; but this is all illusion.)

Men, in general, are sensitive, imaginative, impractical, idealistic, and inquisitive; they are scientists, artists—that is, dreamers. It is they who imagine railroads and fling them across continents, imagine skyscrapers and build their cities to the skies; it is they who dream of conquering the air like birds, and penetrating the depths of the oceans; it is they who can let a lifetime pass as a moment while they pursue a germ or an electron or a mathematical formula in the fourth dimension.

They are the joyous Peter Pans, forever following some new dream or tinkering with some new toy. Happily for hours they can mess around in the interiors of automobiles or passionately knock little balls around on golf-greens; proudly as babies they brag, "Watch me!" while putting her so smoothly into high; and just consider their absorption in games, which makes baseball a millions-of-dollars industry. They never grow up. And in general their real reason for falling in love is their longing to be petted, praised, and taken care of.

So the man in love has a very definite idea of his beloved. He thinks of her, with reverence, as far more idealistic than himself; he sees her, with fondness, as impractical, imaginative, sensitive, and greatly needing to be taken care of. Tho she be tall as himself, he calls her "little girl," and even "baby." He is tenderly masterful with her, and will show her, patiently, how to do things that already she does better than he. The truth is that he has smothered doubts of his own powers in a world which—because he sees it imaginatively—just a little terrifies him; this fiction of having a tender, helpless dependent whom he must shield and guide reassures him.

Now, to force upon this man the brutal truth I consider no part of wisdom. If you love him for the dear, blundering, sensitive idealist that he is, you will let him keep his dream. You may drive an automobile far better than he, but I advise you to cuddle in your furs beside him and murmur, "Dear, how wonderful!" while he shows off his new toy and his skill with it. You may know that he took the wrong turning at the crossroads, but do not tell him so; if you do he will later learn that you were right and he was wrong, and such a monstrous fact is no part of his view of your ideal relations.

Deep, deep down, he loves you for what you are; he really wants the practical, efficient, reasonable wife who will take care of him and manage his house properly and soothe his discouragements and guide him around mistakes and sensibly keep his good, essential vanity warm with praise. But he has no least idea that this is the fact. Show him quite candidly that you are more practical than he, that you can organize more efficiently anything from a business to a household, that you can deal competently, unassisted, with mice and burglars and bank-accounts, and his illusion will vanish.

In a word, be perfectly truthful and candid in love, and you may have many men in love with you, but you will have none of them long in that state. They will not marry you, but they will be brothers to you.

We women, as a matter of fact, rarely love as blindly as men do. We are more practical, and for us the illusion is thinner. More or less, we see reality through the

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EDITOR'S

It was at a house-party—a time not so long ago—that Rose Lane and Genevieve Parkhurst indulged in an argument as to whether or not men could bear the truth in love.

Rose Lane argued that since love is in itself an illusion, it can therefore be fed only by illusion; that men do not want the truth; that a woman to be successful in love must withhold the truth about herself from the man whom she loves and who loves her.

Genevieve Parkhurst maintained that love is real and that its fulfilment therefore can come only through fidelity to truth; that men do not wish to be deceived in love; that a woman must not withhold

THE MAN YOU LOVE?

Love is a beautiful Reality—Be honest with him: SAYS GENEVIEVE PARKHURST

NOTE

the truth from the man whose love she would sustain.

At the house-party were men and women of seasoned experience —artists, writers, business men, business women, a lawyer, an actor, and a musician.

Through the better part of three days, when they were at table, walking in the woods, or seated about the log fire in the evening, the argument kept up. If it showed signs of lagging, a prodding remark or question gave it new impetus.

A discussion which could absorb such a gathering so long a time will, we feel, interest our large audience of thinking women.

IT ALL began with Rose Lane's remark that the quickest and easiest way for a woman to lose a man's love is for her to tell him the truth; that in order to hold a man she must withhold from him those things which might in any way alter the portrait his love has painted of her.

I disagreed with her as I still do.

As the validity of an argument rests upon the definition of its terms, before taking up the thread of our discussion I shall try to explain what I see as truth and what I mean by love and success in love.

The whole content of truth can not be confined within the narrow limits of words. As it is with numbers so it is with life—every problem may be solved by the exact application of an absolute principle. One may be sincere in one's desire for a correct answer, but if one deviates a fraction from the principle the solution is bound to be fractional. In other words, if one has two of anything and wishes to increase them to four, one must multiply by two and not by one and a half. This principle is what I see as truth—and a lie by the process of inversion is the absence of truth, and therefore the absence of principle.

Love to me—and by love I mean love between man and woman—is not an evanescent passion, an illusion to be blown into wisps by the first adverse wind. It is a beautiful and sacred reality, the only one which can give full meaning to life.

While it may begin with passion, to be real it must work beyond it to a companionship of mutual faith and understanding—one wrought of fortitude, courage, selflessness, a capacity for self-sacrifice, forbearance, and forgiveness. Upon the woman's side—and I shall dwell particularly on that side, as it is the meat of our argument—in its highest sense it must hold much of the maternal quality.

It can not be a fragile thing, unable to bear up under life's stresses. It must be strong and brave and true. Thus only can it enrich life. Thus only, when Destiny declares it an end, can there remain no injury to one's self-respect, no sharp misgiving that by calculation or small trickery one has made of it an ill-gotten gain. Thus only can it achieve what I call success.

For success in love lies not in the mere capacity to hold the man of one's heart, but in the realization that one has played one's part well, that one has been fair, that one has been honest, that one has given freely and generously of the best one had to give. Bitter memories have no place in my creed of love.

I believe, too, that to be successful, love must be lasting. It can not be viewed in snatches, but must be considered in the long run. If it is to be interpreted into a series of transient affairs, woven of furtive evasions, then I say it is not love at all, but a disintegrating, devastating deceit, unworthy of a niche in the sanctuary of life.

Fate, to be sure, is sudden and irrevocable in its decrees. Death, or some other dark design, may close the door between those who love.

Barring these, there is a love—and it is real love—love in marriage as well as out of it—whose sustaining power carries it above and beyond vexation and vicissitude to a full and abundant harvest. It is a love that persists in spite of the faults of the loved one. This is what I call success in love—a success which by its very nature can find no shelter in the shadow of a lie.

Rose Lane thinks that this belief of mine in the wholeness and the reality of love is old-fashioned; that it is a remnant from the moon-glow days of my girlhood. Perhaps so. However, I must quarrel with her picture of those days. Ours *was* the time of the "Gibson Girl"—of shirt-waists, standing collars, and sailor-hats. It was also the time of flowered organdies and ruffles and sashes and floppy garden hats. The shirt-waist may have been a prophecy of what was to come, but in our attitude we leaned backward to that sweet girlishness of the 1890's rather than toward the sturdy feminism of the 1920's.

LOVE *was* very real to us. But it was not real love. We knew nothing of its actualities and less than nothing about the true meaning of marriage, which to the girl of that time was the aim of love and the only gateway to happiness. To be an old maid was a disgrace. And one was an old maid if unmarried at twenty-five. Therefore it required courage to stay out of marriage. The sooner we were married after having come to the age of eighteen, the more glorified our self-respect.

We were educated not with any vision of wifehood and motherhood as a serious and painstaking vocation. Marriage to us was our one state of complete bliss to be sustained without any particular effort on our part. Our main forte was attractiveness. Coquetry was our prerogative. We drew men on by our little arts and graces. We were taught to put our best foot forward, as it were.

When I look back I feel sorry for the men of our day. Great was the burden imposed upon them. They were the masters of our fate; they held the keys to our contentment. We clung to them like barnacles to a whale for protection, for support, for our very sustenance. They were the whole of life to us, the sun about which we revolved. And this they were tradition-bound to be whether or not we proved the perfect angels they had thought us when we became weighted around their necks, presumably for life.

Rose Lane says we told them everything, that there was perfect trust and confidence and candor between us. We told them little or nothing. We had little or nothing to tell. Most of us, married long before we were twenty, were not articulate about life. We were completely hedged about by convention. The chaperon was ever present.

Women belonged in two categories—those who were "nice" and those who were not. Only the "nice" girl stood a chance of making a "good match," or, in another form of the vernacular of that day, landing a "good catch." Therefore we did and said nothing that could be construed as not "nice" or which might in any way mar our chances.

As I recollect those days the thought that the men we loved would ever love any one else had no place in our minds. It would have been a rare and forward girl who would have said to the man she loved and was about to marry, "If you ever tire of me, darling, let me know and you shall have your freedom." Had she done so she would have been insincere, as I think any woman in love who says that is insincere. She may think she means what she says, but it is a false premise to begin with and can ultimate only in a negative conclusion.

I have known several women of the last decade who entered marriage with that phrase—and it is only a phrase—on their lips, who were not reticent in condemning the men who later took them at their word.

I have never felt that the girls of my day were tragic. Most of them have been happy in their love. Those who failed, failed not because of any illusion they had about love itself, but because they mistook for it what was only an emotional awakening. And altho I was one of those who failed, I later learned of a love romantic and poetic, one which endured because enduring qualities were brought to bear upon it. To have tinged it with even the slightest duplicity would have been to abandon the principle by which it held so much of beauty.

It has been said that love is of recent origin, that it came to us through the returning Crusaders. According to the ancient legends of China, India, Persia, Judea, it flourished thousands of years before the Christian era. We read of it in the writings of Confucius and of Lâo-tse, in the sacred books of the East, in the cuneiform scrolls of Egypt, in the Bible. It lives in the pages of Homer and Vergil, playing a great part in the early history of both Greece and Rome. Even tho these may be classed as mythology, love must have been in the lives and the hearts of the people, or their poets could not have expressed it in terms of immortal beauty.

True, it was not the basis of marriage, for marriage then was purely an economic arrangement calculated to increass the power and the property of the tribes and to place the responsibility for the support and protection of the family. But there were even then the superior men or women whose mating was inspired by love.

For I can not agree with those who think that love has no place in marriage. I think it is the only reason for marriage. That it has become so in northwestern Europe and in the United States, which are now the sturdy nations of the earth, is an indication that love as an ideal is becoming more real, and that the day approaches when by it marriage, too, shall achieve perfection.

I have seen something of marriage in the Latin countries. My observation does not bid me to believe in it as an instrument of happiness. Marriage as a business arrangement, planned by parents without respect to the wishes or feelings of the young people who are entering into it, can, because of the nature of human beings, only lead to discontent and immorality. And it is the woman who suffers most through it. It is she who sits home and weeps while the man goes forth to wander. That in their old age she may know a certain sort of companionship, does not compensate for the harrowing middle years of loneliness and desolation.

THE rapid increase of divorce in this country is not too alarming. It is no proof that love in marriage is a failure. Rather do I feel that failure in marriage comes because either the man or the woman, or both of them, have not loved enough. In other days women were forced to endure untenable conditions because the economic world was cold to their protests. To-day any intelligent woman in this country may earn a good living. Divorce, therefore, has become an open door to freedom. Men, also relieved of their traditional responsibility, are more freely seeking relief by divorce from burdensome marriages. Hence the increase.

In those European countries where new and wider fields of work for women are opening up, the divorce laws are becoming freer, and divorce itself is on the increase.

I am asked how many happy married women of thirty-five or more that I know. Dozens of them, I answer. In the sophisticated cross-currents of the city we are apt to lose count of our values. We fail in the knowledge that the hurry and scurry of life is not life in its larger sense. Even among the sophisticated I can think of many women who have held their love in all the ecstasy of its beginning.

I think of one who grew up with me, a near neighbor, at whose wedding I was maid of honor. Through the changing years her love for her husband and his for her have not changed except that time has enlarged and enriched their concept of it. Her golden hair is graying, her eyes are less lustrous, her skin not quite so fair and fresh. To her husband she is as beautiful as the day they met. To her he is no less the lover of her youth.

They began life together on a tiny farm now grown to the broad acres of a magnificent rancho. They have worked together. They have laughed together. They have wept together. The radiance of their lives lends radiance to all those who are fortunate enough to be their friends.

Another couple comes to mind. They have been married fifteen years. I happened to be in their home not long ago. Pinned to the dresser in their room was a note. The first part, in his handwriting, said, "I love you, Mary dear, more and more"; the second, in hers, replied, "I love you, too, dear, more and more and more."

I could not help but see it. The wife, laughing, explained, "I always get up for breakfast, but we were up

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PLEASE EXCUSE VELMA

A chapter in the life of a prudent housewife who had no sense of humor

BY LOIS SEYSTER MONTROSS

Illustrations by Arthur Dove

"RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF MOVING WITH THE PRESERVES SITTING UNPACKED ON THE SIDEWALK THE FIRST THING THEY DID WAS TO START THE PHONOGRAPH"

MISS JEAN DANZIGER,
Intermediate Grade School
(Kindness of Velma).

DEAR MISS DANZIGER: Am sending this per kindness of little Velma as I wish to explain why she has missed three days this week and to have her excused for it as I am anxious not to have an absence mark on her Report Card. It is certainly not little Velma's fault she was absent, she likes her "teacher" so much and am sure she has never given any trouble. Miss Danziger I want to explain just why she was absent with all honesty so you will understand—I always say that if only mothers and teachers would co-operate and work together with all honesty it would be better all round, better schools and education and etc.

And to speak the truth frankly it was all the fault of those Shannons next door, my life has not been the same since they moved in three months ago, such carryings-on! I have been subject to nerves and repressions and many other symptoms account of things that took place. High jinx and beating on tin pans and the Ford truck roaring up the hill! And then there was this man climbing up a ladder into their house and the terrible fight or brawl that took place not to mention deceit and treachery of Others including the Reverend Dix. But will explain all so you will fully understand and excuse Velma. Of course I am writing in confidence, Miss Danziger—and know no word of it will ever pass your lips.

They have three girls and every one of them is that flapper type especially Effie and Lucille and Mildred—which is ruining the Youth of America. Miss Danziger what is the trouble with the younger generation, who can answer! And what is becoming of old-fashioned modesty and modest dressing and the Family Circle and faith, hope and charity and etc. I read all articles on this subject in current Literature and many serious thinkers and writers agree with my viewpoint on this.

The very first day when they moved in I saw they were not *desirable* or *quiet* neighbors—the girls were riding on the furniture van and swinging their feet and laughing, they had on overalls and their hair all curled up and flying in their eyes and rouge, lip-stick and all. Well, it is a satisfaction to me that dear Velma will never conduct herself in such fashion and Lester and Edward—my boys. You would have to look far to find steadier and have never given me a moment's anxiety. Both working and helping their father in the shoe store day after day when most would be loafing or what not.

They take after my side of the family as their father is easy going and not serious like the boys. Poor Fred! I often think if he would only take Life more serious. That place was simply a madhouse the minute they moved in what with screaming and laughing and the first thing they did was to start the phonograph and that Mrs. Shannon, she must weigh 200 if a pound, right out on the front porch dancing with the boy—Harry—while Effie and Mildred are doing this Charleston dance. Right in the middle of moving with the preserves and canned fruit sitting unpacked on the sidewalk and rugs and blankets all over the porch railing.

It is the loudest talking machine I ever heard, one of these pornophonics and this jazz going all the time, some silly piece about I Don't Like it and you Don't Like it Not Very Much.

I often think jazz is ruining our young people not to say old, isn't that so? How can our children have a proper and decent respect for Home and honor their parents when their parents weighing 200 lbs. are out dancing on the front porch in the middle of moving. Was not able to help seeing all from my side upstairs bedroom window which looks right toward their house. There is a plain view too from our dining room so I said to Eddie who had just come in for supper: Just look will you, did you ever! And the phonograph going yet and not a sign of smoke from the chimney.

And he said, You cannot imagine Alice Maynes acting like those girls can you.

I said, No, nor in overalls all rouged up. Alice Maynes is Edward's friend and they have been keeping company two years as you may know.

They say she is a widow, I said, and three girls and a boy to bring up, I said. Poor soul, my mother's heart feels every sympathy for her but a slack housekeeper you can tell that easy and I bet the girls are no better than they should be.

And Eddie rubbed his chin, he is such a thoughtful boy—six feet in his socks and light curly hair, you have probably seen him in the shoe store. He said, I don't think any girl looks very good in overalls why do they wear them. Just to show off and act smart, I said.

I cannot imagine Alice Maynes in overalls, he said.

So you can realize girls of such type do not attract good decent boys like mine but only the riffraff. And just then this Lucille came in to borrow a can-opener, you would think she would be ashamed strutting around hands in pockets like a man. Some might think she was very pretty if you admire that type with hair the color of Summer squash and face like a lace Valentine, and Eddie leaned against the sideboard saying nothing in a cold way but I was pleasant and neighborly, I said: Oh dear, I hope your Poor Mama likes her new house, they say it is very damp and cold and hardly any sunlight in the front rooms and so near the river! If there comes another flood you will surely be innovated, I said. But otherwise it is a nice place, how do you like it.

"ABOUT TEN I WATCHED FROM BEHIND THE LILAC BUSHES"

We think it is the cats, she said, and it seems this is slang of the worst type as Edward later informed me. Well, it was only a short time before most of the young people in town were gathering at the Shannon house and such goings-on as have never taken place in *my* house. This Mrs. Shannon did not care how much noise or what late hours! So one night when phonograph and radio were going full tilt and I couldn't sleep and I got up and looked out the window. There is a street lamp that shines right on their front porch and could see that a couple was wrapped in a fond embrace under a dark tree at the corner of the house! And inside, another pair dancing the Black B——m and Mrs. S. right there winding the phonograph and somebody else carrying in a big tray of glasses full of *something*—I will not venture to say what.

I do not want this to go further, it is written in confidence and only to explain why she was absent those three days and I hope you will excuse Velma. She weighs two hundred lbs. if she weighs an ounce and a woman of her age laughing all the time and riding in the Ford truck with the young people instead of home baking and keeping her house. They have a Ford truck instead of a regular automobile, it has seats along the sides and the whole family pile into it and dash around all day long.

One evening about nine I hear it coming along the hill making a terrible noise and so I went to the dining room window to see what was up now. O Miss Danziger my heart *aches* for the young people of today who are missing all the *finer* things of Life. Isn't that right? They certainly are. And here this young man, the Wickham boy, gets out and carries this girl, Effie or Lucille, around to the side and into the back door. It was muddy and raining but mud is no excuse for such Liberties. And could see no more as all the evenings high jinx went on in the kitchen that evening—I could tell this by walking around to the corner of our yard and saw that there was a light in Shannon's kitchen and laughing and beating on tin pans and clink of glasses going on until one o'clock. Oh my heart ached for them in their folly!

Have always kept my own children right in the Home by pleasant social hours, once or twice a year entertaining at pleasant get-togethers, and always wearing myself out with polishing silver and having everything dainty with angels food cake and cocoa and chicken sandwiches for all. It was always a pleasure to me to see how polite my boys were and how handsome and quiet if I do say it, with big honest blue eyes and thick curly hair handing around the refreshments. Then they would play quiet games of guessing contests and spin the pan and Alice Maynes would sing The Sunshine of Your Smile and Erva Fisher, Lester's friend, would give Riley readings and Irish dialectic.

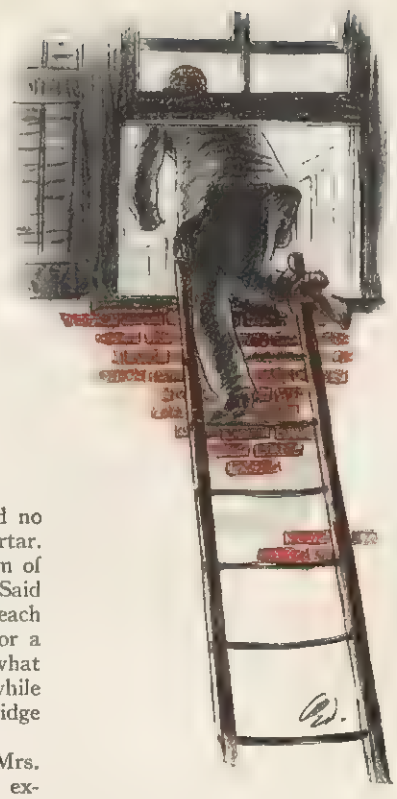
Well the next day I took occasion to go over to this Shannon house to borrow some Cream of Tartar as I was baking for the Ladies Read-A-Book-A-Week Club and here was Mrs. S. sitting right in the middle of the afternoon playing bridge wist with Effie and the Wickham boy and Mrs. Doctor Stanhope. When there was dust on the piano and somebody had taken their finger and written in the dust—It won't be long now! And

that Lucille in a black and gold dressing gown with that fly-away blonde hair of hers, painting a chair bright orange in the corner of the *front parlor!* I said to her mother, pretending great innocence, Did one of the girls get hurt last night, I saw her carried in last night and thought I would inquire whether she had sprained her ankle or something. Mrs. S. said:

Oh, that was Effie I guess.

And laughed, ha-ha-ha, as if it was something funny, shaking all over, and said: They were just fooling and having a good time, Mrs. Boyce. Ha-ha-ha! I thought to myself, It must have been very funny indeed. But said no more only asked for the Cream of Tartar. Believe it or not she had no Cream of Tartar in the house, never using it. Said the three girls did all the cooking, each one doing shopping and cooking for a week in turn! If you can imagine what a household run by the children while the mother takes it easy playing bridge wist in the afternoons!

And Effie kept giggling and Mrs. Shannon said: Don't titter, Effie, excuse her Mrs. Boyce—all that titters is not bold, you know. I said, No indeed, coldly, and walked away and they all looked a little ashamed as I could see from the expression on their faces.



"SUDDENLY ANOTHER DARK FIGURE OF A MAN STARTED UP THE LADDER, TOO"

Now Miss Danziger you will soon see why Velma was out those 3 days and I hope this is not too long a note, it was quite necessary to explain everything in a frank way and I hope you will excuse the writing and stationery. I am very, very nervous yet and have used up all the blue stationery that Edward gave me for Christmas and will have to finish on this plain tablet paper.

WELL I began to notice a *peculiar* thing. Every night about ten or so there would be a young man *climb up a ladder and disappear into the house.* The ladder was around to the back and by standing at the corner of our lot I could just see this Dark Figure every night at this certain time and was sure it must be that Wickham boy. You can imagine I was worried and anxious and had a Mother's sympathy with Mrs. Shannon for "millions of butterflies on the lawn, but only one Mother the wide world over"—you know the little piece Velma spoke so beautifully at your last program. The tears came to my eyes when she recited it with such a sober look on her little face. There is nothing like Mother Love, isn't that so?

I kept worrying whether I should go and inform Mrs. Shannon what was happening and one of her own girls deceiving her night after night. Or whether I should warn Mrs. Wickham how one of her boys was going to the dogs and Shannons night after night. My own heart would break did I ever know Velma had told me a single lie or one of my boys either. So at the supper table I told what I had seen and asked earnestly for advice.

I said: What would *you* do Edward if you were in my place. He is always so sober and serious and you can depend on his judgment in all matters. Well mother, he said, I agree it does look bad but if I were you I should not mix in, he said.

She would probably blame you, said Lester. People always blame the one who tells them something unpleasant.

And Mr. Boyce, poor Fred! he never takes anything serious—said, Oh what d—— nonsense! I never heard of such a thing going around poking your nose into a neighbor's affairs, he said.

I said, Fred you ought to be ashamed to use such language and little Velma right here at the table. And what's more, Fred Boyce, this is a serious matter, I said—the town is in an uproar and considering the Younger Generation and jazz and parties and all I am worried about the Young People, what ever are they coming to, I said.

He said: Oh poppycoddle! Have you forgotten how flighty you were in your youth and that time we took a strange horse and sleigh and went riding and —he was about to say more but I said, That is quite enough, Fred.

And do you remember when I chased Henry Rhoades off your front porch, he said. He was kissing your mother, he explained to the boys, and I punched his nose for him.

That is quite enough, I answered, very tired of his joking. It is my duty to do something about the Shannons if this keeps up.

He said: They are a happy harmless pleasant family as far as I can see and Mrs. Shannon is certainly a wonderful mother.

Miss Danziger you can imagine how hurt I was by his flippant attitude but he is never serious. Poor Fred. Well that very evening while Fred was still down town and the boys gone to the Community Gymnasium something more happened, it was about ten. I watched from behind the lilac and piny bushes at the corner of our lot and sure enough, I soon glimpsed the Dark Figure going up the ladder. But suddenly another Dark Figure of a man sprung out from around the back of the house and started up the ladder too. The first one turned and I could hear low angry voices and all at once they begun to exchange blows and fell off the ladder and grappled rolling over and over on the lawn.

Oh it was a disgrace, I trembled from head to foot watching the brawl, and was sure one was the Wickham boy and other Ira Stanhope. If only Fred or one of my boys had been in the house I would have called them to stop this savage fighting but what could I do alone. I did not dare to go over, Miss Danziger, but stood there having a nervous chill which I am subject to. I went to bed when all was quiet but all night long while Fred lay sleeping I kept getting up and looking at the Shannon house to see if anything more would happen but nothing did.

And in the morning I was so tired from this wakeful night I overslept—when I woke up it was nine-thirty and I said, Oh dear! Velma, it is too late now for school. Better to be absent than tardy, I always say, so I kept her at home. And I intended to write this note and send it with her to ask you to excuse her. But I saw it would take me so long to explain the whole thing as to why I had overslept that I said:

Velma, you may stay home this afternoon and tomorrow Mama will have a nice note all ready for you to take as an excuse to your Teacher. And I know she will excuse you, I said. So this explains her absence on Tuesday, April 26th and satisfactory to you I hope as I have frankly gone into all details.

Well the next day—Wednesday—about eight o'clock in the morning while Velma was eating her breakfast, I always give her a *warm cereal* and orange juice, toast and milk, I said: Velma dear, you eat your nice oatmeal and Mama will just run over to the Shannons a minute and be right back. For I had decided it was *for the good of all* and my duty to tell Mrs. Shannon what I had seen. For after all she is a Mother and deserved to know the Truth. And I had decided I would go early before the girls were up and speak to Mrs. Shannon alone. Since I knew she got the breakfasts and let them sleep until late.

She was in the kitchen just filling the coffee percolator and it did look fancy with a lot of daffodils on the table and chairs all painted orange but how could anybody work in it, that is what I wondered. And check gingham curtains look cheap I always think. Oh and a green painted floor! She said her son Harry wanted it green—imagine Lester or Eddie telling me how they wanted the *kitchen floor.* They have so many parties here in the kitchen, she said, with that stout laugh of hers. Anyway we talked of such things a while till finally:

Mrs. Shannon, I said, I am sorry to tell this but think it my duty as I am a Mother too and have every sympathy for a Mother's problems. But several nights a young man has climbed up that ladder by your back wall and gone into an open window, I said. I can't say exactly but I think the window opens onto the stairs and it is the Wickham boy and I think you ought to know, I said. I said: I would thank anybody to tell me of such a thing going on.

Mrs. Boyce, she said, you are right—the window does open on the back stairs. And every evening this young man comes down the back stairs and joins in the fun the children have in the kitchen, she said. They usually have cider and doughnuts and cheese and apples, she said in an odd and you might say soft voice as if she was thinking about something else.

MRS. SHANNON, I said, I do not think you are right to encourage such a young man who sneaks up ladders as he cannot be the right sort or he would come in the front door. And I said: If he wants to sneak in anyhow why doesn't he come in the back door instead of up a ladder.

Because, she said, the kitchen door is at the side and the street light shines upon it and upon the front door. And he does not want you to see him coming here to visit Lucille every evening.

I know my face got red, I was terribly angry, What do I care who visits Lucille, I said coldly.

Well, it is Edward, she said.

I thought I would faint. I could say nothing for a minute.

He is certainly a dear boy, she said, but I have scolded him many times for deceiving you. But you know how boys are, she said, handing me a cup of coffee and stirring her own. They love mystery, she said. And I suppose he thought it was romantic to climb up that ladder, she said.

I felt stunned, absolutely stunned, and she sat there so calm I could not exclaim or cry or anything but just sat staring at her.

Finally: You are making this up, Mrs. Shannon, I said, for what reason I cannot imagine.

Not at all, she said. He was here last night.

He was at the Community Gymnasium, Mrs. Shannon, I said.

I am sorry if he told you that, Mrs. Boyce, she sort of chuckled. He hasn't felt he dared to tell you he was in love with Lucille, she said. But I have warned him often that none but the bold deserves the fair, she said.

I said: But merciful goodness, what about Alice Maynes! This is terrible! I don't understand my own boy climbing up ladders and all! And what about that fight last night! I saw it! Was that Edward *fighting.* It could never have been *Edward!*

Wasn't it a grand fight! she said, her eyes sparkled and she began to laugh shaking all over. It was Edward, she gasped, fighting with Lester.

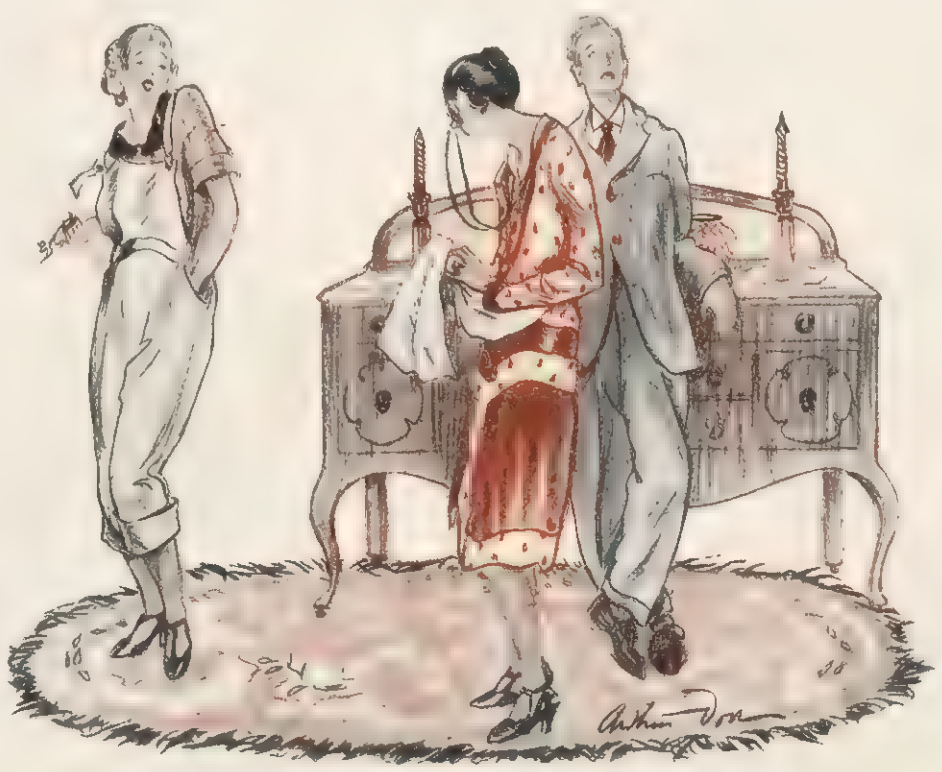
Lester! I cried. I was absolutely beside myself. *Not Lester too,* I said.

Well, he unfortunately took a fancy to Lucille too. She could hardly get her breath from laughing.

My gracious, I said, having one nervous chill after another, What about Erva Fisher?

Well, Eddie was the champion, she said. So I suppose Lester will retire from the field.

At that I jumped up and left the house but I had the last word, I said: H'm, your Lucille must be a regular Circe, changing pearls into swine! and



"PLEASANT AND NEIGHBORLY, I SAID: 'OH DEAR, I HOPE YOUR MAMA LIKES HER NEW HOUSE.' 'WE THINK IT IS THE CATS,' SHE SAID"

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"SHE MOVED AWAY. 'I'D RATHER JUMP IN THE RIVER THAN TO HAVE CHRIS ECKHARDT KNOW'"

Dode Creighton did not realize that flowers wilt and women fade. He took no reckoning of time. What fate is in store for such as he?

YOUTH WALKS UNDER THE WILLOWS

By STELLA RYAN

Illustrations by A. N. Simpkin

DEATH was causing a stir in Creighton's small, squat house. Life eddied up the narrow side porch, through the kitchen that was only a lean-to, past the two bedrooms, and into the parlor. Women went in and out. Small tied-under-the-chin bonnets made black peaks above tightly hugged shawls. Only here and there was a modish hat or a tight-fitting sack above a fashionable bustle.

They were old neighbors coming and going a familiar way, clad in the unaccustomed formality of their best outdoor attire. Without exception they came with a stealthy hesitancy by way of the kitchen into the candle-lit dimness of the parlor that smelled of death and tuberoses.

Each stood for a moment looking down at the dead woman before she knelt and prayed. Few were young women, yet they knelt courageously on both knees. The soles of their broad, low-heeled shoes lay thrust up nakedly from the trundle of their skirts. On most of them nails showed in the slant line of a cobbler's resoling. When there were holes they stared like eyes.

There was dignity about those women kneeling there on the worn reds and yellows of the carpet—a dignity that was not quite lost in the struggle that accompanied their rising. If their first efforts to gain their feet failed, Dode Creighton got up from his camp-stool at the foot of the coffin and lifted their wheezing, rheumatic old bulks. When they were righted they shook hands with him and whispered, "I'm sorry for your trouble, Dode. Was she sick long? Ah, well, she didn't suffer." Some said, "It's God's will, to be sure, but it do seem a pity—just when you were getting on and all."

They commented upon her appearance. "She doesn't look a bit like you now, Dode. It was only the eyes gave the resemblance. Never a girl in the world had finer gray eyes than her." They praised her, too. "Ah, she was a good woman. She made you a good mother, an' it's a good son you've been to her." Heavy, sibilant whispers that, altho they were lowered out of respect for the dead woman, seemed to gutter the candles.

When old man Powers came in he stood looking down into the casket for a long moment. He said finally to Dode, "She looks young again. Sure she's happy an' you've no regrets." Ah, hadn't he? What was it gnawing under the heavy sense of loss? All his mother's unsatisfied desires clamored there in the room. Death had quickened them into extraordinary life. He wished they would not speak of "regrets."

The room became crowded. People sat on camp-stools in rows along the walls and whispered together every now and then. When the room became too crowded the first to have arrived got up and gave place to the last. Old Powers stayed on and on. Likely he intended to stay the night. He had a cold in his head and he kept trying to dry his handkerchief by waving it to and fro. It was white and of linen and it had a hemstitched border.

Dode thought of the keen delight linen used to give his mother. He remembered her ironing Mrs. Voight's great table-cloths—pressing down the hot iron for just the right fraction of a second on the damp surface, running it back and forth in final long polishing strokes. "Isn't it lovely, Dode?" He would turn from the table to admire the gleaming fall of white. Other people's linen!

Dode could hear Powers talking about some girl. "Oh, she's the finest kind of a girl," he was declaring. "She'll tame him. Why, I remember when she was a bit of a girl nursing her doll babies. There was a get up an' go to her even then. Sure she's red-headed. She'll stand none of his wildness—drinkin' an' carryin' on from this Jim Malloy. He'll settle down after she gets him."

His monolog was cut short by the opening of the front door, and Captain Lacy, the owner of the shipyard, came in. He stood and talked to Dode a few minutes, holding his derby hat pressed with both hands against the great expanse of his chest. There was no whispering in the room while he was there. Everybody was trying to catch what he was saying. But as soon as he left the whispering broke out again. They thought it strange—his not looking at the dead woman—not once. Ah, well, he was North-of-Ireland!

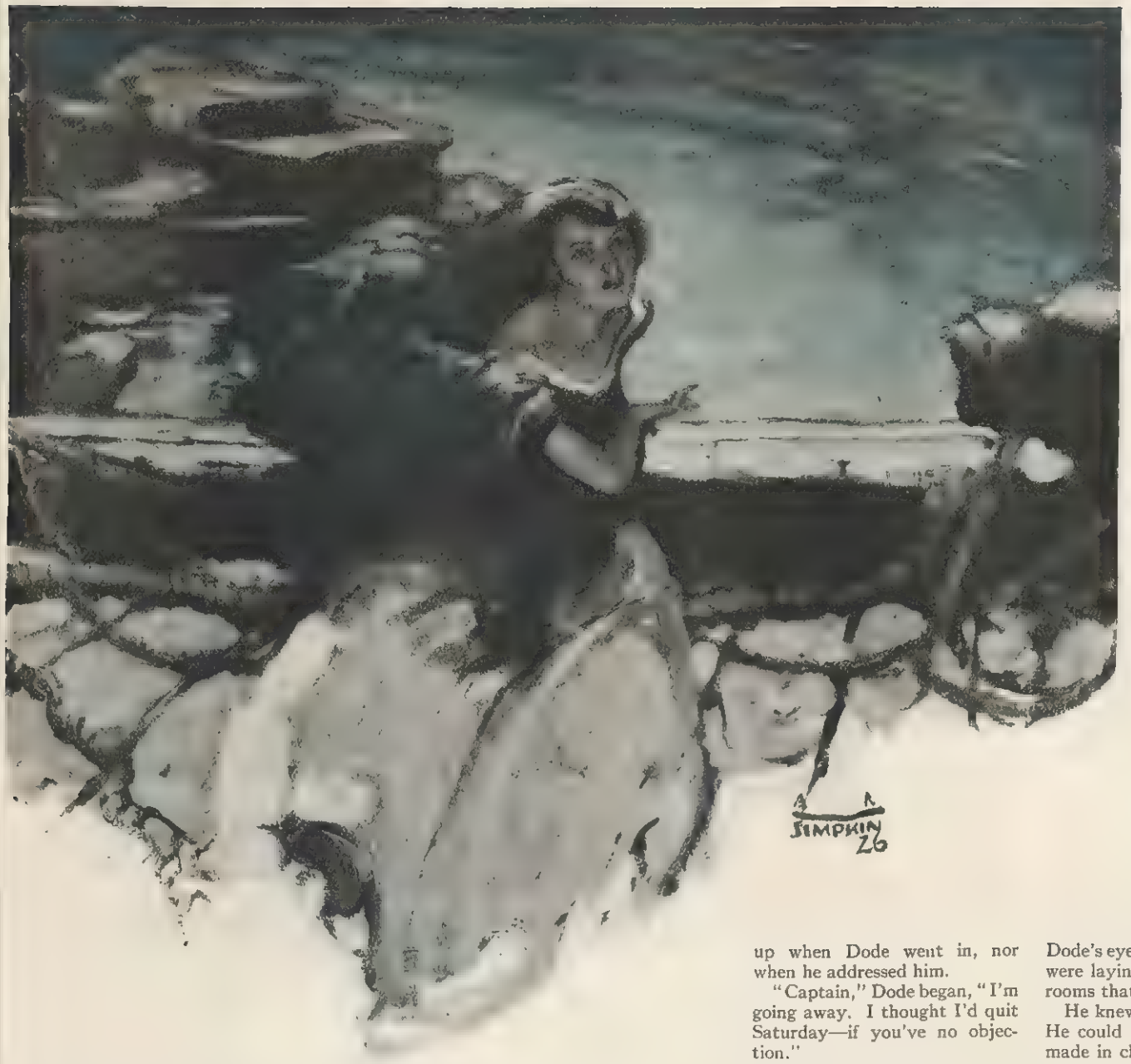
People began to leave after that. The high point of the evening had been reached. Only old Powers remained, and his wife and a few of the older men and women and some of the young fellows who worked with Dode at the yard. Dode had prepared for many more people. There was a ham in the kitchen and the quarter of a great round cheese and six big loaves of bread and a cake Mrs. Powers had baked. There was coffee and plenty of tea, and, more important still, three quart bottles of whisky. And of course there was both chewing- and smoking-tobacco.

All these things had been bought according to Mrs. Powers's advice. A wake was a wake. She didn't believe in people being, you might say, *flahoolic*, but they couldn't have less than ham and cheese and be decent. The whisky and the tobacco went without saying.

As the night wore on, the kitchen, presided over by Mrs. Powers, drew the men and women one by one, until presently Dode was alone. He hardly heard the murmur that came down the short passage. He was reckoning with the leaden realization that now he never could make amends for the things his mother had wanted and missed. Captain Lacy had spoken of a just reward, but no thought of heaven or of just rewards could ease the ache of his failure.

He remembered years ago when little Ned Dolan had died his father had bought a football to bury with him. People had cried out at the foolishness of it. "Did you ever hear the like of that, now? An' not one penny in the house toward the funeral!" Now Dode understood why Dolan had bought the football. It would have relieved his own pain to have bought pieces of fine linen and silver spoons. At least he had not allowed the undertaker to dress her in that makeshift of a dress. Miss Mayhew had made a shining dress of gray satin exactly like the one she had made for Mrs. Voight when Archie Voight was married. His mother had talked of that dress for years.

What a *soony-sawny* he had been, thankful for the fifteen dollars handed him every week at the yard! He had worked up from three, and each time Captain Lacy gave him his envelop it was with a gesture that said, "This is



five times what you were getting when you came here." He had gone to the yard right after his father had died. He had been thirteen then. Now he was twenty-three. When he had reached fifteen dollars a week his mother had been relieved of the necessity of taking in wash. If he had earned twenty dollars! Twenty-five!

At one o'clock Mrs. Powers called him and he ate something or other. Powers was getting noisy. "An' why shouldn't I sing it?" banging the kitchen table. "Wasn't it her favorite song? You can depend I'll keep it in me throat an' not be sendin' it out on the night. Like this: 'By Killarney's lakes and fells—'" But they persuaded him not to go further, and finally Dick Healy took him home.

Not such a long time after that until dawn. Dode sat there three successive nights and saw the dawn come to interrupt his thoughts, and watched the candles shrink to mere points of faint light when the sun came up and glowed against the drawn shades.

There was a certain bustle about the funeral itself that relieved him—the going in and out of church, the short ride to the cemetery, the return. It was a pitiful small bustle that relieved, not his heart, but the muscles of his body crying out for work.

It was not until he had returned to work the day after the funeral that a thought came up from where it had been hiding and showed itself. He was free! He was working in the hold of a schooner that had been rammed in a fog on the Sound. Why, he was free to sail in ships like this! There arose an old vision of the sea. He dreamed of pounding waves, of hurricanes, of typhoons. He came sailing into strange ports at night—in the gray of the morning.

He was free! He would go tell Captain Lacy he was leaving. He dropped his plane and climbed down onto the runway. He crossed the yard, walking in and out the small boats standing shored on the beach, in and out other small boats high on their wooden horses in the clover. He was done with small boats. Underfoot was the familiar springy accumulation of wood-chips and curled shavings, but he felt the slant of a deck plunging into the green hollows of curling water.

In the little square office, like a barnacle on the side of the works, Captain Lacy sat at his desk. He did not look up when Dode went in, nor when he addressed him.

"Captain," Dode began, "I'm going away. I thought I'd quit Saturday—if you've no objection."

"Oh, but I have. I have, Dode." The blue eyes shot up from under the heavy grizzle of the brows. "Look here, now! Don't be in such a hurry. You finish on the *Susan B. Claxton*. You wait until we get that job into shape and I'll wish you Godspeed. I don't want to break a new man into that now."

"But I've wanted to go for a long time. I thought maybe I could go as carpenter on some ship—a sailing-vessel. I've always wanted to sail in a windjammer."

"Yes, yes! Oh, yes! But I'm askin' you to stay only a month or so, d'ye see? After that—" He made a wide gesture with his hands.

"But April's a pretty good time to get a berth, ain't it?"

"Good Heaven, yes! But ships' carpenters aren't so easy to stumble over. You've a chance with every third ship that leaves port. And they leave port all year round, my boy."

Dode still hesitated, and suddenly Lacy began to pull at his under lip. "Tell you what I'll do, Dode. I'll jump your salary up three dollars. No, I won't. I'll jump it five. Yes, by George! Five! How's that? Why, boy, what's a month or six weeks to you? You've all your life before you."

So Dode went back to the *Susan B. Claxton*. Noon came that day with the same eight strokes of the shipyard bell, but for the first time he did not go running up to the little house, the top of which you could just see rising above the low bluff that runs parallel to the East River. Instead he went and sat under the shade of a willow-tree that grew at the end of the board fence enclosing the yard along Maxwell Street.

The river, the fence, the street, and the bluff were parallel. At right angles to all four ran the long pier that Dobs Brothers, the contractors, had built, cutting off the yard on the south and jutting beyond it into the river. Along the inner side of the fence, straight over to the pier, was a stretch of grass and clover. It ran down into the yard proper like a widow's peak. Sticker-bushes grew there, too, and while the shade lasted blue morning-glories that had climbed up over the bushes stayed open. Dode ate the lunch that Mrs. Powers had put up for him in a paper bag. When he had sold the furniture of the little house he was going to board with the Powerses.

It must have been the week after he sold the furniture that he noticed the little house was being painted. He wondered who was going to move in. Powers joined him that noon in the shade of the tree. His regular job was to look after the horses for Dobs Brothers, but that day he was down on the dock helping unload an urgently needed lot of brick. Every crease and crack of his clothes was caked with the red dust. He had washed it from his face, but it still clung to the wrinkles in his neck.

"Do you make out what's happenin' up there?" Powers jerked his head in the direction of the house on the bluff.

"Have they rented it?"

"They have. Do you remember the girl I was tellin' you of at your mother's wake, God rest her soul? You've forgotten. Well, never mind. It was about this Mary Walsh I was speakin'. She's bein' married to-day. You know her, don't you? Why, man, she must have been in school when you was. Well, no matter. They live up beyond there in the woods—past the silk-mills. But you must know her father. He's Pat Walsh that throws the hammer. He can't be beat. Sure if you've ever been to a Holy Name picnic you've run abunk of him.

"Well, this is his girl—this Mary Walsh. She's marryin' a fellow with a fine position in the silk-mills. They do say he drinks a bit and flies around, but he's a good fellow for all that. He's getting twenty dollars a week. He comes from the city. He's an American—was born here. They're goin' on one of them honeymoons. Devil a bit of a honeymoon her mother went on—or his either, if you but knew. Well, when the honeymoon's over they're comin' back to settle down up there." He pointed with his pipe to the little house. "It's a grand overhaulin' it's havin'."

A line of willow-trees stood in a row, curving down from the little house. They were magnificent. Almost a century ago the first of the Maxwells had planted them. Dode's eyes went past the trees to the shining tin the roofers were laying. He tried to think of strangers in those four rooms that held all the memories of his indoor life.

He knew the feel underfoot of every inch of floor-board. He could hear the different sounds each of the six doors made in closing. He saw the kitchen floor with the great patch of afternoon sun marked off in squares by the shadow of the window-sash, and the long soapstone sink that never dried save in a streak down the middle. To himself he said, "I hate to think of strangers up there." To Powers he said nothing. He would have been at a loss to explain his feeling—to account for the necessity, the urgent desire to still identify himself with the wood and stone and plaster of that ugly, known, familiar place.

Powers went on with his tale. "I'm goin' to the church this afternoon to see her. Her father invited me to the house, so he did. But I've no clothes to go gallivantin' to a weddin'. An' sure it will please him just as much if I say I've seen her—the fine dress an' the flowers an' the carriages an' all. It's to be a grand affair. Why don't you knock off at five sharp an' come along with me?"

That afternoon Dode went running up to the street at the first stroke of the five o'clock bell. Powers was there waiting for him. He was still drying the river water from his face on his blue bandanna handkerchief. They started off walking very fast up through the meadow at the side of the bluff.

When Powers walked fast he threw all his small, straight body backward. Dode lunged forward. When he talked to Powers he had to look around to see that he was still there. But there he was, rocking from side to side— a short, jerking pendulum.

There were three coaches waiting outside the church door. Powers saw them with great satisfaction. "They haven't come out yet!" he cried. "We'll go in an' stand at the back."

"We can't—like this."

"An' who do you think'll be lookin' at us? At a weddin' they don't even have eyes for the groom—so they don't."

They went in and stood at the back under the gallery. The church was filled with people kneeling. Far down the aisle at the altar the bride and groom were receiving the final benediction. The body of the church was bright with sunlight coming in red and purple floods through the stained-glass windows. But the altar stood in a gold-flecked twilight, and it was dusky under the gallery. It felt cool there. Dode was aware of the smell of sweat from his own clothes and from Powers's. He could smell putty and brick-dust and the strong yellow soap with which Powers had washed his face.

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THE CHILDREN

How a bachelor named Martin Boyne became involved in the Wheater scandals

BY EDITH WHARTON

Illustrations by R. F. James

THE FIRST PART OF THE PLOT

Altho "we are seven," we are but one. At least that was the way the Wheater children and step-children felt about it. Cliffe Wheater and Joyce, his wife, had been divorced, taken other helpmates, become divorced again and then been remarried to each other. It was a frightful mess, particularly as all the children of the mixed marriages had made a vow to stick together, at the inspiration of Judith, aged fifteen, the real mother of them all. Martin Boyne had chanced upon the brood on board a boat, bound for the Mediterranean.

He had at first thought that Judith was a child wife and the mother of Chip, aged two, whom she held in her arms, but the approach of a governess and the gradual assembling of the other children set him right. In the parents he recognized old friends who were wealthy, selfish, and engrossed in trifling with life. The children were their last consideration, but Wheater père and mère were amiable creatures who enjoyed the complications of their barometric existence.

Judith's one concern was to fend off the advances of the divorced parents of the step-children, who had, of course, married again and wanted back their offspring. "United we stand, divided we fall" was the slogan of the children. And so in the cobwebs of divorce are caught these desperate youngsters.

"'OH, THESE DREADFUL CHILDREN!' IT THAT MRS. SELLARS ROSE TO

PART TWO

THE next day, during the journey through the hot Veneto and up into the mountains, the Wheater children and their problems were still so present to Boyne that he was hardly conscious of where he was going, or why.

His last hours with his friends had ended on a note of happiness and security. The new yacht, filled and animated by that troop of irrepressible children, whom it took all Miss Scope's energy and ubiquity to keep from falling overboard or clambering to the masthead, seemed suddenly to have acquired a reason for existing.

Cliffe Wheater, beaming in his speckless yachting-cap and blue serge, moved about among his family like a beneficent giant, and Mrs. Wheater, looking younger than ever in her white yachting-skirt and jersey, with her golden thatch tossed by the breeze, fell into the prettiest maternal poses as her own progeny and the "steps" scrambled over her in the course of a rough-and-tumble game organized by Boyne and the young tutor.

The excursion had not begun auspiciously. Before the start from the *pension*, Bun and Beechy, imprisoned above-stairs during Lady Wrench's irruption, had managed to inflict condign punishment on Zinnie for not having them fetched down with Blanca, and thus making them miss an exciting visit and probable presents.

Terry's calm indifference to the whole affair produced no effect on the irascible Italians; and as Zinnie, when roused, was a fighter, and now had a gold necklace with real pearls to defend, all Judith's influence, and some cuffing into the bargain, were needed to reduce the trio to order; after which Boyne had to plead that they should not be deprived of their holiday.

But once on the decks of the *Fancy Girl* all disagreements were forgotten. It was a day of wind and sparkle, with a lagoon full of racing waves which made the yacht appear to be actually moving; and after Beechy had drenched her new frock with tears of joy at being reunited to Chipstone, and Blanca and Zinnie had shown Lady Wrench's presents to every one, from the captain to the youngest cook-boy, harmony reigned among the little Wheaters.

Mr. Ormerod, with whom Terry was already at ease, soon broke down the reserve of the others. He proved unexpectedly good at games which involved scampering, hiding, and pouncing, especially when Joyce and Judith took part, and could be caught and wrestled with; and Cliffe Wheater, parading the deck with Chip, whom he had adorned with a miniature yachting-cap with *Fancy Girl* on the ribbon, was the model of a happy father.

He pressed Boyne to chuck his other engagements and come off down the Adriatic as far as Corfu and Athens; and Boyne, lounging there in the bright air, the children's laughter encircling him, and Judith perched joyously on the arm of his chair, asked himself why he didn't, and what better life could have to offer. "Uncle Edward would certainly have accepted," he thought, while his host, pouring himself another cocktail from the deck-table at his elbow, went on persuasively: "We'll round up a jolly crowd for you; see if we don't. Somebody's sure to turn up who'll jump at the chance. Judy, can't we hustle around and find him a girl?"

"Here's all the girl I want," Boyne laughed, laying his hand on hers; and a blush of pleasure swept over her. "Oh, Martin—if you would—oh, can't you?" But even that he had resisted—even the ebb of her color when he shook his head. The wandering man's determination to stick to his decisions was very strong in him. Too many impulses had solicited him in too many lands: it was because, despite a lively imagination, he had so often managed to resist them, that a successful professional career lay behind him, and ahead—he hoped—leisure, and the haven he wanted.

He had tried to find a farewell present for Judith—some little thing which, in quality if not costliness, should make up for her disappointment at being done out of Lady Wrench's. Judith's frank avowal of that disappointment had been a shock to him; but he reflected again what a child she was, and called himself a prig for expecting her standards to be other than those of the world she lived in. After all he had no time to search for anything rare, and could only push into her hand, at the last moment, a commonplace trinket from the Merceria; but her childish joy in it, and her way of showing that she valued it doubly because it came from him, made parting from her harder. And now, alone in the dusty train, he was unreasonably asking himself why he had not stayed in Venice.

As a matter of fact there were several excellent reasons; among them the old-fashioned one that, months before, he had promised to meet Mrs. Sellars in the Dolomites. In a world grown clockless and conscienceless Boyne was still punctual and conscientious; and in this case he had schooled himself to think that what he most wanted was to see Rose Sellars again. Deep within him he knew it was not so; at least, not certainly so. Life had since given him hints of other things he might want equally, want even more; his reluctance to leave Venice and his newly acquired friends showed that his inclinations were divided. But he belonged to the generation which felt the need of a central fixity, which could not bear to admit that naught may abide but mutability.

HE WANTED the moral support of believing that the woman who had once seemed to fill his needs could do so still. She belonged to a world so much nearer to his than the Wheaters and their heterogeneous flock that he could not imagine how he could waver between the two. That world had always been the pole-star of his whirling skies, the fixed point on which his need for permanence could build. He could only conclude, now, that he combined with the wanderer's need of rest the wanderer's dread of immobility. "Hang it all, you can't have it both ways," he rebuked himself; but secretly he knew that that was how the heart of man had always craved it.

Had all that happened only forty-eight hours ago? Now, sitting on the balcony of the little *châlet* over against the mighty silver-and-crimson flanks of the Cristallo group, the episode had grown incredibly remote, and Boyne saw his problems float away from him like a last curl of mist swallowed up in the abysmal blue behind the peaks.

Simply change of air, he wondered? The sudden rise into this pure ether that thrilled like the shouting of silver trumpets? Partly, perhaps—and all that had chanced to go with it, in this wonderful resurrection of a life he had secretly thought dead.

"BETHESDA is what you ought to call this," he murmured to himself. It was so like Rose Sellars, the live Rose Sellars who had already replaced his delicately embalmed mummy of her, to have found this solitary *châlet* on the slope above the big hotels, a place so isolated and hidden that he and she were alone in it with each other and the mountains. How could he have so underrated his old friend's sense of the wonder of the place, and of what she owed to it, as to suppose that, even for two or three weeks, she would consent to be a number in an interminable red-carpeted passage, and feed with the rest of the numbers in a blare of jazz and electricity?

The *châlet* was only just big enough for herself and her maid, and the cook who prepared their rustic meals; had there been a corner for Boyne, she assured him that he should have had it. But perhaps it added to the sense of mystery, and to the enchantment of the hills, to have to climb up to her every day from the dull promiscuity of his hotel into a clear green solitude alive with the tremor of water under meadow-grasses, and guarded by the great wings of the mountains.

"You do really like it?" she had asked as they sat, the first evening, on their rough balcony smelling of fir-wood, and watched the cliffs across the valley fade from flame to ashes.

"I like it most of all for being so like you."

She laughed, and turned an amused, ironic face on him—a face more than ever like one of those light three-crayon drawings of which she had always reminded him. "Like me? What—the *châlet* or the Cristallo group?"

"Well, both; that's the funny part of it."

"It must make me seem a trifle out of drawing."

WAS ANOTHER VOICE AT THE DOOR, THIS TIME SO DISCREETLY PITCHED, SO SWEETLY DEPRECATING, RECEIVE A VISITOR WHO SEEMED AS LITTLE USED AS HERSELF TO NOISY COMPANY"

"No; first aloof and aloft, and then again small and sunny and near."

She sighed faintly, and then smiled. "Well, I like the last part of the picture best. I'd a good deal rather be a sunny balcony than a crystal peak. But I like to look out on the peak."

"There you are—that's what I meant! It's the view from you that I've so often missed."

She received this in a silence sweetened by another little laugh. The silence seemed to say: "That will do for our first evening," the laugh: "But I like it, you know!"

Aloud she remarked: "I'm glad you came up here after Venice and the millionaires. It's all to the good for the mountains—and me."

THEIR first direct talk about themselves had ended there, drifting away afterward into reminiscences, questions, allusions, the picking up of threads—a gradual leisurely reconstruction of their five years apart. Now, on this second evening, he felt that he had situated her once more in his own life, and established himself in hers. So far he had made no allusion to his unsatisfied passion. In the past, by her own choice, her sternly imposed will, their relation had been maintained in the strict limits of friendship, and for the present he found it easier, more natural, to continue on the same lines.

It was neither doubt nor pride that held him back, nor any uncertainty as to her feeling, but simply his sense of the well-being of things as they were. In the course of his peregrinations so much easy love had come his way, he had grown so weary of nights without a morrow, that it was almost a necessity for him that there should be one woman in the world whom he was half afraid to make love to. Rose Sellars had chosen that he should know her only as the perfect friend; just at first, he thought, he would rather not disturb that carefully built-up picture. If he had suspected any rival influence he would not have tolerated delay; but as they traveled together over her past he grew more and more sure that it was for him the cold, empty years of her marriage had kept her.

Manlike, he was calmed rather than stimulated by this, tho he would have repudiated more indignantly than ever the idea that she was less desirable because she was to be had. As a matter of fact, he found her prettier and younger than ever. Every change had operated to her advantage, and he had instantly discarded his sentimental remembrance of her—silvery-auburn hair coiled at the nape, draperies falling to the ankles—in favor of the new woman that her short locks and skirts had made of her.

Her freedom had mysteriously rejuvenated her, and he discovered that she was far more intelligent and adaptable than he had guessed when their friendship had been blurred by his passion and her resistance. Now there was no resistance—and his passion lay with folded wings. It was perfect.

Every day they went off on a long excursion. Sometimes they hired a motor, and left it, far afield, for a bold climb; but neither could afford such luxuries often, nor did they much care for them. Usually they started on foot, with stick and ruck-sack, getting back only as the great cliffs hung their last luster above the valley. Mrs. Sellars was a tireless walker, proud of her light foot and firm muscles. She loved all the delicate detail revealed only to walkers: the thrust of orchis or colchicum through pine-needles, the stir of brooks, the uncurling of perfumed fronds, the whir of wings in the path, and that continual pulsation of water and wind and grasses which is the heart-beat of the forest.

Boyne, always alive to great landscape, had hitherto been too busy or preoccupied to note its details. It was years since he had rambled among mountains without having to look at them with an engineering eye, and calculate their relation to a projected railway or aqueduct, and these walks opened his eyes to unheeded beauties. It was like being led through the delicately flowered borders of an illuminated missal of which he had hitherto noticed only the central pictures.

BETTER still were the evenings. When he first came an accomplice moon held them late on the balcony, listening and musing, and sent him stumbling down dizzy with beauty through the sharp black fir-shadows to the hotel. When the moon had waned, and the nights were fresh or cloudy, they sat by the fire in the little sitting-room, and talked and talked, or turned over new books and reviews. Boyne, with his bones and his brain so full of hard journeys and restless memories, thought he would have liked to look forward to an eternity of such evenings, in just such a hushed lamplit room, with a little sparkle of fire, books everywhere, and that quiet silvery-auburn head above the page across the hearth.

Rose Sellars's way of being silently occupied without seeming absorbed was deeply restful to him. And then the books! She always managed to have just the ones one wanted to get hold of—to a homeless, wandering man it was not the least of her attractions. Once, taking up a new volume they had been talking of, Boyne suddenly recalled Judith Wheater's wistful: "Perhaps you might lend me some books." From what fold of memory had the question—and the very sound of the girl's voice—come back to him? He was abruptly reminded that it was a long time since he had thought of the little Wheaters.

There had been so many years to cover in the exchange of reminiscences that he had not yet touched on his encounter with them; and Mrs. Sellars seemed to have forgotten the description of the little band which had amused her in his letters. But now he thought with a pang of the contrast between her ordered and harmonious life (she always reminded him of Milton's: "How charming is divine philosophy!") and the chaotic experiences of the poor little girl who for a moment had displaced her image.

Inconceivably vulgar and tawdry, sordid and inarticulate, under all the shouting and the tinsel, seemed that other life and those who led it. Boyne would have brushed the vision away with contempt but for the plaintive voice which had called to him out of the blur. With a sigh he put down the book he had opened. Mrs. Sellars, who sat at the table writing, looked up, and their eyes met. "What were you thinking of?"

HE HAD a start of distrust—the first since he had been with her. Would she understand if he tried to explain; would she sympathize if she did? He shrank from the risk, and evaded it. "Seeing you so hard at work reminds me of all the letters I haven't written since I've been here."

"Oh?" She arched her eyebrows interrogatively, and he was sure she was thinking: "Why doesn't he tell me that he's no one to write to when he's with me?" Aloud she added: "You know I'm burdened with any number of fond relations who want to know what I'm doing with my first holiday."

"You're a wonderful correspondent."

As if scenting irony she rejoined: "So are you."

"I haven't been since I came here."

"Well, come and share the ink-pot." She made the gesture of pushing it over to him, but he shook his head and stood up. "The night's too lovely. Put on your cloak and come out on the balcony instead."

She held her pen suspended, her eyes following his. "On the balcony? But there's no moon——"

"*Because* there's no moon," he insisted from the threshold.

At that, with a smile, she laid down her pen and drifted out to him.

DARLING MARTIN—It's lovely here and very warm. Weve been baithing at the Lido and weve been out on the yaht again. Buondelmontes wife the lion taimer is dead and he has maried a rich American airess and Beechy and Bun are very much exited they think theyle get lots of presents now like Zinnies from her mother and the one I was to get but Blanca took it but I do like yours a hundred times better Martin dear, because you gave it to me and besides its much more orriginal.

Ime worried because Buondelmonte mite want Bun back now hese rich and it would kill Beechy if Bun went away but I made him sware again on Scopys book he wont go whatever hapens.

Joyce and father had a grate big row because Joyce wanted Zinnia and Lord Rench invited on the yatch and father said he wouldnt it was too low, so she said why did he mind when she didnt. She wants to know the Duke of Mendip whose with them and Zinnia invites Gerald every day to lunch and dine and that makes Joyce fureaous. You will say I ought not to tell you this dear Martin then what can I do if there is a Row between them about Gerald Terry will loose his tutor and its too bad so I want to get away with the children as quick as we can.

Terry said he must see this before I send it to you because I spell so badly but I wont let him because hed stop me sending it. Please Martin dear I do imploar you write and tell father to send us off quickly. Terry's temperature has gone up and Ime worried about everything. How I wish you were here then theyde do what you say.

Your Judith who misses you.

P. S. Please dont tell the Wheaters that Ive written.

Boyne's first thought, as he put the letter down, was that he was glad it had come after what had happened that very evening on the balcony. There had happened, simply, that the barriers created by a long habit of reticence had fallen, and he had taken Rose Sellars into his arms. It was a quiet embrace, the hushed surface of something deep and still. She had not spoken; he thanked his gods for that. Almost any word might have marred the moment for him, tied a tag to it, and fitted it with others into some dusty pigeonhole of memory.

She had known how to be different—and that was exquisite. Their quiet communion had silently flowered, and she had let it. There was neither haste nor reluctance in her, but an acquiescence so complete that what was deepest in both of them had flowed together through their hands and lips.

"It will be so much easier now to consult her—she'll understand so much better."

He didn't quite know why he felt that; perhaps because the merging of their two selves seemed to include every claim that others could have on either of them. Only yesterday he might have felt a doubt as to how Mrs. Sellars would view the Wheater problem, what she could possibly have in common with any of the Wheaters, or their world; now it was enough that she had him in common, and must share the burden because it was his.

Thinking of this, he went over the letter again slowly, seeing her beautiful eyes deepen as she read it. The very spelling was enough to wring her heart. He would take the letter to her the next day. But the next day was here already. He pushed back his window and leaned out. In the cold, colorless air a few stars were slowly whitening, while behind the massed blackness of the hillside facing him the pallor flowed into morning gold. His happiness, he thought, was like that passing of colorless radiance into glow. It was joy enough to lean there and watch the gradual transmutation. Was it a sign of middle age, he wondered, to take beatitude so quietly? Well, Rose, for all her buoyancy, was middle-aged too. Then he remembered their kiss, and laughed the word away as the sun rushed up over the mountains.

All that day there was too much to do and to say; there were too many plans to make, too many memories to retrace. Boyne did not forget Judith Wheater's letter; her problem lay like a vague oppression in the background of his thoughts; but he found no way of fitting it into the new pattern of his life. Just yet——

It was decided that he and Mrs. Sellars should linger on in the mountains for another ten days—ten days of mighty rambles, endless hours of June sunlight, and nights illuminated by the new moon. After that, Boyne's idea was that they should push on at once to Paris, and there be married as quickly as legal formalities allowed. It was at this hint of an immediate marriage that he first noticed, in Mrs. Sellars, the recoil of the orderly, deliberate woman, whose life has been too vacant for hurry, too hopeless for impatience.

Theoretically, she told him with a happy smile, she hated delay and fuss as much as he did—how could he question her eagerness to begin their new life together? But practically, she reminded him, there were difficulties, there might even be obstacles. Oh, not real ones, of course! She laughed that away, remarking with a happy blush that she was of age, and her own mistress. ("Well, then—?" he interjected.) Well, there were people who had to be considered, who might be offended by too great haste: her husband's family, for instance.

SHE had never hit it off with them particularly well, as Boyne knew; but that was the very reason, she insisted, why she must do nothing that might give them cause— ("Cause for what?") Well, to say unpleasant things. She couldn't possibly marry within a year without seriously offending them—and latterly, she had to admit, they had been very decent, especially about straightening out Charles's will, which had been difficult to interpret, Mr. Dobree said.

"Mr. Dobree?"

"He's been such a friend to me through everything, you know," she reminded him, a shade reproachfully; and he remembered then that Mr. Dobree was the New York lawyer who had unraveled, as much as possible to her advantage, the tangle of Charles Sellars's will—the will of a snubbed, secretive man, whose only vindictiveness had been posthumous. Mr. Dobree had figured a good deal of late in Mrs. Sellars's letters, and she had given Boyne to understand that it was he who had brought the Sellars family to terms about the will.

Boyne vaguely remembered him as a shy, self-important man, with dark-gray clothes that were always too new and too well cut—the kind of man whose Christian name one never knew, but had to look up in the "Social Register," and then was amused to find it was Jason or Junius, only to forget it again at once—so fatally did Mr. Dobree tend always to become Mr. Dobree once more. A man, in short, who would have been called common in the New York of Boyne's youth, but now figured as "a gentleman of the old school," and conscientiously lived, and dressed, up to the character.

Boyne suspected him of being in love with Mrs. Sellars, and Mrs. Sellars of considering, tho she could not return the sentiment, that it was not ungratifying to have inspired it. But Boyne's mind lingered on Mr. Dobree only long enough to smile at him as the rejected suitor, and then came back to his own grievances.

"You don't mean to say you expect me to wait a whole year from now?"

She laughed again. "You goose! A year from Charles's death. It's only seven months since he died."

"What of that? You were notoriously unhappy——"

"Oh, *notoriously*——"

He met her protest with a shrug of irony. "I admit the term is inappropriate. But I don't suppose anybody thinks your marriage was unmitigated bliss."

"Don't you see, dear? That's the very reason."

"Oh, hang reasons—especially unreasonable ones! Why have you got to be unhappy now because you were unhappy then?"

"I'm not unhappy now. I don't think I could be, ever again, if I tried."

"Dear!" he rejoined. She excelled at saying nice things like that (and was aware of it); but her doing so now was like putting kickshaws before a hungry man. "It's awfully sweet of you," he continued; "but I shall be miserable if you insist on things dragging on for another five months. To begin with, I'm naturally anxious to get home and settle my plans. I want some sort of a job as soon as I can get it; and I want *you*," he concluded, putting his arm about her.

OBVIOUSLY, what struck her first in this appeal was not his allusion to wanting her, but to the need of settling his plans. All her idle married years, he knew, had been packed with settling things, adjusting things, adapting things, disguising things. She did see his point, she agreed at once, and she wanted as much as he did to fix a date; but why shouldn't it be a later one? There were her own aunts too, who had always been so kind. Aunt Julia, in particular, would be as horrified as the Sellarses at her marrying before her year of mourning was over; and she particularly wanted to consider Aunt Julia.

"Why do you particularly want to consider Aunt Julia? I seem to remember her as a peculiarly stupid old lady."

"Yes, dear," she agreed brightly. "But it's just because she *is* peculiarly stupid——"

"If you call that a sufficient reason, we shall never get married. In a family as large as yours there'll always be somebody stupid left to consider."

"Thanks for your estimate of my family. But it's not the only reason." Her color rose a little. "You see, I'm supposed to be Aunt Julia's heir. I found it out because, as it happens, Mr. Dobree drew up her will; and the doctors say any one of these attacks of gout——"

"Oh——"

He couldn't keep the disenchanted note out of his voice. The announcement acted like a cold douche. It ought, in reason, to have sent a pleasant glow through him, for he knew that, in spite of Mr. Dobree's efforts, Mrs. Sellars had been left with unexpectedly small means, and the earnings of his own twenty years of hard work in hard climates had been partly lost in unlucky investments.

The kind of post he meant to try for in New York—as consulting engineer to some large firm of contractors—was not likely to bring in as much as his big jobs in the past; and the appearance of a gouty aunt with benevolent testamentary designs ought to have been an unmixed satisfaction. But trimming his course to suit the whims of rich relations had never been his way—perhaps because he had never had any rich relations. Anyhow he was not going to be dictated to by his wife's; and it gave him a feeling of manliness to tell her so.

Next Month

KATHLEEN NORRIS

begins the most romantic novel of love and youth she has ever written.

It is called "Little Miss Cinderella," and is filled with all the pathos, mystery, and yearning of a young girl's heart that only Mrs. Norris knows how to reveal.

BEGIN IT IN THE JUNE ISSUE

"Of course, if it's a case of choosing between Aunt Julia and me—" he began severely.

She raised her eyebrows with that soft mockery he enjoyed so much when it was not turned against himself. "In that case, dear, I should almost certainly choose you."

"Well, then, pack up, and let's go straight off to Paris and get married."

"Martin, you ought to understand. I can't be married before my year of mourning's out. For my own sake I can't, and for yours."

"Hang mine!"

"Very well; I have my personal reasons that I must stick to even if I can't make you see them." Her eyes filled, and she looked incredibly young and wistful. "I don't suppose I ought to expect you to," she added.

"You ought to expect me to understand anything that's even remotely reasonable."

"I had hoped so."

"Oh, dash it—" he began, and then broke off. With a secret dismay he felt their lovers' talk degenerating for the first time into a sort of domestic squabble; if indeed so ungraceful a term could be applied to anything as sweetly resilient as Rose's way of gaining her end. Was marriage always like that? Was the haven Boyne had finally made to be only a stagnant backwater, like other people's? Or was it because he had been wandering and homeless for so long that the least restraint chafed him, and arguments based on social considerations made him fume?

He was certainly in no position to quarrel with Mrs. Sellars for wishing to better her fortunes, and the discussion ended by his lifting her hand to his lips and saying: "You know I want only what you want." The coward's way out—and he knew it. But since he had parted with the substance of his independence, why cling to the form? He felt her quick eyes following his inner debate, and knew that the sweetness of her smile was distilled out of satisfaction at his defeat. "Dash it," he thought, "what cannibals marriage makes of people!" He suddenly felt as if they were already married—as if they had been married a long time.

During their first fortnight not a cloud had shadowed their comradeship; but now that love and marriage had intervened the cloud was there, no bigger than the Scriptural one, but menacing as that proverbial vapor. She was kinder than ever because she had gained her point; and he knew it was because she had gained her point. But was it not his fault if he had begun thus early to distinguish among her different qualities as if they belonged to different vintage years, and to speculate whether the quality of her friendship might not prove more exquisite than her love could ever be?

He was willing to assume the blame, since the joy of holding her fast, of plunging into her enchanted eyes, and finding his own enchantment there, was still stronger than any disappointment. If love couldn't be friendship too, as he had once dreamed it might, the only thing to do was to make the most of what it was.

JUDITH WHEATER'S letter had been for nearly a week in Boyne's pocket when he pulled it out, crumpled and smelling of tobacco.

He and Mrs. Sellars were reclining at ease on a high red ledge of rock, with a view plunging down by pine-clad precipices to pastures, forests, other red ledges, and illimitable distances of blue Dolomite. The air sang with light, the smell of crushed herbs rose like incense, and the hearts of the lovers were glad with sun and wind, and the glow of a long climb followed by a repast of such succulence as only a ruck-sack can provide.

"And now for a pipe," Boyne said in sleepy beatitude, stretching himself at length on the turf at Mrs. Sellars's elbow. He fumbled for his tobacco-pouch, and drew out with it the letter.

"Oh, dash it——"

"What?"

"Poor little thing. I forgot this; I meant to show it to you days ago."

"Who's the poor little thing?"

For a moment he wavered. His old dread of her misunderstanding returned; he felt he could not bear to have her misunderstand that letter. What was the use of showing it, after all? But she was holding out her hand, and he had no alternative. She raised herself on her elbow, and bent her lustrous head above the page. From where he lay he watched her profile, and the long line from ear to throat, still so smooth and subtle. "How lovely she is!" he thought.

She read attentively, frowning a little in the attempt to decipher the queer spelling, and her mouth melting into amusement or compassion. Then she handed back the letter with a sigh. "I suppose it's the little Wheater girl you wrote about? Poor little thing indeed! It's too dreadful. I didn't know there really *were* such people. But who are the Wheaters she speaks of in the postscript, who are not to be told?"

Boyne replied that those were her parents.

"Her parents? But why does she speak of them in that way?"

He explained that in the Wheater circles it was the custom among the children to do so, the cross-tangle of divorces having usually given them so many parents that it was more convenient to differentiate the latter by their surnames.

"Oh, Martin, it's too horrible! Are you serious? Did the poor child really tell you that herself?"

"The governess did—as a matter of course."

She made a little grimace. "The sort of governesses they must have, in a world where the parents are like that!"

"Well, this particular one is a regular old Puritan brick. She and Judith keep the whole show together." And he told her about the juvenile oath on Scopy's "Cyclopedia of Nursery Remedies."

"She doesn't appear to have grounded her pupils very thoroughly in orthography," Mrs. Sellars commented; but her eyes were soft, and she took the letter back, and began to read it over again.

"There's a lot I don't begin to understand. Who are these people that Mrs. Wheater wants to invite on the yacht because they know a duke, and Mr. Wheater won't because it's too low?"

"They're Lord and Lady Wrench. Wasn't there a lot in the papers a month or two ago about Lord Wrench's marrying a movie star? I believe he's very rich. Her name was Zinnia Lacrosse."

"A perfect name. But why, in the Wheater world, are movie stars regarded as too low? Too low for what—or for whom?" Her mouth narrowed disdainfully on the question.

"Well, this one happens to have been Wheater's wife—for a time."

"His *wife?*"

"Not for long, tho. They've been divorced for much longer than they were married. So I suppose Mrs. Wheater doesn't see the use of making a retrospective fuss about it."

"Practical woman! And who's the Gerald that she and the other lady are fighting for?"

"Oh, he's the boy's tutor; Terry's tutor. I'm afraid he's a rotter too. But Terry, poor chap, is the best fellow you ever saw. I back him and Judith and Scopy to keep the ship on her course, whatever happens. If only Terry's health holds out."

"And they get him another tutor."

"As things go, he's exceptionally lucky if he has any."

Mrs. Sellars again sighed out her contempt and amazement, and let the letter fall. For a long time she sat without moving, her chin on her hand, looking out over the great billowing landscape which rolled away at their feet as if driven on an invisible gale. When she turned to Boyne he saw that her eyes were full of a questioning sadness. "Don't the Wheaters *care* in the least about their children?"

IN OLD days, in their melancholy, inconclusive talks, she had often confessed her grief at being childless; and now he heard in her voice the lonely woman's indignation at the unworthiness of those who had been given what she was denied. "Don't they *care?*" she repeated.

"Oddly enough, I believe they do. I'm afraid that's going to be our great difficulty. Why should they have taken on the 'steps' if they hadn't cared? They certainly seem very fond of the children whenever they're with them. But it's one thing to be fond of children and another to know how to look after them. My impression is that they realized their incapacity long ago, and that's why they dumped the whole problem on Judy."

"Long ago? But how old is Judy? This is the writing of a child of ten."

"She's had no time to learn any other, with six children to look after. But I suppose she's fifteen or sixteen."

"Fifteen or sixteen!" Mrs. Sellars laughed rather bitterly. "Young enough to be my daughter."

It was on the tip of his tongue to say: "I wish she had been!" But he had an idea it might sound queerly, and instead he stretched out his hand and took back the letter. The gesture seemed to rouse her to a practical view of the question. "What are you going to do about it, dearest?"

"That's what I want you to tell me."

This stimulated her to action, as he had known it would. He was glad that he had shown her the letter: she had been full of sympathy, and might now be of good counsel. How stupid it was ever to mistrust her!

"Of course you must write to her father."

"Well, perhaps. But that won't get us much forrarder."

"Not if you appeal to him—point out that the children oughtn't to be kept at Venice any longer? Didn't you say that he knew the climate was bad for the boy?"

"Yes; and Wheater will respond to that at once—in words! He'll say: 'Darn it, Joyce, Boyne's right. What are the children doing here? We'll pack them off to the Engadine to-morrow.' Then he'll cram my letter into his pocket, and no one will ever see it again, except the valet when he brushes his coat."

"But the mother—Joyce, or whatever her name is? If he tells *her*——"

"Well, there's the hitch."

"What hitch?"

"Supposing she wants to keep the children in Venice on account of Gerald?"

"Gerald? Oh, the tutor! Oh, Martin—" A shiver of disgust ran over her. "And you dare to tell me she's fond of her children!"

"So she is; awfully fond. But everything rushes past her in a whirl. Life's a perpetual film to those people. You can't get up out of your seat in the audience and change the current of a film."

"What *can* you do about it?"

He lay back on the grass, frowning up into the heavens. "Can't think. Unless I were to drop down to Venice for a day or two and try talking to them." The idea opened out before him rather pleasantly. "Writing to that kind of people's never any sort of good," he concluded.

Mrs. Sellars was sitting erect beside him, her eyes bent on his. They had darkened a little, and the delicate bend of her lips narrowed as it had when she asked what there could be in the Wheater world that movie stars were too low for.

"Go back to Venice?" He felt the edge of resistance in her voice. "I don't see of what use that would be. It's a good deal to ask you to take that stifling journey again. And if you don't know what to write, how would you know any better what to say?"

"Perhaps I shouldn't. But at any rate I could feel my way. And I might comfort Judith a little."

"Poor child! I wish you could." She was all sweetness and pliancy again. "But I should try writing first. Don't you think so? Write to her, too, of course. Whatever you decide, you'd better feel your way first. It's always awkward to interfere in family matters, and if you turned up again suddenly the Wheaters might think it rather odd."

He was inclined to tell her that nothing would seem odd to the Wheaters except what seemed inevitable and foreordained to her. But he felt a sudden irritated weariness of the whole subject. "I dare say you're right," he agreed, pocketing his pipe and getting listlessly to his feet. It was not his idea of a holiday that it should be interfered with by other people's bothers, and he crammed Judith's letter back into his pocket with an impatient thrust. After all, what business was it of his?

He would write the child a nice letter, of course; but Rose was right—the idea of going down to Venice was absurd. Besides, Judith's letter was a week old, and ten to one the party had scattered by this time, and the children were safe somewhere in the mountains. "Poor little thing, she's always rather overwrought, and very likely she just had a passing panic when she wrote. Hang it, I wish she hadn't written," he concluded, relieved to find a distant object for his irritation.

Arm in arm, he and his love wandered down the mountain in the twilight.

"Of course I've written to her—I wrote last night," Boyne assured Mrs. Sellars the next evening. He was conscious of a vague annoyance at being called to account in the matter—as if he couldn't deal with his own correspondence without such reminders. But her next word disarmed him. "I'm so glad, dear. I should have hated to feel that our being so happy here had made you neglect your little friend."

That was generous, he thought—and like her. He adored her when she said things like that. It proved that, in spite of a superficial staidness, she was essentially human and comprehending. He had persuaded her that night—for fun, for a change, after her months of seclusion—to come down and dine with him, not at his own modest hotel, but at the towering Palace among the pines above them, where he thought the crowd and gaiety of the big restaurant might amuse her, and would at any rate make their evenings at the *châlet* more delicious by contrast.

They had finished dining, and were sitting over their coffee in a corner of the vast paneled hall, to which the other diners were gradually drifting back. Boyne, seeing Mrs. Sellars, for the first time since his arrival, in the company of women as graceful and well dressed as herself, noted with satisfaction that not one of them had exactly her quality. But the groups about the other tables were amusing to study and speculate about, and he sat listening to her concise and faintly ironic comments with a lazy enjoyment mellowed by the flavor of the excellent cigar he had acquired from the experienced head waiter.

"The girl in peach-color, over there by the column—lovely, isn't she? Only one has seen her a thousand times in all the leading magazines of fashion. Oh, Martin, won't it be too awful if beauty ends by being standardized too?"

Boyne rather thought it had been already, in the new generation, and secretly reflected that Mrs. Sellars's deepest attraction lay in her belonging to a day when women still wore their charm with a difference.

"I'm sure if I owned one of these new beauties I shouldn't always be able to pick her out in a crowd," he indolently agreed.

She laughed her satisfaction, and then, sweeping the hall with lifted eye-glass: "That one you would——"

"A new beauty? Where?"

"Beauty—no. Hardly pretty—but different. The girl who's just come in. Where's she vanished to? Oh, she's speaking to the porter. Now she's looking this way—but you can't see her from where you're sitting. She's hardly more than a child, but the face is interesting."

He barely caught the last words. The porter had come up with a message. "Young lady asking for you, sir." Boyne got to his feet, staring in the direction indicated. It was Judith Wheater who stood there, frail and straight in her brief traveling-dress, her hat pulled down over her anxious eyes, so small and dun-colored that she was hardly visible in the showy bare-armed throng. Yet Mrs. Sellars had picked her out at once! Yes, there was something undeniably "different"; just as there was about Mrs. Sellars. But this was no time for such considerations. Where on earth had the child come from, and what on earth was she doing here?

"WAIT a minute, will you? It's some one I know." He followed the porter between the crowded tables to where Judith stood in the shadow of the stairway.

"Child! Where in the world have you dropped from?"

"Oh, Martin, Martin! I was so afraid you'd gone!"

He caught her by both hands, and she lifted a drawn little face to his. Well, why not? He had kissed her good-by in Venice; now he touched his lips to her cheek. "Judy, how in the world did you get here? Have the heads of the clan come too?"

"Oh, Martin, Martin!" She kept fast hold of him, and he felt that she was trembling. She paid no attention to his question, but turned and glanced about her. "Isn't there a writing-room somewhere that we could go to? There's never anybody in them after dinner."

He guided her, still clinging to him, to one of the

"MRS. SELLARS READ THE LETTER OVER AGAIN. SHE TURNED TO BOYNE, 'DON'T THE WHEATERS *CARE* IN THE LEAST ABOUT THEIR CHILDREN?'"

handsomely appointed rooms opening off a velvet-floored corridor beyond the hall. As she had predicted, its desks were deserted, its divans unoccupied. She dropped down by Boyne, and threw her arms about his neck.

"Oh, Martin, say you're glad! I must hear you say it!"

"Glad, child? Of course I'm glad." Very gently he released himself. "But you look dead-beat, Judy. What's the matter? Has anything gone wrong? Are your people here?"

She drew back a little and turned full on him her most undaunted face. "If you mean the Wheaters, they're in Venice. They don't know we're here. You mustn't be angry, Martin: we've run away."

"Run away? Who's run away?"

"All of us; with Scopy and Nanny. I always said we'd have to, some day. Scopy and Terry and I managed it. We're at the Pension Rosenglüh, down the hill. The Wheaters will never guess we're here. They think we've gone to America on the Cunarder that touched at Venice yesterday. I left a letter to say we had. Terry was splendid; he invented it all. We hired motors at Padua to come here. But I'm afraid he's dreadfully done up. The air here will put him right, tho, won't it?"

She poured it all out in the same tone of eager but impartial narrative, as if no one statement in her tale were more surprizing or important than the others—except, of course, the matter of Terry's health. "The air here is something wonderful Martin, isn't it?" she pleaded; and he found himself answering with conviction: "There's simply nothing like it."

Her face instantly grew less agitated. "I knew I was right to come," she sighed in a voice of tired quietude; and he felt as if she were indeed a tired child, and the next moment might fall asleep on his shoulder.

"Judy, you're dreadfully done up yourself, and you look famished. It's after ten. Have you had anything to eat since you got here?"

"I don't believe I have. There wasn't time. I had to see the children settled first, and then make sure that you were here."

"Of course I'm here. But before we do any more talking you've got to be fed."

"Well, it would be nice to have a bite," she confessed, recovering her usual confident tone.

"All right. Wait here, and I'll go and forage." He walked down the deserted corridor and back into the hall, where people were beginning to group themselves about the bridge-tables. The fact of finding himself there roused him to the recollection of having left Mrs. Sellars alone with his empty coffee-cup. Till that moment he had forgotten her existence. He made his way back to their corner, but it was deserted. In the so-called "*salon*," against a background of sham tapestries and gilt wall-lights, other parties were forming about more bridge-tables; but there also there was no sign of Mrs. Sellars.

"Oh, well, she's got bored and gone home," he thought, a little irritably. Surely it would have been simpler and more friendly to wait for him, but that was just a part of her ceremoniousness. Probably she had thought it more tactful to disappear. Darn tact! That was all he had to say. The important thing now was to give Judy something to eat, and get her back to her *pension* and to bed. After that he would run up to the *châlet* and explain.

HE FOUND a waiter, learned that it was too late to resuscitate dinner, and ordered ham sandwiches and cocktails to be brought at once to the writing-room. On the whole he found it simplified things to have Mrs. Sellars out of the way. Perhaps there was something to be said for tact after all.

The first sip of her cocktail brought the glow back to Judith's eyes and lips, made her indeed preternaturally vivid and alert. She must eat, he told her—eat at once, before she began to talk; and he pushed his own sandwiches on to her plate, and watched her devouring them, and emptying first her glass and then his. She sparkled at him across its brim, but kept silence, obediently; then she asked for a cigaret, and leaned back at ease against the cushions.

"Well, we're all here," she declared with satisfaction.

"Not Chip?" he questioned, incredulous.

"Chip? I should think so! Do you suppose I'd have stirred an inch without Chip?"

"But what the deuce is it all about, child? Have you gone crazy, all of you?"

"The Wheaters have. They do, you know. I warned father we'd run away if it happened again."

"What happened?"

"Why, what I told you would. But I don't suppose you ever got my letter. I was sure you'd have answered it if you had." She turned her eyes on him with a look of such unshaken trust that he stammered uncomfortably: "Tell me all about it now."

"Well, everything went to smash. I knew it would. And then all the old shouting began—about detectives, and lawyers, and Joyce's alimony. You know that's what the children mean when they talk about mother's old friend 'Sally Money.' They've heard about her ever since they can remember. They think Joyce sends for her whenever anything goes wrong——"

"And things have gone thoroughly wrong?"

"Worse than ever. They were dividing us up already. Bun and Beechy back to Buondelmonte, because he's married a rich American. And Zinnia is ready to take Zinnie. Lord Wrench thinks she's so awfully funny. And father would have had Chip, of course, and we three older ones would have begun to be sent back and forth again as we used to be, like the shabby old books Scopy used to get one Winter out of the lending library at Biarritz. You could keep the stupid ones as long as you liked, but the jolly ones only a week." She turned her burning face to his. "Now, Martin, didn't I *have* to get them all away from it?"

The food had sent such a flame through her that he began to wonder if she had fever, or if it were only the glow of fatigue. He took her hand without speaking, and it was burning, like her face.

"Child, you're too tired. All the rest will keep till to-morrow. Put on your hat now, and I'll take you down the hill to your *pension*."

"BUT, Martin, you'll promise and swear to see us through?"

"Through everything, bless you. On Scopy's book. And now come along, or you'll fall asleep in your tracks."

In reality he had never seen her more acutely wakeful; but she submitted in silence to being bundled into her hat and coat, and linked her arm confidingly in his as they threaded their way among the bridge-players and out into the great emptiness of the night. The moon hung low above the western peaks, and the village clock below them in the valley chimed out the three-quarters after eleven as they walked down the road between blanched fields and sleeping houses. On the edge of the village a few lights still twinkled; but the Pension Rosenglüh, demurely withdrawn behind white palings and a bare wire arbor, showed a shuttered front to the moon.

Boyne opened the garden gate, and ran up the door-steps ahead of Judith. "Oh, you needn't ring, Martin. It would wake everybody. I don't believe the door's locked. I told Scopy to see that I wasn't shut out." She tried the door-knob, which yielded hospitably, and then turned and flung her arms about Boyne.

"Martin, darling, I don't believe I'd ever have dared if I hadn't known you'd see us through," she declared with a resounding kiss.

"The devil you wouldn't!" he murmured; but he pushed her gently in, thinking: "I ought never to have given her that second cocktail." From the threshold he whispered: "Go up-stairs as quietly as you can. I'll be down in the morning to see how you're all getting on." Then he softly shut the door on her and slipped out of the gate.

Midnight from the village clock! What would his friend say if he knocked up the *châlet* at that hour? Half-way to the hotel he left the road and branched upward through the fir-wood by a path he knew. But there were no lights in the *châlet*.

Before mounting to Mrs. Sellars's the next morning, Boyne went down to the Pension Rosenglüh to gather what further details he could of the strange hegira of the little Wheaters.

As he reached the *pension* gate he was met by Miss Scope, looking more than commonly gaunt and ravaged, but as brightly resolute as her fellow conspirator. Her gray-cotton glove crushed Boyne's hand in an unflinching grasp, and she exclaimed at once how providential it was that they should have caught him still at Cortina.

She added that she had been on the lookout for him, as both Judith and Terry were still asleep, and she was sure he'd agree that they had better not be disturbed after all they'd been through, especially as Terry was still feverish. The other children, he gathered, had already breakfasted, and been shepherded out by Nanny and the nurse-maid to the downs above the valley; and meanwhile perhaps Mr. Boyne would come in and have a chat.

The word seemed light for the heavy news he was prepared to hear; but he suspected that Miss Scope, like the Witch of Atlas, was used to racing on the platforms of the wind, and laughed to hear the fire-balls roar behind. At any rate, her sturdy composure restored his own balance, and made him glad of the opportunity to hear her version of the adventure before his next encounter with Judith.

MISS SCOPE was composed, as she always was—he was soon to learn—in real emergencies. She had been through so many that they seemed to her as natural and inevitable as thunder-storms or chicken-pox—as troublesome, but no more to be fussed about. Nevertheless, she did not underrate the gravity of the situation: to do so, he suspected, would have robbed it of its savor. There had been cataclysms before—times when Judy had threatened to go off and disappear with all the children—but till now she had never even attempted to put her threats into execution. "And now she's carried it off with a master hand," Miss Scope declared in a tone of grim triumph.

But carried it where to? That was the question Boyne could not help putting. He was sure Judith had been masterly—but where was it all going to lead? Had any of them taken that into account? he asked.

Well, Miss Scope had to admit that their flight had been too precipitate for much taking into account. It had to be then or never—she had seen that as clearly as Judy and Terry. The fact that Terry was with them showed how desperate the situation was——

"Desperate? Really desperate?"

"Oh, Mr. Boyne! If you'd been through it twice before, as my poor children have——"

Listening to her story, he agreed that it must indeed have been awful, and ended by declaring that he did not question Judith's reasons; but now that the first step in the mutiny was taken, how did Miss Scope imagine that they were going to keep it up? What did they mean to do, in short, when they were found out?

"I think Judith counts very much on your intervention. That's the reason she was so anxious to find you here. And she hopes there'll be time—time to consider, to choose a course of action. She believes it will be some days before we're found out, as you put it. I dare say she's told you that she left a letter— Mr. Boyne," said Miss Scope, interrupting herself with her sternest accent, "I hope you don't think that, in ordinary circumstances, I should ever condone the least deceit. The children will tell you that on that point I'm inexorable. But these were not ordinary circumstances." She cleared her throat, and brought out: "Judith said in the letter that we'd sailed for America. She thinks her father will hurry there to find them, and in that way we shall gain a little time, for the steamer they're supposed to be on is not due in New York for ten days."

The plan seemed puerile, even for so immature a mind as Judith's; but Boyne did not raise that point. He merely said: "I hope so. But meanwhile what are you all going to live on? It costs something to feed such an army."

Miss Scope's countenance turned from sallow to white. Her eyes forsook his face, as they did when she talked of Terry, and she brought out hesitatingly: "Judith, I understand, has means——"

"POOR woman!" Boyne thought. "I believe she's plumped in all her savings— I see," he said. He was filled with a sudden loathing of all the wasteful luxury, the vanity and selfishness and greed, out of which this poor pale flower of compassion had sprung. "I see," he repeated. He stood up, and held out his hand. "You're their real mother. If there's anything on earth I can do—to the limit of my small capacity—" A tear ran down the furrows of Miss Scope's averted cheek. He knew it by the hasty dab of her cotton hand. "I know—I know—Oh, Mr. Boyne, it's providential, our finding you."

He pressed her wet glove hard, and assured her that she could count on him. He would go off now, he added, to reflect further on the problem, and come back later, when Judy and Terry were awake.

It was after eleven when he reached the *châlet;* but luckily no long excursion had been planned for that morning. Mrs. Sellars had told him the night before that she had letters to write, and should not expect him early. When he approached the little house in its clearing of emerald turf he saw her on the balcony, her writing-materials on a table at her elbow. But she was leaning on the rail, looking down the path by which he always came. He waved his hand, and she answered with a welcoming gesture. "Come up—I'm deep in papers!" she called down cheerily.

"I came last night, but your lights were out, and I was afraid of the cook," he laughed, taking her in his arms as she went to meet him. The day was warm, and she had put on a thin white dress which gave her a Springlike look. Her complexion too had a morning freshness, through which the blood ran up to his kiss. "But not afraid of me?" she questioned.

"Of you? I like that! You deserted me, it's you who ought to be afraid. I've come to make a row, you know."

"You ought to have come to thank me for my tact. I saw you'd run across old friends, and I slipped out of the way."

"I'd run across one old friend—Judith Wheater. When I came back to tell you about it you'd gone."

Her eyes lit up with curiosity and interest. "Your famous little Judith? Really? Why, you always speak of her as such a child—I shouldn't have guessed——"

"You said yourself last night how young she looked——"

"Yes, awfully young, but still—grown up."

"Well, she's not grown up. She's a child—a child tremendously to be pitied. I want to tell you all about it. I want your help and your advice. You don't know what a quandary I'm in."

She had gone back to her seat on the balcony, and he dropped into the chair beside her. As he spoke her color flickered up again, and she smiled a little uncertainly. "A quandary—about that child?" The smile faded, and her color with it. "Martin, you don't mean—you can't——"

He stared, perplexed, and then burst out laughing.

"That the quandary's *mine*—about little Judith? Bless you, what an idea! Why, she's hardly out of the nursery." He laughed again, partly to bridge over his surprize and her constraint. It was incredible what far-fetched delusions the most sensible women took up with at the very moment when one wanted them to look at a question like a man! "This is a very different business," he went on. "Not the least romantic, but merely squalid. The Wheater *ménage* has gone to smash again, and Judy's bolted with all the children, to try to prevent their being separated, as they are whenever there's a new deal."

Mrs. Sellars sat looking at him with wide eyes and parted lips. The situation was evidently too new to her to be at once intelligible, and she repeated vaguely: "Bolted—bolted from whom?"

"From Joyce and Wheater. Gone clean away, without any warning."

She was again silent, her eyes as it were fixed on this statement, which seemed to carry her no further toward comprehension.

"But bolted with whom? They can't have gone away all by themselves?"

"THE governess is with them, and the two nurses. In a crisis like this they all stand by Judith. I've just been talking with the governess, and she entirely approves. You see, they've been through this kind of thing before."

"Through the running away?"

"No, but what led up to it. The last time, it appears, Judith told her parents that if they were divorced again she meant to go off with all the children rather than have them separated from one another as they were before. You see, whenever a smash comes the children are divided up among the ex-parents, and some of them are pretty rotten, I imagine—a blackmailing Italian prince, a rather notorious movie star, and Lord knows who besides. Not to speak of the new elements to be introduced, if Joyce and Wheater both marry again, as I've no doubt they will in no time."

Mrs. Sellars, her chin resting on her hand, sat listening in a silence still visibly compounded of bewilderment and disgust. For a minute after Boyne had ceased speaking she did not move or look up. At last she said, in a low voice: "It's all too vile for belief."

"Exactly," he agreed. "And it's all true."

"The horrors those children must know about——"

"It's to save them from more horrors that Judith has carried them away."

"I see—I see. Poor child!" She stood up, her face melting into pity. "Just at first it was all too new to me. But now I understand. And I suppose she came here hoping you would help her?"

"I suppose she didn't have much time to think or choose, but vaguely remembered I was here, as her letter showed."

"But the money? Where in the world did they get the money? You can't transport a nurseryful of children from one place to another without paying for it."

Boyne hesitated a moment; but he felt he must not betray Miss Scope, and merely answered that he hadn't had time to go into all that yet, but supposed that in an easy-going, extravagant household like the Wheaters' there were always some funds available, the more so as preparations were already being made to send the children off to the mountains.

"Well, it's all hideous and touching and crazy. Where are the poor little things—at your hotel?" Mrs. Sellars had gone indoors, and was picking up her hat and sunshade. "I should like you to take me down at once to see them."

Boyne was touched by the suggestion, but secretly alarmed at what might happen if Mrs. Sellars were exposed unprepared to the simultaneous assaults of all the little Wheaters. He explained that Judith had taken her flock to an inexpensive *pension* in the village, and that the younger children, when he had called there, were already away on the downs, and Judith and Terry still sleeping off their emotions. Should he go down again, he asked, and bring Judith back alone to the *châlet?* "You'd better see her first without the others. You might find the seven of them rather overwhelming."

Seven? Mrs. Sellars confessed she hadn't realized that there were actually seven. She agreed that it would be better that she should first see Judith without her brothers and sisters, and proposed that Boyne should invite her to come back with him to the *châlet* to lunch. "If you think she won't be too frightened of a strange old woman?"

The idea of Judith's being frightened of anything or anybody amused Boyne, but he thought it charming of Mrs. Sellars to suggest it, and was glad, after all, that she was there to support and advise him. When she had had a quiet talk with Judith he felt sure she would be on the children's side; and perhaps her practical vision might penetrate farther than his into the riddle of what was to be done for them.

"If only," he thought, "Judith doesn't begin by saying something that will startle her"; and he thought of warning Mrs. Sellars not to expect a too great ingenuousness in his young friend. Then he reflected that such a warning might unconsciously prejudice her, and decided that it would be wiser to trust to Judith's natural charm to overcome anything odd in her conversation. If there were hints to be given, he concluded, there would be less risk in giving them to Judith.

But the utility of giving hints in that quarter became equally dubious at first sight of her. Refreshed and radiant after her night's rest, and unusually pretty in her light linen frock, and a spreading hat with a rosy lining, she received him at the gate in an embrace that sent her hat flying among the currant-bushes, and exposed her rumpled head and laughing eyes to his close inspection.

"You look like a pansy this morning," he said irrelevantly, struck by the resemblance of the short pointed oval and velvet-brown eyes against his shoulder to the eager, inquisitive face of the mountain-flower. But Judith was no gardener, and rejected the comparison with a grimace.

"How horrid of you! Nasty wired things in wreaths at funerals! I don't feel a bit as if I was at a funeral. It's so jolly to be here, and to have found you. You've come to say you'll lunch with us, haven't you? The children will be mad with joy. It was partly because I promised them we'd find you here that they agreed to come. Blanca and Zinnie unsettled them at first—they're always afraid of missing some excitement if they have a row with Joyce. But I told them we'd have lots more excitement with you."

She was hanging on his arm, and drawing him up the path to the house.

"I must tell the landlady you're coming to lunch. Scopy's up-stairs with Terry, and she told me to be sure not to forget, so that we could have something extra." By this time they were in the little sitting-room, which smelled of varnish and dried edelweiss, and had a stuffed eagle perched above the stove. Judith sat down on the slippery sofa, and dragged Boyne to a seat at her side. "And first, I was to ask you what pudding you'd particularly like."

"Oh, bless you, any pudding. But about lunch——"

She drew herself up, and tossed him an arch smile. "Or perhaps you're here with a lady, and would rather not come? I told Scopy I shouldn't wonder——"

"Nonsense, Judith; how absurd——"

"WHY absurd? Why shouldn't you be here with a lady? *Vous êtes encore très bien, mon cher*—" She drew her deep lids half shut, and slanted an insinuating glance at him.

"Don't talk like a manicure, child. As a matter of fact, I have an old friend here who wants very much to see you, and who kindly suggested——"

"An old lady friend?"

"Yes."

"As old as Scopy?"

"No; probably not as old as your mother even. I only meant——"

"But if she's younger than Joyce, how can you say she's old? Is she prettier, too?" Judith broke in, searchingly.

"I don't know, really; I haven't thought——"

"Well, I don't believe she's as well dressed. Unless, perhaps, you think Joyce's clothes are sometimes just a shade *too*——"

"I haven't thought about that either. What I mean by 'old' is that Mrs. Sellars and I have been friends for years. She's living in a *châlet* on the hill above the hotel, and she wants me to bring you up to lunch with her to-day."

"Me—only me?" Judith questioned, visibly surprized.

Boyne smiled. "Well, my dear, I'm sure she would have liked to invite you all, Chip included; but her house is tiny and couldn't possibly take in the whole party. So, to avoid invidious distinctions, why not come by yourself and make her acquaintance? I want you awfully to know her, for no one can give you better advice than she can."

Judith drew herself up and her face became a blank. "I don't want anybody's advice but yours, Martin. But of course I'll go if you want me to."

"It's not a question of what I want. But you may be sure if my advice is any good it will be because I've consulted Mrs. Sellars. Two's not too many to get you out of this predicament. I sometimes think you don't realize what an awful row you're all in for."

"If she's not as old as Joyce, and you've never noticed how she's dressed, you must be in love with her, I suppose," Judith went on, as if his last words had made no impression on her.

"I don't see what difference it makes if I am or not," he retorted, beginning to lose his temper. "The point is that she happens to be one of the kindest and most sensible women I know——"

"That's what men always think," said Judith thoughtfully. She drew back to study him again through half-closed lids. "It's a wonderful thing to be in love," she murmured; and then continued with a teasing smile: "Blanca's ever so much sharper than I am. She said: 'Why's Martin in such an awful hurry to rush away from

"'JUDY AND I KNEW THAT IF WE COULD GET HOLD OF YOU, YOU'D BACK US UP, AND HELP US TO MAKE SOME KIND OF TERMS WITH THE WHEATERS'"

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"'MANNY, REMEMBER HOW MAMA NEVER COULD GET THE FIRE GOING EITHER? AIN'T THAT A GREAT TOUCH?'"

MOVIE RICHE

How it happened that a mushroom millionaire was forever haunted by the pangs of hunger

By ELAINE STERNE CARRINGTON

Illustrations by Corinne Dillon

THERE were moments when the present faded and the past rose up before Manny Goldsmith in a series of little pictures, sharp and compelling. These occurred as a rule when he was seated out under the trees, on one of the broad benches especially constructed to hold his ponderous weight. From this vantage-point he had a good view of his clay courts, gleaming hard and white in the brilliant California sunlight.

He could see the players, like figures in some swift, mad dance, darting forward and back, or, by turning his head, could glimpse his swimming-pool, blue as turquoise, and alive with lithe bodies diving from spring-boards, flicking down the slide, lolling along the edge. It was at moments like these that old scenes, like grim specters, arose to torment him.

One in particular. It was of a dark, airless room in a tenement on Hester Street, and it was photographed on his brain with such startling clearness that he had only to shut his eyes to see again the small, rusted stove which stood opposite the door; the couch of moth-eaten green plush, its springs sagging to the floor; the jagged pane of glass in the window, stuffed with what had once been a red-flannel petticoat, but which had long since turned into a brownish clod; the scratched oak table with three straight chairs around it, a heap of dark rags in a pile behind the door where he and his brother Joe slept, the baby's crib with sour-smelling covers, a broken rocking-chair, the sink piled with dishes, and on the window-sill a drooping red geranium.

He could always see his mother as he last remembered her, hovering over the stove, coaxing the fire to burn, her lips moving in some sort of prayer as she prodded and blew on it. Here, in the glaring, the shimmering heat of Hollywood, he could still feel the paralyzing cold of that room; could still see her stabbing feebly at the papers which flickered, began to burn, sputtered, and turned black.

He would look up at this point. Beyond the sweep of velvet lawn, which descended in a series of terraces to a formal garden, was his house, a proud, white palace with a red-tiled roof. It stood on a bald hill and was visible for miles. Manny Goldsmith's house. His. His alone.

He liked to think, leaning back in his chair, that he had done well by his brothers and sisters. Joe looked after the legal end of the business, Sammy was controller, and Abe general manager. Little Otto, the baby, had formed a company of his own which turned out one-reel comedies.

And the girls were all married. They had houses and cars and nurses for their children, and on each New-year's day they assembled at the Coast, at Manny's invitation, on the tickets Manny sent them, and held a reunion.

Yes, he had done well by his family. All except his mother. She had died before prosperity came to him. He often wished she had lived long enough for him to bring her here, let her rest her tired frame under his trees, and fold her red, work-hardened hands in her lap. What women needed, he was fond of saying, was cold cash in the bank. Something to fall back on. Something to keep them from hunger and cold and dependence. None of his sisters would ever be dependent. Not if he could help it!

One afternoon in August, as he sat there thinking, he saw his brother Abe hurrying up the path toward him. Abe was the best-looking of the brothers. He had retained his slim figure, and was a good dresser. He and his wife, Myra, and their two children shared a portion of the house with Manny. He liked Myra, who kept house for him, and he thought the children beautiful young things, so well groomed and well mannered. He was enormously proud of them and a little uncomfortable in their presence.

Abe, coming up from the garden in his white-flannel trousers and dark-blue coat, his black hair sleeked back from his brow, was, Manny thought, a fine-looking fellow. No trace in him of the thin, little rat, in cast-off clothing, who cried himself to sleep nights because he was hungry. Heaven, if he could ever forget how poor they had been, banish the past, and live, as they all seemed to be living, in the present!

Abe sat down in a chair beside him and said, "Look, I just got a wire from Joe. He's got Sonya Devinne signed up with us."

"You don't say."

"Yep. He grabbed her before she got off the steamer."

"He's a smart feller."

"He's going to start her out here to-morrow."

"I wonder is he coming too."

"Sure. He says he wants to be sure she gets here."

"I wonder is he bringing Alice and the kids with him."

"How should I know?"

"I'd like to see little Manny. There's a husky for you!"

"Listen, I'm telling you we've signed Sonya Devinne and not that Joe's kid's a knockout."

"All right. All right. Go on. What about it?"

Abe went on, and at length. While he talked Manny looked off across the grass to the far end of the garden where a cluster of Australian pines, slim, aristocratic, seemed to stab the sky. He smiled to himself. So Joe was coming out. Good old Joe! Even in the black days Joe could always make them laugh. Stamping into the house with a tattered derby he had snatched from a rag-picker, pulled down over his ears.

Joe was a great fellow! And smart! Say, if you wanted to put anything over on Joe you had to get up early in the morning! Mama always said Joe had the brains. He was the one she sent foraging for food in the refuse-cans set out in the areaways. It was Joe who plunged his hand down into them and came up with half an orange or a blackened banana. Manny shivered.

Abe said, "What's the matter? Cold?"

"No. I was only thinking."

"And you ain't heard a word I said."

"Sure I have. What is it?"

"I told you Sonya's the sensation of Europe. Getting her is putting the other companies off the map."

"Yes, I seen her in those German films."

"We got to give her a wow of a welcome."

"All right, you fix it up; only wire Joe to be sure and bring out Alice and the kids."

"We got to dig up a good story for her double-quick."

"Wire him the kids can go to school here as easy as back home."

"Aw, you and the kids. Listen, Manny, I think you ought to give a big dinner for her here at the house the night she gets in."

"All right, all right. You fix it."

It was suddenly dark. Night had descended as swiftly as a black-winged bird. From the house yellow lights flashed out and lay in bright squares on the grass.

Manny said, "Give me a hand, Abe," and Abe pulled him to his feet. "Coming up to the house?"

"No, I'll shoot over to the office. I want to send some wires."

"Listen, you can do all that in the morning. We got a good dinner, and Myra don't like you should miss it."

"Aw, never mind dinner. This is business," and he struck off down the path. Manny walked slowly up the slope toward the house. He stopped every few steps to get his breath. All around him were the sounds of young voices, calling, laughing; whirring motors on his driveway, squawking horns.

Dinner would soon be ready. Dinner. The thought of it caused him to move a trifle faster. He could never get enough to eat. Never make up for all those years of emptiness. And it was no longer of importance to Abe; and once he would have given his right hand for a square meal. They all would have. The dinner he would presently sit down to would have fed the entire family for a week. And what a week it would have been! How his mother's face would have lighted up! If he could only do something for her! Death was so irreparable. So final.

Sonya Devinne arrived in Hollywood on a Wednesday afternoon; and that evening Manny struggled, with the aid of his valet, to get into his clothes. He was like a large, pink, cherubic baby, which his valet was obliged to dress from head to toe.

When this was at last accomplished, his tie tied, the final flick of the whisk-broom across his shoulders, he stood surveying himself in the mirror. It gave back to him a tremendous, obese man: triple chins, paunchy waist-line, thick, short, red neck, and a bald head, sparsely fringed with graying hair. The collar suffocated him, and his feet began to burn in the patent-leather shoes he wore. He

Continued on Page 33

WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL
SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

I'm so fleet upon my feet,
I win at every game.
Campbell's fare will get you there
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Just the golden goodness of the full-ripe tomato! All else is discarded by Campbell's. The pure tonic juices, the luscious tomato meat in a rich puree, with fresh country butter adding its food and its flavor, and with that delicate seasoning for which Campbell's chefs are so famous.

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Your grocer has, or will get for you, any of the 21 Campbell's Soups listed on the label. 12 cents a can.

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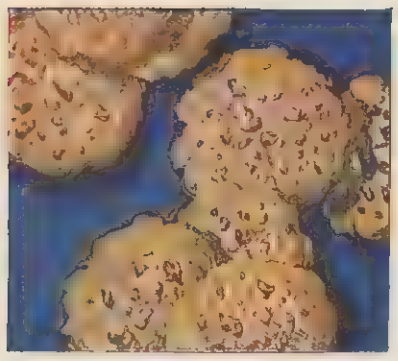
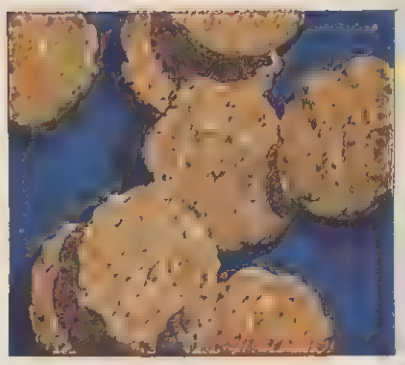


SOUR CREAM COOKIES

Fairy Godmother cookies!



RAISIN NUT COOKIES

Oregon Sour Cream Cookies

1 cup Crisco	1 cup thick, sour cream
2 cups sugar (granulated)	5 cups pastry flour
	3 teaspoons baking powder
3 eggs, well beaten	1 teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon soda	

FOR TOP—1½ cups chopped nuts, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 3 tablespoons sugar.

Cream Crisco and sugar; add eggs. Mix soda into sour cream and add, then flour sifted with baking powder and salt. Mix thoroughly. Drop spoonfuls on well-Criscoed pan. Press flat with bottom of glass dipped in granulated sugar. Sprinkle top of each cookie with sugar, cinnamon and nuts mixed together. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) about 10 minutes. Makes about 100.

Washington Whole Wheat Cookies

2 cups oatmeal (standard, uncooked)	1 teaspoon salt
	½ cup Crisco
1 cup whole wheat flour	1 egg, beaten
1 cup brown sugar	¼ cup milk
½ teaspoon soda	1 cup nuts, chopped fine

Mix all dry ingredients together, then rub in Crisco with fingers. Add egg and milk mixed together. Drop spoonfuls on well-Criscoed pan and press flat with bottom of spoon or spatula. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) 10 minutes. Makes 40 to 50 cookies.

All measurements level. Recipes tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute. Crisco is the registered trade-mark of a shortening manufactured by The Procter & Gamble Co.

Iowa Butterscotch Cookies

You can make three different cookies from this Butterscotch recipe—all three interesting and delicious. Make them with Crisco and you will have crisp, snappy cookies with delicious flavors, and they are so easy to bake when the pans are greased with Crisco.

1 cup Crisco	1 teaspoon vanilla
2 cups brown sugar	3 cups pastry flour
2 eggs, unbeaten	1 teaspoon salt
1 cup nut meats, chopped fine	1 teaspoon baking powder
	½ teaspoon soda

Cream Crisco and sugar thoroughly; add eggs, nuts and vanilla. Sift flour, salt, baking powder and soda together. Mix well. Turn onto floured board. Divide the batter and knead each half into oblong rolls about 3 inches in diameter. Lay in Criscoed pans and cover with wax paper and put in ice box over night or until thoroughly chilled. When ready to bake slice thin and bake in moderate oven (350° F.) for 10 minutes. This makes about 75 cookies.

California Chocolate Cookies

Use Butterscotch recipe: After adding eggs stir in ¾ cup cocoa. Follow the same method for mixing and baking.

New York Raisin Nut Cookies

Use Butterscotch recipe: Add 1 teaspoon cinnamon, sifting with dry ingredients. After adding eggs stir in 1 cup raisins with the nut meats, both having been put through the food chopper.

Oh weary mothers, rolling dough—don't you wish that food would grow?
How happy all the world would be, with a cookie bush and a doughnut tree.

Quickly made—but taste your shortening first

Yes, cookies so quickly and easily made that you'd think a fairy godmother invented the time-saving recipes! No bothersome rolling and cutting. No sticky board or rolling pin to wash up.

If you've been too busy of late to keep the cookie jar replenished, these time-saving recipes will solve your problem. And, from what I remember of *my own* young days, your boys and girls are going to welcome the solution.

One caution: If you want cookies that taste so good that the very memory makes your children hungry for more—everything that goes into them must taste good, too.

For example, I would not think of making cookies with a shortening I am unwilling to taste any more than I would use a doubtful egg. And of all the cooking fats I have used, Crisco is *one* that tastes perfectly sweet, right from the can.

See if this doesn't give you the surprise of your whole cooking experience: Put a little Crisco on the tip of a spoon; on another, a bit of any other shortening. Taste first Crisco, then the other fat.

Doesn't Crisco please you at the outset by its clean, pure odor? And isn't its *taste* just as pleasing—surprisingly sweet and pure?

Imagine what an improvement in flavor Crisco's fresh sweetness will make in *all* your cooking! Cakes more rich and delicious; pie-crust that's flakier and more "melting"; fried foods that are more savory; biscuits and muffins of more appetizing lightness. It really *is* worth it—as more than 2,500,000 women have found—to pay a few extra pennies for Crisco.

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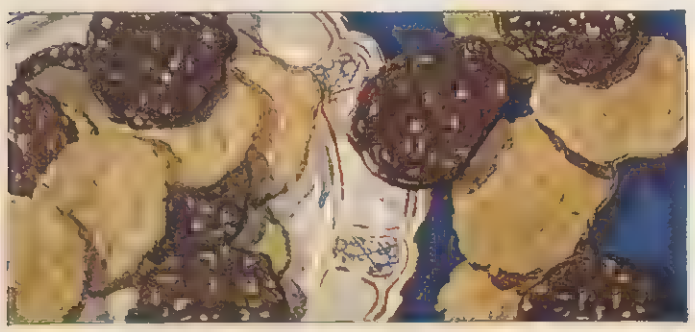
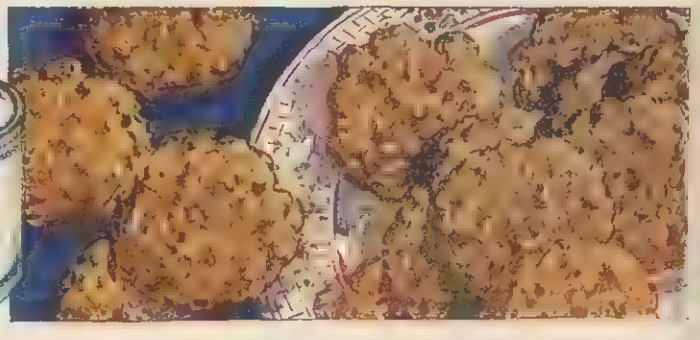
WHOLE WHEAT COOKIES





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reached for his handkerchief and dabbed at his forehead. It was dotted with beads of perspiration.

The valet crossed the room and held open the door for him, then followed him to the lift, which appeared, after a short interval, at the landing. Manny got in and pressed a button, and the lift slid gently to the ground floor. There a page in blue livery, with bright brass buttons, drew back the door for him.

The hallway, the rooms, the terrace were thronged with people, and over their heads he could see the long line of motors, like black beetles, crawling up his driveway, depositing their loads, scuttering away. He felt irritable and a little out of breath. He wondered where Joe and his wife were and how many men and women he would have to greet before he found them.

He was immediately surrounded by a bevy of young and pretty girls, and altho some of them were stars from his own studio, he had difficulty in distinguishing one from the other. They all looked exactly alike to him. Cool, slim, youthful. He brushed them aside like so much chaff and pushed his way through the chattering mob that filled his house. It was, it seemed to him, unbearably hot. He wished they would start dinner and get it over with. He was angry at the delay. At the hands thrust out at him. At the faces turned up to his. At last he spied his brother Abe by the punch-bowl, magnificent in evening attire. A straight, slender fashion-plate with a little waxed mustache and hair that had on it the sheen of satin. Beside him was Myra, who, being plump, also felt the heat, and was fanning herself, as she smiled and nodded, with a pamphlet she had picked up from one of the tables. He made for Abe and said at once, "When do we eat?"

This was considered one of Manny's jokes. It was passed from lip to lip. Abe said, "What's the matter, Manny; hungry again? Say, if you don't look out you'll lose your shape," which was greeted with a roar. It irritated him intensely, and he said to Myra in a low voice, "I don't feel so good. I guess it's the heat. I want to get in to dinner."

She hurried away at once to arrange matters, and Abe slipped his arm through Manny's. "Here's the little lady herself. Miss Devinne, this is Manny Goldsmith, the big works."

Manny looked, through the haze of heat that beat about him, and saw a small, dark woman whose lips were enticingly red, and whose eyes were large and snapping. His instantaneous impression of her was that she was older than he expected her to be. But her figure was tiny and straight and her face devoid of lines. He said, "How do?" extending his plump, moist hand, which she clasped.

Abe said, "I was just telling Miss Devinne that she's a long ways from home."

She nodded her head of short hair, clipped, like a black bell, around her face, and said, "Yes," drawling a little and flashing a smile which revealed a row of beautiful, strong, white teeth.

"I've been telling her we've got a great story lined up for her. I'm going to read it to her in the morning. If she likes it we ought to start shooting by the first of the week."

Manny wiped his forehead and the top of his head with his handkerchief. "Hot, ain't it?" he inquired of her.

She nodded, "Yes," and smiled again her swift smile.

He added, "See that Abe looks after you good. If you don't get what you want just ask for it," and moved away. She had already turned to talk to a dark-haired young man who stood at her side, but she answered, "Yes" again, brightly over her bare, white shoulder.

Manny spied Joe and his wife standing by the window and made for them. He cried, "Well, well, well, how are you? And where's the kids? I didn't see them yet. My, Allie, don't you look good!"

Alice rushed at him and embraced him, and Joe clasped his hand heartily and slapped him on the shoulder.

"You don't look so skinny yourself, Manny. What's the matter? Myra give you too much to eat?"

"Never mind me. You got gray, didn't you? Lookit, Allie, he's like my father, ain't he, with all his white hair?"

In reality he was shocked at Joe's appearance. It was almost a year since he had seen him, and Joe, he thought, had aged greatly in that time. Ah, well, they were all growing older. But Joe's thin, lined, sensitive face held more than a hint of the travail they had been through.

His wife, Alice, was a bright, vivacious, blond woman, with a swift, bird-like glance. She had been on the stage years ago. She caught Manny's arm and squeezed it. "Manny darling, it's great to see you again! It's just wonderful of you to ask us all out here. The children can't wait to see you. I'll send them down to you the first thing in the morning. You won't know them, they've grown so. Little Manny's the image of you; isn't he, Joe?"

"Sure. Fat like a tub."

"Oh, he is not!"

Manny said, "Well, it's good to get you out here. I wish you was here all the time." He turned to Joe, "What do you think of Devinne?"

Joe lowered his voice and glanced about. "She photographs wonderful, but when I took a good look at her I kinda got cold feet."

Alice said, "She's not as young as she once was."

"That's what I think. Not old, you know, but shoving forty. Looks to me like she was trying to clean up some good U. S. coin before she quit the game."

"Still the other companies is hot after her."

"Oh, she's got a great reputation abroad. And a pretty slick press-agent, if you ask me."

"Who's playing opposite her?"

"Didn't I wire you? She brought her own lead along. That dago standing next to her. Trevello's his name."

"Anything up between them?"

"Say, ask me another!"

Dinner was announced, and Joe said, "Well, I suppose you got to take the queen of the movies in, Manny," and went in search of her for his brother. He brought her back with him, and she slipped her arm through Manny's, and together they walked the length of the long room, her hand, light as a butterfly's wing, on his sleeve.

"HE SAID SUDDENLY, 'WAS YOU EVER POOR? I MEAN UP AGAINST IT, THE WAY I WAS?'"

Manny sat down with the help of a footman, and Sonya was placed at his right, on her right the Italian Trevello. Immediately she began talking to him in a foreign tongue, with little fluttering movements of her hands and shoulders.

It relieved Manny of all responsibility. He could devote himself wholly to eating. Now and then he addressed a remark to Alice, who was on his other side, but this was only during intervals when platters had been removed and there was a slight delay before the next course appeared. It was a good dinner, accompanied by good wine. He felt better after having consumed it. More cheerful. Once or twice he glanced over at Sonya, her dark, shining head bent close to Trevello's. She was a good-looking woman. She had style, dash, sex appeal. A little too thin for his taste, but the public like them that way.

After dinner, when the ladies had adjourned to the terrace, he beckoned Trevello, who rose gracefully and came over to the chair Sonya had just vacated. He said, "Speak English?"

Trevello bowed, "Yes, indeed," with only a faint trace of an accent.

"Ever been over here before?"

"No, never."

"You've been playing opposite Miss Devinne some time, haven't you?"

"About a year."

He was a remarkably handsome young man, with a long, pointed face, and dark eyes which were veiled by silky, black lashes that lay like a shadow on his cheeks. He was, Manny thought, a better bet than the woman. Younger at least by ten years.

"She's turned out some good pictures. I had a couple of them run off for me."

Trevello's face became suddenly illuminated. He cried eagerly, "Oh, she is a great artiste! A very great artiste!" seemed about to say more, then flushed at his own temerity, and fell silent.

With the assistance of the footman Manny got up, and waved his hand to indicate that the gentlemen might now join the ladies. For himself, all he desired was to go to his room and remove his stifling clothing. He walked, with the rest of the men, in the direction of the terrace, but midway he stopped, crossed to the lift, and was wafted to his own chambers.

Once undressed and out on the balcony adjoining his bedroom, he felt pleasantly drowsy. He leaned back in his chair, the neck of his pajamas open on his hairy chest, and blinked at the gay scene below him. The paths through the trees were a chain of jeweled lights, and down by the pool an orchestra played softly. A coolness descended, and mingled with it were the sweet, earthy odors that rose from the garden.

He thought, suddenly, "A week of this might have saved her life!" and seemed to see his mother, in the room on Hester Street, down on her knees, scrubbing the bare floor. He could almost smell the acrid odor of hot soap-suds, and see again the circular movement of her arm, round and round and round, pausing to dip the brush in the pail, sloshing it down on the boards, pausing to sit back on her heels and wipe a sleeve across her eyes.

He got up with difficulty and rang for a servant, and told him to go fetch his brother Abe. While he waited for him he paced slowly up and down the room. He wanted some one to talk to, any one, in order to escape from himself and his thoughts.

Abe came in, his face faintly flushed and his hair ruffled. He had been drinking and was more garrulous than usual. He said, "What do you think of Devinne? Ain't she a winner? Say, if it wasn't for Myra and the kids I'd leave home to-morrow."

"Sit down, and don't talk foolish."

"There's a little girl with lots of pep. I'd like to show her a big time."

"Don't get mixed up with her, Abe. It wouldn't look good."

"I bet she knows a thing or two."

"She's here to make pictures. That's all you got to think about."

"Maybe I don't wish I was free like you!"

"I got better things to worry about besides women."

"They're the only things worth worrying about."

"You're talking crazy. I sent for you to find out do you think you'll be ready to shoot by Monday."

"Sure, why not? And say, did you notice that dago she brought along with her? Young enough to be her son. And is he nuts about her! I'll tell the world!"

"Listen, Abe, get her to work quick, will you? We're paying her plenty."

"And she's worth it. Gee, what wouldn't I give to be free like you!"

"Don't drink no more to-night, Abe. Myra wouldn't like it."

"You're free and you don't know you are. Say, if it was me, all that little girl would have to do was whistle and I'd come running, hold up a hoop, and I'd jump through!"

When he was alone again, Manny leaned back in his chair and closed his eyes. From the garden a melody of haunting sweetness floated up to him. It was like a knife thrust in his heart. It filled him with a sudden, overwhelming sadness, as if something for which he had longed could never be fulfilled; for which he had searched could never be found. After a while the music ceased, and he dragged his weight up from his chair and went in to bed. But he could not sleep.

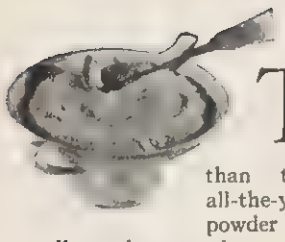
Continued on Page 79

Conducted by Nell Howard Enloe

THE HOME BUREAU

Many delicious shortcakes from one simple recipe

BY EDITH BARBER



TIME for strawberry shortcake! I wonder if there is any dish that has a more genuine welcome than this development of our all-the-year-round standby—baking-powder biscuits. Most of us have had our disappointments in regard to this favorite when it has been promised as dessert and it appeared as a combination of cake and berries.

Again there have been disappointments when the crust was tough or soggy. This is really inexcusable, as there is nothing easier to make than good biscuit crust in spite of the time-worn but still working jokes about the young wife's biscuits.

Shortcake is simply a rich biscuit dough. Biscuits depend upon several factors for their character. The amount of shortening is one of the factors which decide this. The smallest amount to produce an acceptable biscuit is the proportion of 1 tablespoonful of shortening to each cupful of flour. Personally I like at least 1½ to 2 tablespoonfuls of shortening.

The amount of baking-powder makes a difference in the texture; 1½ to 2 teaspoonfuls of baking-powder to a cupful of flour is the preferred amount. When more shortening is used the amount of baking-powder may be reduced, but it is not wise to use less than the smaller proportion.

As for liquid, milk or water may be your choice, depending upon how you like your biscuits. The amount of liquid depends, in the first place, upon whether you intend to roll and cut or to drop the biscuits. A dough as soft as possible, even for cut biscuits, is best.

When it comes to mixing, the quicker the better. The shortening should be cut in with 2 case-knives, or if a wooden bowl is used a double-bladed chopping-knife will divide it and mix it evenly with the flour. The shortening and flour should be so well mixed that the texture is like that of corn-meal.

The most important point in making biscuits is adding the liquid. I like to stir in quickly almost as much as is likely to be taken up by the flour, and when that is well mixed I take the dough out of the bowl and place it on a mixing-board, and add to the flour mixture left in the bowl the remaining liquid needed. This saves double mixing, and the less mixing the better.

The less rolling the better also. For shortcake I usually do no rolling, but pat the dough with my hands to fit the pan.

Biscuit dough is not only appropriate for making strawberry and other fruit shortcakes, but is delicious when used with creamed meats or vegetables as a luncheon-dish or a Sunday night supper-dish.

Baking-Powder Biscuits

2 Cupfuls Flour
3 to 4 Teaspoonfuls Baking-powder
¾ Teaspoonful Salt
2 to 4 Tablespoonfuls Shortening
½ to 1 Cupful Milk or Water

MIX and sift the dry ingredients; cut in the shortening with 2 knives. Make a hole in the flour mixture at the side of the bowl and add ½ cupful of liquid. Stir in enough flour to make a ball of soft dough. Remove this from the bowl, and add to the remaining flour enough liquid to make a soft dough. Roll on a floured board until 1 inch thick. Cut into rounds and bake for 10 to 12 minutes in a hot oven (450 degrees F.). This recipe makes 10 biscuits. Try serving hot baking-powder biscuits, split and buttered, as the foundation for creamed dishes instead of the usual toast or patty-shells.

Individual Shortcakes with Supreme Sauce

CUT shortcake dough into small rounds; put together with melted butter. Bake in a hot oven (450 degrees F.) for about 12 minutes. Crush berries and blend with Supreme Sauce (see recipe below). Split biscuits and put sauce between layers. Cover top with sauce and garnish with 1 large unhulled berry. Arrange others at the side. Many varieties of berries, canned or fresh, may be used.

Photo by Anton Bruehl

OLD-FASHIONED STRAWBERRY SHORTCAKE MEANS FLAKY BISCUIT DOUGH—BUTTERED AND HOT, CRUSHED SUN-RIPENED BERRIES, AND A PITCHER OF THICK, SWEET CREAM

Supreme Sauce

½ Cupful Butter
1½ Cupful Powdered Sugar
2 Egg Yolks
1 Teaspoonful Lemon-juice
2 Cupfuls Crushed Berries

CREAM the butter and sugar together and stir in the unbeaten egg yolks. Beat well; add lemon-juice and berries.

Strawberry Shortcake

3 Cupfuls Flour
5 Teaspoonfuls Baking-powder
1 Teaspoonful Salt
2 Tablespoonfuls Sugar
½ Cupful Shortening
¼ to 1 Cupful Milk

USE the method for mixing biscuits. Divide the dough in half and roll each half the same shape and size. Place one layer on a greased pan, butter slightly, and place the other layer on top of the first. Bake for 15 to 20 minutes in a hot oven (450 degrees F.). Split and cover with crushed fruit. Place the other layer on top and cover with fruit. Raspberries, oranges, fresh or canned peaches, or other fruits may be used instead of strawberries.

Raisin Scones

Shortcake Dough
¾ Cupful Seedless Raisins
1 Egg Yolk
1 Teaspoonful Water

TO THE ingredients for shortcake add the raisins. Add enough extra liquid so that the scones may be dropped from a tablespoon on to a baking-sheet. Beat the egg yolk with the water, and spread over the scones with a pastry-brush or a piece of cheese-cloth. Bake in a hot oven (450 degrees F.) for about 10 minutes.

Date Pudding

1½ Cupful Brown Sugar
1 Cupful Boiling Water
1 Cupful Flour
½ Teaspoonful Salt
1 Teaspoonful Baking-powder
1 Tablespoonful Sugar
½ Cupful Sweet Milk
¾ Cupful Stoned Dates
½ Cupful Chopped Nuts

BOIL the first two ingredients together over a low heat for 7 minutes. Sift the salt, sugar, and baking-powder with the flour; add the nuts and dates, mix well, and stir in the milk. Drop the soft dough into the pan of boiling sirup, and bake in a saucepan or skillet in a medium oven (375 degrees F.) for 20 minutes, or cook on top of the stove in a heavy saucepan or skillet over a low heat for 20 minutes after the dough is added. When removed from the fire let stand for 5 minutes to thicken, then turn out on a platter. Serve hot or cold.

Shortcake with Caramel Sauce

USE the recipe for shortcake dough. To make the sauce pour 2 cupfuls of granulated sugar into a frying-pan. Stir over a low heat until melted and slightly browned. Add ¼ cupful cream or evaporated milk gradually. Stir constantly and cook until smooth. Split shortcake and pour sauce between and over crust. Salted nuts may be used as a garnish.

Shortcake with Mint Chocolate Sauce

FOR A NEW FLAVOR TRY SUPREME SAUCE

2 Squares Chocolate
1 Cupful Cold Water
2 Cupfuls Sugar
2 Teaspoonfuls Vanilla
Essence of Mint
2 Tablespoonfuls Butter

USE the recipe for shortcake dough. To make the sauce put the cold water in a 4-quart saucepan, add the cut-up chocolate. Stir over a low heat until smooth and thick. Add the sugar, and stir until dissolved. Boil for 3 minutes, remove from the fire, and add the vanilla and butter; then the mint, drop by drop, to taste. Serve hot.

The Wife of the Pretender to the throne of France

On the art of CULTIVATING BEAUTY

Chateau d'Eu, domain of the Guise family for many generations

Isabelle, Duchesse de Guise

ISABELLE, Duchesse de Guise—the illustrious name breathes romance! And provokes a chain of fascinating thoughts of France under the Kings!

For all that France is a Republic, the Duchesse has been surrounded throughout her life by the glamour of royalty. Philippe VII, Bourbon Pretender exiled to England, was her father; Philippe VIII, her brother. The present much-loved head of the House of France—known to Republicans as Pretender to the throne—is her husband.

No less popular than her royal husband is the Duchesse de Guise—no less ambitious! Possessing irresistible beauty and magnetic charm, the Duchesse knows well the power of beauty. It increases every woman's influence. And absolutely essential to beauty is a good complexion! The Duchesse wisely uses Pond's Two Creams, to guard and protect her lovely skin.

The Chateau d'Anjou in Belgium, residence of the exiled Pretender to the Throne of France, and his family

La Duchesse, Princesse Royale, is truly called the most regal beauty in France! Her shining chestnut hair, amber eyes, and perfect features are made vivid and radiant by the loveliness of her skin, smooth as magnolia petals

"Every Frenchwoman," she declares, "instinctively delights in the art and wisdom of cultivating beauty, in performing all those little rites which keep her loveliest.

"I am delighted to find Pond's Two Creams. Delicate and delicious, they keep the skin fresh and vigorous."

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VEGETABLES FOR HEALTH'S SAKE

Cook your vegetables so that you retain their full food content

BY ANNA BARROWS

Lecturer in Foods and Cookery, Teachers College, Columbia University

IN ALL ages the human race has been eager for greens in the Spring. The women of centuries ago knew the value of plants, and even the peasants described by Vergil knew how to gather tender leaves and combine them with oil and cheese for a salad. Yet, altho they ate them eagerly, these ancients had never heard of vitamins. In fact it is only during the present century that they have been discovered and studied and that vegetables have been found to contain qualities which are essential to our well-being.

Whatever we neglect in or omit from our menus, we must not forget to include plenty of greens and salad-plants all the year round.

The markets provide many kinds of greens besides the well-known lettuce, cabbage, and spinach. There are chicory, endive, romaine, Chinese cabbage, lamb's-lettuce, and watercress. Home gardens may be planned to provide many of these greens, and if we all realized the full value of outdoor exercise and sunlight every suburban home would, I am sure, have a garden, however tiny.

Altho it is true that the average fresh vegetables are mainly water (some contain over 90 per cent.), we all know that they are valuable in the diet for bulk and roughage and for their mineral substances and vitamins. To secure the greatest amount of vitamins and mineral substances from vegetables they should be used raw whenever possible, for excessive heat has a decidedly deleterious effect on vitamins. Also some of the mineral salts are soluble in water, and they are left behind in the liquid which is drained from the vegetables when they are served. One of the fundamental rules to follow in all vegetable cookery is to use a small amount of water and to cook as quickly as possible.

Wisdom in choosing vegetables is one of the best ways to reduce the cooking-time. It is better to select small vegetables rather than large, even when they are sold by the piece instead of by weight. Overgrown tissues seldom yield even to the most careful cooking, and tend to become unpleasantly strong in flavor. The most desirable way to obtain the best vegetables is by a personal inspection of the market supply. Cabbage, carrots, and other sturdy vegetables will keep in our own storerooms as well as they do at the greengrocer's, so that if we organize our marketing, only semiweekly trips will be necessary to remind us of what is in season and to enable us to take advantage of seasonal bargains.

The main reasons for cooking vegetables are to soften the cell-walls, or cellulose, of those too hard to be eaten raw, to make all kinds more appetizing and palatable, and to give variety to our menus. This last is especially true of the potato, which, as it is our main dependence, must be varied in form and flavor lest we tire of it. Each vegetable is probably best when served in the simplest way; but there is always the problem of making left-overs as appetizing as possible without destroying the vitamins by extra cooking. Quick browning in deep fat is one excellent method. Another plan is to warm them in a white sauce either in a double boiler or in the oven with bread-crums or cheese strewn over the top.

The curly Savoy cabbage, the purple Dutch variety, broccoli, Brussels sprouts, cauliflower, and kohlrabi all belong to the strong-flavored vegetables, to which the turnip and radish are also related. They should be cooked in a larger amount of water than the leafy vegetables and in an uncovered kettle so that the volatile oils which are responsible for their strong flavor may escape. Remember the adage, "Eat onions in May, and all the year after physicians may play." Leeks, chives, and garlic are also members of the strong-flavored family, but are often disregarded.

Older and less tender vegetables may be made palatable by parboiling and then cooking in some other form, such as baking or frying. Excessive cooking and recooking cause loss of vitamins and delay digestive processes, but the reheating of vegetables may be done quickly and will add to their palatability. Often it is convenient to cook a double amount of vegetable, putting only part on the table. A day or two later the remainder may be combined with half its bulk of white sauce and a sprinkling of bread-crums, and quickly reheated and browned in the oven. Or the cooked vegetable, chopped fine, may be put in a greased dish, seasoned, and covered with milk, to which one beaten egg has been added for each cupful of milk. This may be baked like any custard pudding.

Time-tables for cooking vegetables can be little more than rough guides, since the same kind of vegetable may vary in its manner of growth, age, size, and the length of time it has been on the way to our kitchens.

Let us first consider the salad-plants and greens, or pot-herbs, as the old cook-books call the leafy vegetables that are cooked, to distinguish them from those that are eaten raw. Lettuce and celery should be cleaned and sorted as soon as they arrive in the kitchen, for bruised and decaying leaves affect their flavor and hasten spoiling.

A COLLECTION OF FRESH, CRISP VEGETABLES, FULL OF VITAMINS—HOW SHOULD THEY BE COOKED?

A-B-C's of Vegetable Cookery

1. To preserve the greatest amount of vitamins and mineral salts (a) serve vegetables raw whenever possible; (b) start all vegetables to cook in boiling water; (c) cook green vegetables in a small amount of water as quickly as possible; (d) save any liquid drained from vegetables to use as soup-stock; (e) cook vegetables whenever possible at a low temperature in the oven, using a covered casserole and a very small amount of water; (f) when using canned vegetables never strain off the liquid or wash the vegetables, but cook them in the liquid in as short a time as possible.

2. In cooking vegetables (a) cook the strong-flavored ones in a larger amount of water than the leafy ones, and in an uncovered kettle so that the volatile oils may escape; (b) add salt after vegetables are partially cooked to avoid hardening the tissues.

A wilted head of lettuce or cabbage will revive if we cut half an inch of the dried surface from the stalk and set the head upright in a bowl of cold water.

After careful washing, three grades of lettuce may be sorted from the average head. The choice centers can be kept to serve in the simplest way in salads, the next portion cut or shredded and blended with other materials in the salad, and still there will be left some leaves and stalks fit only to be added to bits of meat and bone for soup-making.

Cabbage, if fresh and young, may be used as the uncooked portion of many salads. If older cabbage only is at hand a hot cooked dressing may be poured over the finely shredded leaves and the whole well chilled before serving.

The valuable qualities of green leaves are best retained if they are cooked in their own juices with as little water added as will keep them from burning. So much has been told about spinach that one hesitates to mention it again, but it may serve as an illustration of all greens.

Spinach may furnish green leaves to garnish a platter of cold meat, as we use cress or parsley, if while trimming and washing it we cut out and lay aside the inner tip of each stalk. When cooked greens are left from dinner they may be jellied for a salad. Chop them fine and season well with salt and lemon-juice. Moisten with a salad dressing. Have ready a smaller portion of gelatin than would be used with a liquid. Blend it with the salad dressing and then add the greens. This should be made in small molds or in a shallow pan, from which it can be cut in blocks. Such a jelly is especially good when made from beet-greens, with the young beets sliced or chopped and mixed with the greens or cut in fancy forms to edge the mold.

When the little red radishes are a trifle overgrown for the table they may be sliced thinly and cooked like white turnips. The pink skin need not be all removed, and the water may be saved to combine with an equal quantity of milk for the usual white sauce. This gives us a new vegetable in a pretty pink sauce.

The parsnip is seldom appreciated as it should be. The roots are improved if they are left in the ground until after the first frost. In the Northern States they are left in the earth all Winter and not dug until the snow melts and the frost is out of the ground. A stew something like a corn chowder, in which parsnip is combined with salt pork, fat, potatoes, onions, and milk, was an old colonial dish.

Parsnips are best steamed in their own skins, or scraped, sliced, and cooked in a little water. They may be served buttered or browned in any good fat. Their sugary juice makes them brown readily and gives a slightly caramel flavor. Parsnips boiled and mashed with a bit of flour or fine crums and beaten egg, to hold the mass together, may be fried in deep fat or browned a little.

Since vegetables are an indispensable source of vitamins, mineral salts, and cellulose they should be served freely throughout the year. Many of us are not fortunate enough to have gardens; some of us are so far removed from the markets that fresh vegetables are too much of a luxury for daily use; during many months of the year the weather makes the possibility of strictly fresh vegetables out of the question. In spite of these facts there is no need for us to omit vegetables from our diet, for the grocers' shelves are always stocked with a great variety of canned vegetables.

In canning, only the very fresh, high-grade vegetables are used, and experiments show that as many vitamins are preserved as when you cook the vegetables yourself in open vessels. Injurious materials are never used as preservatives or to retain the color of canned vegetables, so that when it is not practical for you to have fresh vegetables you are assured of a supply of many varieties from your grocers' shelves, prepared in an even more sanitary manner than the method which you yourself use in cooking fresh vegetables; and what a relief it is not to spend long Summer-time hours in the kitchen!

"It was the happiest moment of my life!"

Kansas City, Mo.

"A BATHING BEAUTY CONTEST was held in our city, the winner to receive the title, 'Miss Kansas City.'

"I was run down and underweight. My digestion was bad and I was very nervous—probably due to poor elimination.

"My physician advised fresh Yeast. I ate it—3 cakes a day, dissolved in water. In two weeks my elimination and digestion were better, my nerves had quieted and my weight had righted itself. My complexion cleared up too. I felt fine.

"Well, I won over 200 girls, receiving the unanimous vote of the judges for beauty of face and form. *It was the happiest moment of my life.*

I then went to Atlantic City, to represent Kansas City in the National Bathing Beauty Contest. I arrived with the required weight, a complexion the judges termed 'peaches and cream' and an unlimited amount of pep—which I surely needed to stand the strain of a solid week of judging.

"Thanks again to Fleischmann's Yeast, I finished third in the Atlantic City finals. You will always find Yeast in my diet."

MARGUERITE JORDAN.

Wins title, "MISS KANSAS CITY," *in beauty competition . . . Read her story at left*

AS FRESH as any garden vegetable, Fleischmann's Yeast is a pure health *food*. Where cathartics bring but temporary relief, Fleischmann's Yeast strikes at the very *root* of common ills. Cleanses the intestines. Keeps them active. Frees you from the constipation that daily saps your vigor and health.

As elimination becomes more regular, more complete, new stores of energy are released. Indigestion gives way. Skin troubles vanish. Your whole outlook on life brightens.

Buy 2 or 3 days' supply of Fleischmann's Yeast at a time from your grocer and keep in any cool dry place. Write for latest booklet on Yeast in the diet —free. Health Research Dept. A-52, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington St., New York.

"I learned to ride as I learned to walk," says MISS RITA LA ROY. *Who will doubt it in the face of the testimony above? Miss La Roy writes:*

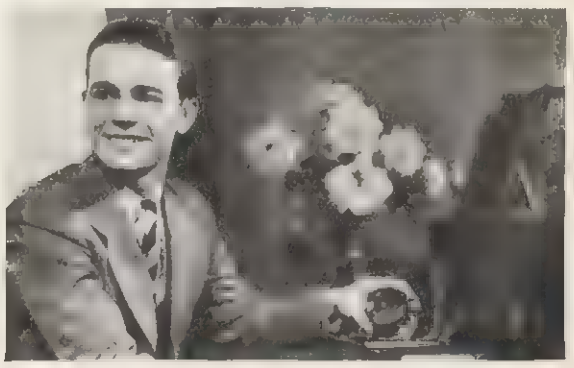
"THE 'GREAT OPEN SPACES' were my first school. At an early age I was taken by my father to live on a large ranch. Before I was ten years old I was riding the plains with a .22 automatic strapped to my saddle. Breaking in ponies was a regular thing for me. One year I rode in the annual stampede.

"Then—my father died. The ranch grew unbearably lonely. I came to the city to live.

"But in spite of my hardy childhood life I gradually became run down, suffering with constipation and frequent colds. Every winter I seemed to get worse. I was beginning to become distressed.

"Then, three years ago, I began eating Fleischmann's Yeast, dissolved in milk. Next winter I didn't have a single bad cold. My constipation was helped, too. I am now one of the healthiest people about."

RITA LA ROY, *Hollywood, Calif.*



"I was placed in a very embarrassing position," writes WILLIAM BLAKENEY. *His letter follows:*

"IN MY WORK with one of the largest photographic studios in the world I meet hundreds of people every day. Naturally it was particularly embarrassing to me when my face broke out in pimples.

"Various soaps and ointments didn't help. A boil broke out on my skin. I couldn't sleep. Then more boils, leaving ugly scars—what was I to do?

"The advice of a former classmate was 'Fleischmann's Yeast.' I tried it, and in a month the improvement was wonderful. My skin cleared up. I felt great. Yeast surely was a life-saver to me —I can't praise it enough!"

WILLIAM BLAKENEY, *Newtonville, Mass.*

Easy, natural—this new way to health, to greater zest in living

Eat three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast regularly every day, one cake before each meal or between meals. Eat it just plain, or dissolved in water (hot or cold) or any other way you like. For stubborn constipation physicians recommend drinking one cake in a glass of hot water—not scalding—before each meal and before going to bed. And train yourself to form a regular daily habit. As you are benefited by eating Yeast you can gradually discontinue dangerous, habit-forming cathartics.

New Way To Serve Fish Fresh from the Ocean

à la RITZ-CARLTON

THEODORE SZARVAS, Maitre d'Hotel of the Ritz-Carlton Hotel, New York, and Louis Diat, Chef de Cuisine of that famous hostelry, have prepared a book.

It explains the fine art of cooking fish so it will be tender, and tells how they prepare and serve 40-Fathom Fish to the guests at the Ritz-Carlton. Send coupon below for your free copy.

40-Fathom Fish is the breast and sides (called fillets) of haddock. "Fresh from sea to me," by fast express in ice. No heads, tails, scales, backbones or waste. All savory, snowy meat, cleansed and wrapped in clean parchment paper. A meal in each wrapper.

Ready for the fire without even washing. A new, delicious shore delicacy on your table, whether you live near or far from the sea.

Nothing is so unwise as buying second grade fillets. Ask your butcher, grocer or fish dealer for 40-Fathom Fish which is never frozen, salted, dried, canned, preserved or old, but always fresh and sweet—"the cream of the catch".

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30 Fish Pier, Boston, Mass.

INSIST ON THIS TRADEMARKED WRAPPER!

Fish not in this wrapper is NOT 40-Fathom Fish!

P. R.-5 BAY STATE FISHING CO.
30 Fish Pier, Boston, Mass.

Please send me your free Book of Recipes for cooking 40-Fathom Fish as served at the Ritz-Carlton Hotel in New York.

Name .....

Address .....

OLD-WORLD WAYS OF COOKING LIVER

By Ruth Washburn Jordan

OUR cousins across the seas have always shown the greatest originality in preparing tasty, appetizing dishes from those less familiar cuts of meat which we on this side of the Atlantic have been wont to overlook. Commercially known as fancy meats, they include the liver, heart, kidneys, brains, etc., and are extremely valuable in the diet both for their high protein and vitamin content and for the pleasing variety which they add to the menu.

First among these fancy meats comes liver, not only the well-known calf's liver, but also beef, chicken, lamb, and the seldom-thought-of pork liver. Food chemists today tell us that liver contains not only the fats and proteins present in other meats, but also that it is exceptionally rich in vitamins and iron. Experiments prove that persons suffering from various types of anemia make remarkable advances in health when put on a liver diet under the direction of their physicians.

To the lover of good things to eat, calf's liver has always been a favorite dish, and if properly prepared has few equals in flavor. Fresh beef, lamb, and pork liver are just as palatable if prepared with the thought and care which are needed to make any dish appetizing and attractive, no matter how choice the ingredients. There are three simple rules which if followed in cooking liver will produce delicious results: use plenty of seasoning, be generous with fat, and, most important of all, cook slowly over a gentle fire after the meat is nicely browned.

The menus given in connection with each recipe will suggest ways in which liver may be happily combined with other foods to give a well-balanced, pleasing meal.

LAMB'S LIVER WITH A SAVORY STUFFING LARDED WITH BACON AND READY FOR THE OVEN

Stuffed Lamb's Liver

1 Lamb's Liver
1½ Cupful Bread
½ Onion (if Liked)
4 Strips Bacon
½ Green Pepper
3 Tablespoonfuls Butter
Salt to Taste
Water
½ Cupful Stewed Tomatoes

HAVE the butcher cut a pocket in the liver. Wash well, and dry on a clean cloth. Stuff with filling made of the dry bread, chopped onion, green pepper, and highly seasoned with the salt. Moisten with the melted butter and just enough water so it can be molded. Fill the pocket as full as possible and cover with the strips of bacon. Put in a pan with very little water and bake for 45 minutes. Add the tomatoes. Cook for 15 minutes longer. Serve with a garnish of parsley and thin slices of lemon.

CREAM OF CELERY SOUP
STUFFED LAMB'S LIVER WAX-BEANS
TOMATO SALAD STUFFED WITH CABBAGE
PEACH MELBA

Chicken Liver Appetizer (Russian)

1 Chicken Liver
1 Good-sized Onion
2 Hard-boiled Eggs
1 Teaspoonful Salt
2 Tablespoonfuls Butter
Pepper to Taste
Few Dashes Paprika

WIPE the liver and fry very gently in the butter until the blood does not run. Remove and keep warm. Put most of the onion, chopped fine, in the same pan, reserving 1 tablespoonful to be added last—raw. Cover and cook slowly until yellow and tender, then chop the liver, cooked onion, eggs, and raw onion all together, season, and set in a cool place until wanted. This is delicious served on buttered strips of fresh rye bread as an hors-d'œuvre. Makes a delightful sandwich filling. May also be served as a salad mixed with French dressing and served on a bed of lettuce.

CHICKEN LIVER APPETIZER RYE BREAD
BROILED LAMB-CHOPS
STUFFED BAKED POTATOES BEET-GREENS
TOMATO JELLY SALAD
LEMON SNOW CUSTARD SAUCE

Pâté de Foies Gras (French)

¼ Pound Calf's Liver or 2 Chicken Livers
2 Hard-boiled Eggs
2 Tablespoonfuls Butter
Salt
Pepper
Paprika
1 Tablespoonful Vinegar

BOIL the liver gently until tender, and put through a fine grinder. Cream the butter and yolks together until smooth; add the finely chopped whites, the salt, pepper, and paprika to taste, and the vinegar. Mix all together well and put in a cool place. Serve on rounds of toast and decorate with parsley or olives.

PÂTÉ DE FOIES GRAS ROUNDS
WHOLE-WHEAT BREAD
CONSOMMÉ CURRANT JELLY
ROAST CHICKEN GIBLET GRAVY
BROWN RICE BRUSSELS SPROUTS
LETTUCE SALAD FRENCH DRESSING
PRUNE SOUFFLÉ COFFEE
MINTS

Liver Dumplings (South Germany)

1 Pound Liver
1½ Tablespoonful Ground Suet
1½ Teaspoonful Salt
¼ Teaspoonful Pepper
1 Small Onion
⅛ Teaspoonful Nutmeg
2 Eggs
3 Ounces Sliced Stale Bread
1 Teaspoonful Chopped Parsley
⅓ Tablespoonful Fat
About ⅔ Cupful Flour

PUT the liver through a food-chopper, removing the skin and gristle; add the suet and the salt and pepper, soak the bread in enough water to cover until it is soft; then squeeze until dry and crumble it in bits; add to the liver, together with the eggs, well beaten, chopped parsley, nutmeg, minced onion fried gently in the fat. Add enough flour to hold the mixture together when boiled. Drop from a tablespoon into boiling salted water. Boil gently for 10 minutes. Serve with plenty of fried onions.

PEA SOUP RYE BREAD
LIVER DUMPLINGS MASHED TURNIPS
LETTUCE SALAD WITH RUSSIAN DRESSING
RASPBERRY GELATIN WITH SOFT CUSTARD SAUCE

Pork Liver (Country Style)

4 Slices Salt Pork
½ Pound Sliced Liver
1 Tablespoonful Flour
Pepper
Salt

FRY the salt pork until golden brown; remove to a platter to keep warm. Wipe the liver with a damp cloth, roll in corn-meal, and fry until nicely browned. Season to taste with pepper and salt. Remove to a platter, add the flour to fat in pan, and stir until it thickens and is smooth; if too thick add a little boiling water. Season, and pour over the liver.

DEVILED TOMATO APPETIZER
RYE BREAD
PORK LIVER (COUNTRY STYLE)
MASHED POTATOES
SPINACH
FRUIT CUP BRAN COOKIES
COFFEE

Broiled Calf's Liver (French Style)

8 Slices Liver, ½ inch Thick
2 Tablespoonfuls Oil
¼ Teaspoonful Pepper
2 Tablespoonfuls Lemon-juice
1 Teaspoonful Salt

WASH the liver, cover with boiling water, and let stand for 5 minutes. Drain. Dry, and remove the skin and veins. Mix the oil, lemon-juice, salt, and pepper, and roll pieces of liver in the mixture and arrange on a broiler. Broil for 4 or 5 minutes on each side. Remove to a hot platter and dot with butter.

VEGETABLE SOUP WHOLE-WHEAT BREAD
BROILED CALF'S LIVER
BAKED WHITE POTATO
SCALLOPED TOMATOES
BANANA FLUFF

Calf's Liver (New Orleans)

1 Pound Calf's Liver
3 Onions, Sliced Thin
Salt
3 Sprigs Parsley, Chopped Fine
Pepper

WIPE the liver with a damp cloth and cut in 1-inch cubes. Put them on a large flat dish, sprinkle with the salt and pepper, and cover with thin slices of the onion and parsley. Let them stand for 2 or 3 hours, then fry them in deep fat for 1 minute and drain on brown paper. Serve garnished with lemon and parsley.

CREAM OF SPINACH SOUP
CALF'S LIVER RYE BREAD
PARSLEY POTATOES
BOILED YOUNG TURNIP-TOPS
BAKED APPLES WITH MARSHMALLOW

Soup with Riced Liver (Hungarian)

¼ Pound Beef Liver
1 Egg
1 Teaspoonful Butter
½ Teaspoonful Salt
Bread- or Cracker-crums

MAKE a good beef soup; when nearly done scrape liver very fine and mix it with beaten egg, butter, salt, and enough crums to mold. Strain soup and put the liver mixture through a fine colander into the soup. Boil 3 minutes and serve hot.

Liver Pudding for Children

2 Cupfuls Chopped Boiled Beef Liver
2 Cupfuls Cooked Oatmeal
1 Teaspoonful Salt
Little White Pepper
1 Cupful Beef-stock or Water

STIR all the ingredients together. Pour the mixture into a buttered baking-dish and bake for 1 hour in a moderate oven. Serve hot.

VEGETABLE SOUP
BRAN MUFFINS WITH RAISINS
LIVER PUDDING PEAS AND CARROTS
CHERRY GELATIN WITH BANANAS AND ORANGES
MILK

acceptable

Not until the last vestige of dandruff is gone can you be considered a fastidious person, acceptable socially

Dandruff? Not a trace!

If you, or any member of your family have the slightest evidence of dandruff, we urge you to try this treatment, which has benefited thousands:—

Simply douse Listerine, full strength, on the hair. Vigorously massage the scalp forward, backward, up and down. Keep up this treatment systematically for several days, using a little olive oil in case your hair is excessively dry.

You will be amazed at the speed and thoroughness with which Listerine gets rid of dandruff. Even severe cases that costly so-called "cures" have failed to improve, have responded to the Listerine method. We have the unsolicited word of many to this effect.

The moment you discover dandruff, use Listerine at once—and repeatedly.

LISTERINE

—the safe antiseptic

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You'll like it

Listerine Tooth Paste is as refreshing as it is effective, and but 25c a large tube.

I've found a real friend in

BORAX

FINE old linen pieces, heirlooms, priceless because they could never be replaced. They were stained and yellowed but this Washington lady restored their original pure whiteness by washing them with Borax.

"I'm delighted to have found out how to use 20 Mule Team Borax and will never forget how it made what looked like a *hopeless* task an *easy* one", she writes. "Please send your booklet. I've found a real friend in your Borax."

You, too, should be on friendly terms with Borax. In laundry work it gives a *double* service. First it softens the water, allowing the soap to act freely and to produce more suds. Then, too, Borax loosens dirt and stains and makes white clothes really white.

Borax is truly helpful in laundry and all kinds of cleaning work. It is a mild antiseptic, a deodorant, a *real* cleanser and purifier. Remember to buy Borax whenever you buy soap.

Write for free booklet, "Better Ways to Wash and Clean". Pacific Coast Borax Company, 100 William Street, New York City, Dept. 354.

20 MULE TEAM BORAX

A COTTAGE OF HOMELIKE SIMPLICITY

An English style is here skilfully Americanized

BY COLLIER STEVENSON

Designed by Glenn Elwood Smith

THE little house which tops this page is an admirable example of American design as inspired by English-cottage traditions. It is simplicity itself in line and detail. It is thoroughly practical in form and material. Homelike in the very best sense of that word, the house also possesses a picturesque quality that is often lacking in contemporary homes of moderate size and cost.

The house rests on a sturdy concrete foundation. The exterior walls are of smooth stucco in a cool, light gray, which provides an excellent background for the warm red brick used for the projecting front entry, the window-sills, the chimney-cap, and the base of the bay window. The wood-trim is finished in light brown to afford still further contrast, and the roof is covered with wood shingles stained to a dark reddish brown.

The projection of the entry not only supplies an exterior feature of architectural interest, but permits the withdrawal of the two coat-closets from the hall proper. The hall is unusually well planned to serve as a connecting-link between all parts of the house. It is intimately related to the living-room and the dining-room as well as to the second floor, and it is also directly connected with a little rear passage, which in turn communicates with the solarium, the bedroom, and the kitchen. Ease of circulation is further assured by the location of the basement stairs midway between the main hall and the inner passage, so that the basement can be reached without going through the kitchen.

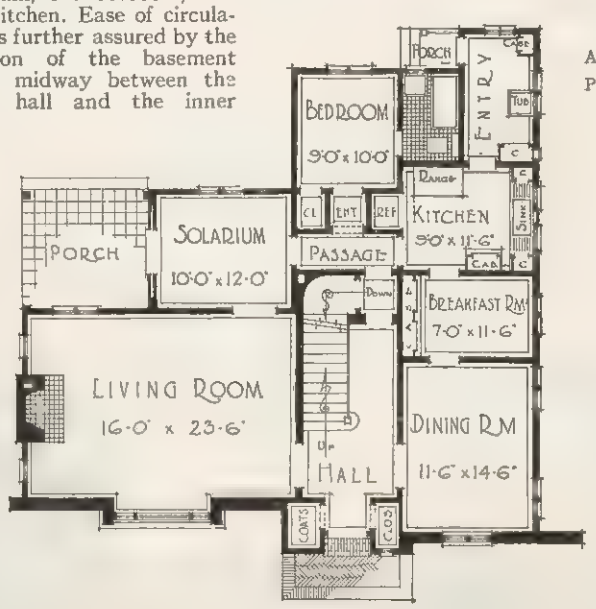
The living-room has the advantage of three exposures. It has a ceiling 10′ 6″ high, marked by two beautifully finished beams. The walls and the ceiling are of textured plaster, and the wood-trim is of Southern gum. A bay window adds to the charm of the living-room, and a wide fireplace contributes an important element of decoration. At the rear of the room French casements lead to an open porch, and a broad cased opening brings the solarium into intimate relationship. As the solarium and the porch are connected by sliding doors, they combine with the living-room to form a very pleasant and useful suite.

The many-windowed dining-room has a ceiling-height of 8′ 6″, which is the height maintained throughout the remainder of the lower floor. The dining-room is similar to the living-room in general treatment, having walls of textured plaster, gumwood-trim, and oak floors of very dark finish.

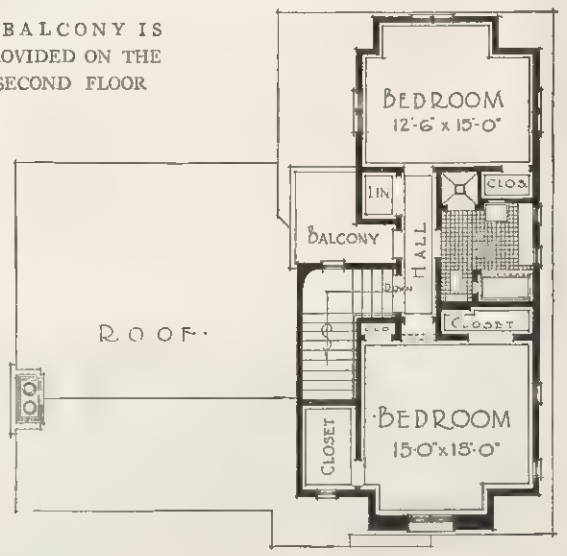
The linoleum-floored kitchen is suitably sized to bring every essential fitting into easy reach. In it there is adequate space for refrigerator, cabinet, range, sink, and cupboards.

Altho intended for a maid, the first-floor bedroom and bath could be satisfactorily put to either guest or family use. Two larger bedrooms, effectively arranged for light and ventilation, are located on the second floor, where there is also a large tiled bathroom, fitted with both tub and shower. Closets are plentifully provided, no less than three opening from the principal bedroom. The ceilings are 7′ 6″ in height all through the second-floor rooms.

If interested in further details of this house write to the House-plan Editor, Pictorial Review, 222 West 39th Street, New York City, enclosing a self-addressed, stamped envelop for free descriptive leaflet.



A BALCONY IS PROVIDED ON THE SECOND FLOOR



Churned from graded, tested cream . . .

Creamery fresh . . .

IT'S nice to know that the butter on your table has been churned in a spotless creamery, from graded, tested cream.

Every pound of Brookfield Creamery Butter is made this way, assuring the finest flavor.

Then Swift refrigerator cars carry it to the city where you live. Dealers get it either from a Swift branch house or, in smaller towns and villages, direct from the car.

A quick, direct way of bringing it to you—is it not?

And that is one of the secrets of Brookfield Creamery Butter's special goodness. It comes to you straight from the churn—*Creamery Fresh.*

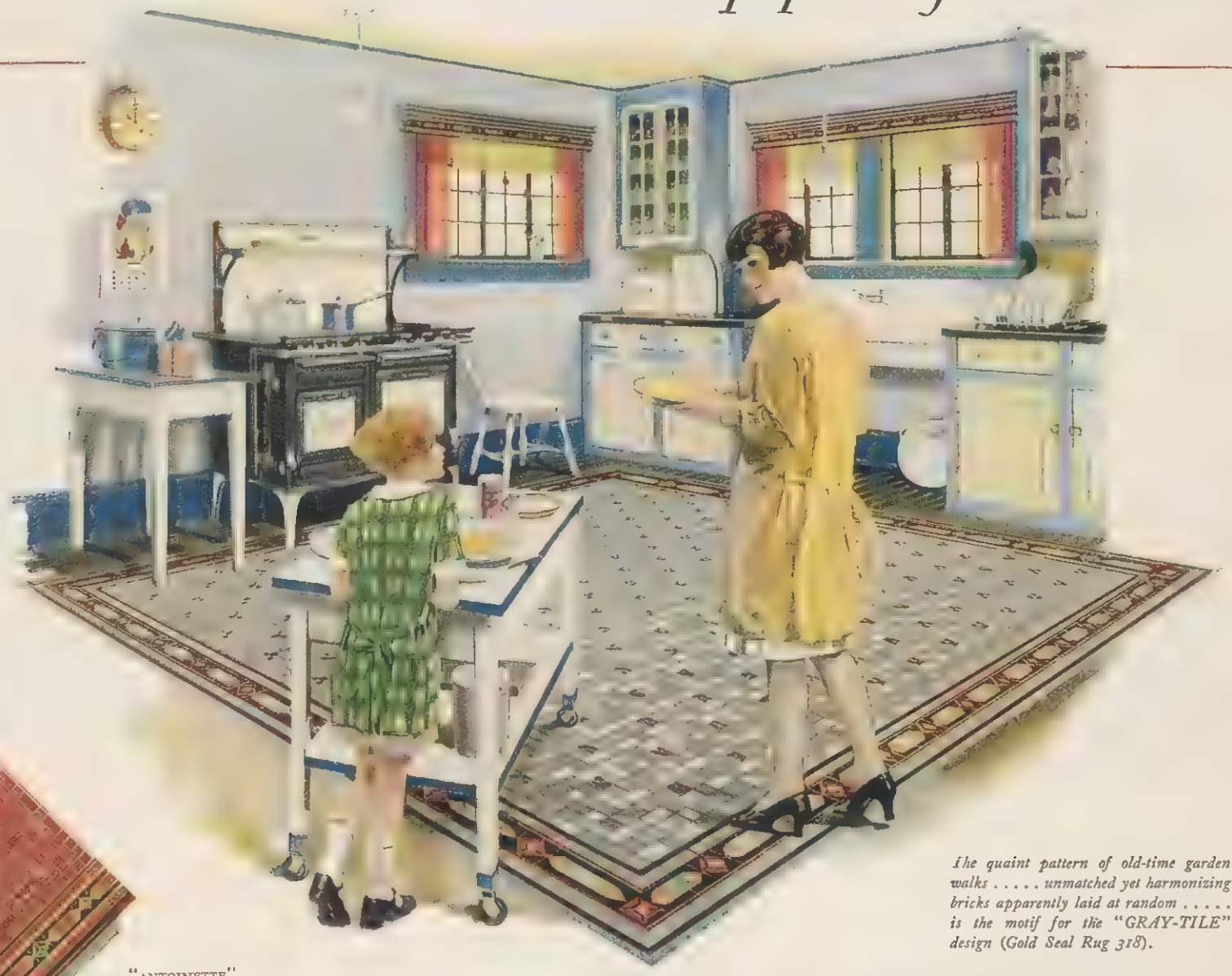
Swift & Company

The name Brookfield also guarantees the uniform high quality of Brookfield Eggs, Brookfield Cheese and Brookfield Poultry.

Brookfield

Butter--Eggs--Cheese

"GRAY-TILE" *a noteworthy innovation in America's most popular floor-covering*



The quaint pattern of old-time garden walks . . . . . unmatched yet harmonizing bricks apparently laid at random . . . . . is the motif for the "GRAY-TILE" design (Gold Seal Rug 318).

"RED-TILE"
Gold Seal Rug 320

"ANTOINETTE"
Gold Seal Rug 328

"CHRYSANTHEMUM"
Gold Seal Rug 322

A NEW note in kitchen floor-covering—the very thing for women who want something else than the usual color scheme of blue and white or brown and white in their kitchen.

It is the Congoleum "GRAY-TILE" pattern—a refreshing combination of orange, blue, soft gray and black! Just picture the possibilities it suggests for cheery, new color-schemes.

"GRAY-TILE" is but one example of the style and individuality that are found in the latest Congoleum designs. Nine in all. Each possesses a charm and style equaled only in expensive rugs. Among them you are certain to find a pattern that will make some room in your home brighter . . . . cozier . . . . and more attractive.

Much as you'll delight in the beauty of these rugs, you will equally be pleased by their labor-saving qualities, durability and very low prices. Think of the work you can save by having rugs which a damp mop will clean in a twinkling . . . . just a few whisks and they are spotless as new.

And the unusual durability of Congoleum *Gold Seal* Rugs will amaze you. It is due to the exclusive Congoleum *Multicote* finish—not a mere surfacing, but a process which builds wear-resistance right through the heavy pattern.

Remember to insist that the Gold Seal appear on the face of the rugs you buy. It identifies the one *genuine* Congoleum . . . . and when you buy *genuine* Congoleum you get the greatest floor-covering value and quality that money can buy.

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GOLD SEAL RUGS

FREE—"COLOR MAGIC IN THE HOME," by Anne Pierce, is full of practical "pointers" that any housewife can use to advantage. It contains many illustrations and suggestions, as well as an ingenious chart of color harmony. Send this coupon for a free copy to Congoleum-Nairn Inc., 1421 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

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THE OUTDOOR ROOM

Porches, terraces, and gardens can easily be furnished to insure Summer comfort

BY ELSIE DREW KENNEDY

Photos by Mattie Edwards Hewitt

THE low, built-in seat which extends around the vine-sheltered terrace shown above yields place to a little pool flanked by growing plants and surmounted by a wall-fountain of simple design. Provision for meals is evidenced by a table of refectory type and a long, rugged bench.

Garnewall Inc., Decorators

EVEN in the crowded city, Summer meals can be enjoyed outdoors if seclusion is made certain by closely spaced latticework, as suggested above. On the pictured porch interesting use is made of painted iron furniture of particularly graceful line.

THE tree-shaded, slate-paved terrace at the left is of special interest because its inviting array of iron and wicker furniture and rugs offers a suggestion for the greater utilization of gardens, furnished to serve as attractive outdoor living-rooms.

Photo at right by Jessie Tarbox Beals

A SOUNDLY laid floor of red brick is not only durable for the flooring of either porches or terraces, but interesting from the view-point of color and design. Such a floor is used for the porch illustrated above, where various kinds of unstained wicker furniture are brought into harmony by matching cushions.

BENEATH just such an old-fashioned grape-arbor as many a country home has possessed for years, a crudely paved floor of stone and brick has been laid to provide a solid footing for the delightful outdoor dining-place portrayed above. The meal-hour furniture is not only thoroughly in keeping with the simplicity of the setting, but is allied in color by an immaculate finish of white paint. Tho white is, of course, always a pleasant color for outdoor use, brighter hues are even more decorative, particularly when set forth by foliage. Excellent colors are available in both paint and lacquer.

© 1928 M. L. I. Co.

"We're not sick, Daddy. Why are you taking us to the Doctor?"
"Why? To do all we can to keep you from ever getting sick."

YOUR children will probably never forget the odd experience of being taken to the doctor when they are perfectly well. Perhaps no other act of yours could stamp more indelibly on their minds the wisdom of preventing sickness.

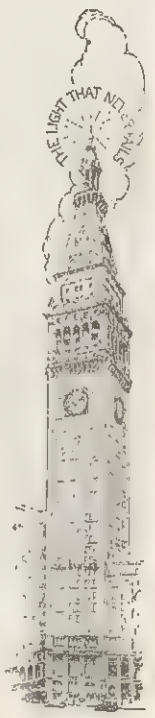
When your boys and girls were ill nothing was left undone to make them as comfortable as possible and to help them to get well. But have you done what you can do to spare them from future illnesses?

Have you guarded against diphtheria, typhoid, smallpox and rickets? Have you had adenoids removed? Teeth, eyes, throats, legs and feet—every part of the body should be examined. Modern medical science teaches us that in order to prevent much needless disease and suffering every child should have a complete physical examination at least once a year.

Make May 1928 a banner month for your children: Have them weighed, measured and examined for known and unknown defects. Give them a fair start toward a happy and useful life.

The Metropolitan has issued a booklet, "Out of Babyhood into Childhood," which gives valuable advice on preventable diseases with helpful suggestions concerning diet, environment and training. Mailed free upon request to the Booklet Department, Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, No. 1 Madison Avenue, New York City. Write for it.

Haley Fiske, *President.*



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Biggest in the World, More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year

GET ACQUAINTED

With the mechanics of your electrical servants

PICTORIAL REVIEW HOME SERVICE

You should know that there are two types of electric current—alternating and direct.

Motor-driven electric appliances are manufactured for use with each type of current, and it is very important that you know just which kind of current is supplied in your locality.

You should know where your house-fuses are located.

A house-wiring system has two large or main fuses at the point where the electric service enters the building. Branch circuits have a smaller fuse located on the fuse-center or fuse-board. The number and location of fuses are prescribed by the National Board of Fire Underwriters, and sometimes by local building codes. Consult an expert before wiring.

You should know that your fuse-center can be conveniently placed.

The kitchen is more convenient than the cellar as a center for branch fuses, which have occasionally to be replaced. The fuse-center can often be placed in the kitchen without violating the Fire Underwriters' rules.

You should know that a fuse is a safeguard.

If the current should increase beyond what your wires can carry, it will first burn out the fuse and so automatically disconnect your wire from the service-wire and stop the flow of electricity into your house. *You should not* restore the connection by plugging the fuse with a coin, but locate the trouble rather than deprive yourself of the protection from fire which the fuse affords you.

You should know where to find an extra fuse if you need one.

Fuses are of two shapes, cartridge-shaped and round like the screw-base of an electric lamp. They are small, not taking up much storage-space, and so can be always kept on hand.

You should know that fuses are of different amperages.

Amperage is the measurement of the volume of the current. Your company will tell you what amperage your wires can carry, and you should use a fuse marked with that amperage; otherwise you are destroying your safeguard and possibly violating your insurance.

You should know that your electric apparatus must be kept in repair.

Defective lights and apparatus will blow out a fuse. Worn insulation on your appliance and extension wires will do the same thing, and may even blow out the heating-element or motor on your appliance. Repair in time and save expense.

You should know that you must not overload your currents.

All appliances are marked with either volts and watts or watts and amperes. To find out how much your wires can carry, multiply the number of volts by the number of amperes and you have the wattage, or amount of current, which that appliance will use. If this is more than your current can carry, your fuse will be blown out.

You should know how to care for motor-driven electrical devices.

Have an electrician show you what oiling is necessary; too much oiling can cause as much trouble as too little.

You should know that electrically heated appliances should never be immersed in water.

Simply wash out the interior of percolators and chafing-dishes; once a week fill with a soda solution and let boil for a few minutes; then rinse out with cold water to remove the soda solution.

You should know how to connect and disconnect an electrical appliance to and from a lamp-socket.

Detach the screw-base from the plug and screw it into the lamp-socket, then insert the cap of the plug and turn on the current at the switch. Always attach the base-connection to the appliance. Break the connection by detaching the plug from the base of the appliance.

You should know that there is no danger from a flash of light or a buzzing sound when you connect a cord to an appliance.

It is due to the fact that the plug is not pushed in straight or needs to be pushed in farther. Exact contact has not been made, and the electricity is jumping over the air-gap formed by the poor connection.

With thousands of pictures like these we have said to mothers "It works!"

Now we want to tell you WHY. Please listen

FOR YEARS, Eagle Brand Condensed Milk advertisements have shown you photographs of sturdy youngsters raised on this food. For years we have printed actual letters from mothers, telling you of these children's experiences. Mothers have voluntarily sent us these pictures and told us these stories. And we have always believed that these fine, healthy children—thousands now grown to vigorous manhood and womanhood—were the most convincing proof of Eagle Brand's excellence as a baby food.

But now that scientific research has so greatly increased the world's exact knowledge of infant feeding, mothers, too, have grown more scientific-minded. They want to know causes, where formerly they were content to judge from effects. So we should like to tell you, as briefly and simply as possible, *why* Eagle Brand has successfully fed so many millions of babies.

You know, of course, that when a baby cannot be nursed, the best substitute for his natural food is some form of modified cow's milk. You know, also, that there are many different methods of modifying cow's milk. In the last fifty years, dozens of theories have been tested and hundreds of varying formulas have been tried. No universally successful set of formulas—correct for all babies—has ever been worked out. None ever will be—for babies' digestive powers are just as varied as their eyes and their noses!

But of all the special foods prepared for infant feeding, Eagle Brand is the very easiest to digest. It has "agreed with" more babies than any other one food ever tried.

Because of the special process by which Eagle Brand is modified, the curds it forms in the baby's stomach are very small and very soft—much like the curds formed by mother's milk and not at all like the characteristic large, tough curds of ordinary cow's milk. Doctors emphasize this fact when they prescribe Eagle Brand for difficult feeding cases, as well as under normal conditions.

Eagle Brand is fresh, pure, whole cow's milk, condensed and modified with refined sugar. The sugar supplies the carbohydrates required by all infants. The milk supplies bone and tissue-building material and growth-promoting vitamins. And because of the remarkable digestibility of the food, every bit of this nourishment is "utilized", as the doctors say, to best advantage. Moreover, Eagle Brand is *always* uniform, *always* pure, *always* safe—for traveling and in any climate.

So Eagle Brand, again and again, helps build splendid health and vigor for babies who, unfortunately, cannot be breast fed. Like all milk—even breast milk—it should be supplemented at the proper ages by the other foods now generally recommended by baby specialists—orange or tomato juice, cereals, cod liver oil, etc. And when your child has passed the bottle feeding stage—continue Eagle Brand! Experiments have proved that it is a wonderful body-builder for the growing child, preventing and overcoming malnutrition. From the age of two years on, serve Eagle Brand as a drink between meals. Use it also as a delicious spread for children's bread.

* * *

You will be interested in our two free booklets—"Baby Welfare" and "What Other Mothers Say". They contain practical feeding information and stories of Eagle Brand babies. May we send them to you? Please mail the coupon.

Eagle Brand CONDENSED *Milk*

THE BORDEN COMPANY — P R -5-28
Borden Building
350 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

Please send me my free copies of "Baby's Welfare" and "What Other Mothers Say." My baby is....months old.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... *State* .....
(Please print name and address)

The perfect shape your nails can have

This new treatment gives the almond nails and snowy tips *that make fingers slender*

THE ETERNAL CHARM of lovely hands!

Slender, graceful, with nails beautifully almond shaped, snowy tipped and set in lovely crescent half moons.

So little care is needed to give you this loveliness! And how quickly it slips away under brief neglect.

Neglected cuticle will spoil the most perfect hands. It grows up on the nails, disfigures their natural oval shape and completely hides the half moons. And often—because frequent washing dries out the natural oils—the cuticle becomes rough, with ugly painful hangnails.

Two easy steps will keep the cuticle always smooth and shapely, whiten the tips and reveal the half moons:

First—Twist a bit of cotton around an orange stick and wet with Cutex Cuticle Remover. Work around the nail base with it. Every shred of dead cuticle will just wipe away, leaving lovely smooth ovals. Next work under each nail tip. This cleanses them thoroughly and bleaches them snowy white.

Second—Polish the nails.

Third—Smooth the new Cutex Cuticle Cream or Oil into the cuticle. This keeps it beautifully smooth and shapely. (A final quick buffing heightens the brilliance of the nails.)

Now your fingers look gracefully slender, with the patrician charm of oval nails—perfect half moons.

This method should be followed once a week, and the final use of the Cuticle Oil or Cream repeated daily or nightly throughout the week, to keep the cuticle soft and rounded. The tips keep beautifully bleached with a touch every morning of the orange stick and cotton dipped in Cutex.

You will be enchanted with one week's results. Cutex preparations are 35c singly at toilet goods counters. Complete sets from 25c up—or see the amazing new offer below.

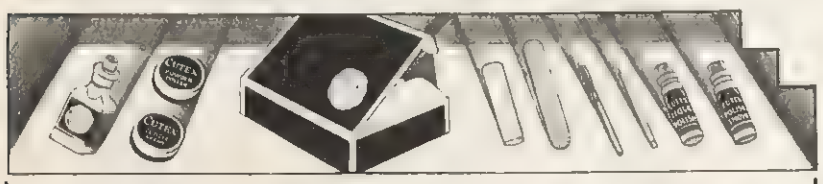
Northam Warren
New York, London, Paris

Also—

Cutex is a marvelous cleanser for:

Cleaning nail and finger tips
Removing nicotine and vegetable stains from the hands

Send coupon and 14¢ for six new manicures



I enclose 14c for samples of Cutex Cuticle Remover, Cream, Powder Polish, new Liquid Polish, Polish Remover, emery board, orange stick and cotton. (In Canada, address Dept. P-5, 1101 St. Alexander St., Montreal.)

NORTHAM WARREN, Dept. P-5
114 West 17th St., New York

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SUMMER VACATION PLANS

Who will give the most original party?

BY MARGARET FIELD

YOU wide-awake members of the younger set want to have the happiest possible Summer without spending a lot of money. Divide your crowd into entertainment groups according to their tastes and talents and decide upon a prize to be given at the end of the Summer to the group of boys and girls who have put over the best party of the season. By "best" we mean the jolliest, most original entertainment given for the small sum fixed as the limit of expense for each party. A small extra assessment will provide the prize for which you will all compete.

Select groups to handle the different entertainments by including a questionnaire in the invitation to the first gathering. Call this first get-together party a Gathering of the Clans and the hostesses the Scottish Chiefs.

On ordinary correspondence-cards draw gay plaid margins with colored crayons and write the invitation in the center. On the other side make a list of the most popular Summer amusements of your community. Dancing, hiking, bridge, athletics, and drama will surely be among them. Under this list add a line asking each prospective guest to check his or her favorite hobby and return the card at once. This reply will tell you on what committee to put each one.

Lay a guid Scot's plan for bringing these kindred souls together and spin the web of Robert Bruce's spider. Make a big brown spider of crushed crêpe paper, with bright, staring, shoe-button eyes. For his legs wind the same paper around wires which can be bent into the proper shape. Weave his tartan web with streamers of bright crêpe paper or balls of colored cord.

At the spider end of each strand put a tag with the name of the activity which is the confessed hobby of the boy or girl whose name is on the other end. Thus, Colin Campbell's name may be on a yellow streamer which leads him to a tag marked "Drama"; Jeanie Gordon's green line is surely connected with "Hiking"; another line may show the way to "Bridge."

When the clans gather on the appointed evening, start the party by announcing the journey to the center of the web. Let each lad and lassie follow the strand with his or her name on it, until the assignment committee is found at the other end. A general discussion of the Summer's program follows. Dates are set for individual committee meetings, and then the Scottish Chiefs announce that the rest of the evening will be spent "amang the heather."

The first game calls upon the clans to dismount from their hobbies and take sides for the *Cattle Raids*. The old game of *Border Warfare* or *Scots and English*, based on the border cattle raids, has survived as *Prisoner's Base*, and one of the modern adaptations of this game is played with sticks which are captured by the enemy in place of sheep.

A quiet game which gives the players a chance to get their breath again is *Highland Against Lowland*. One player is chosen for timekeeper, another for scorekeeper, and the rest are divided into two sides: the Camerons or MacDonalds are pitted against the Elliots or Armstrongs. One Highlander goes out of the room, and the rest of his clan choose a letter of the alphabet. The player is recalled and asked to name as many words beginning with that letter as he can think of in a minute. The timekeeper holds the watch, and the scorer credits the Highlanders with one point for each word. When the minute is up, the Border clan choose a different letter and their score is started.

Then announce another active game: *Oats, Peas, Beans, and Barley.* Select four players for these crops and another for the Farmer. The Farmer plants one of the four crops in each corner of the room, and the other players join hands and circle about him, repeating "Where oats, peas, beans, and barley grows, nor you nor I nor nobody knows." On the word "nobody" the crops try to change corners without being captured by the Farmer, who can not leave the circle until the given word. If the Farmer succeeds in tagging a player before he reaches his goal, that crop becomes the Farmer. The latter plants a new crop in the vacant corner, takes that player's place in the circle, and the game goes on.

A second pencil game is *Macs.* Each player is given a sheet of paper on which he is asked to write as many authentic names beginning with "Mac" or "Mc" as he can think of in the time limit set by the Chiefs.

The Scotch character of the party can be carried out by using color in the making of the sandwiches, cakes, and drinks.

Caledonian salad is effective in green, red, and yellow. Mold tomato jelly in shallow pans and cut in small blocks. On a foundation of lettuce place several blocks a slight distance apart, filling the spaces between with mayonnaise.

Tartan bread is an open-faced sandwich. Yellow of cheese, marmalade, peanut butter, or yolk of hard-boiled egg; green of chopped olives, watercress, or lettuce; red of pimiento or tomato are spread to form a plaid on buttered slices of bread. Narrow stripes of pimiento dividing blocks of the other colors make an effective tartan. Sweet sandwiches are made in the same style with currant and mint jellies, raisins, figs, and chopped nuts.

Heather mixture is fruit punch or the blend of ginger ale and ice-cream that is all the rage. To make the latter, put two tablespoonfuls of vanilla ice-cream in a glass and fill it up with ginger ale.

Frost the wee cakes in bright colors, using vegetable coloring and as much originality as you wish in combining them. A large plaid cake is made by baking a plain cake mixture in a large shallow baking-pan and icing it in a solid color, preferably white. Then lines and blocks of different colored frostings may be applied to suggest a tartan plaid.

If you attend a very clever party, or have a good idea for one, describe it fully in your best style and send it with a self-addressed, stamped envelop to Entertainment Editor, Pictorial Review, 222 West 39th Street, New York City, and we will send $10 for the ones we use.

"Matchless for Comfort"

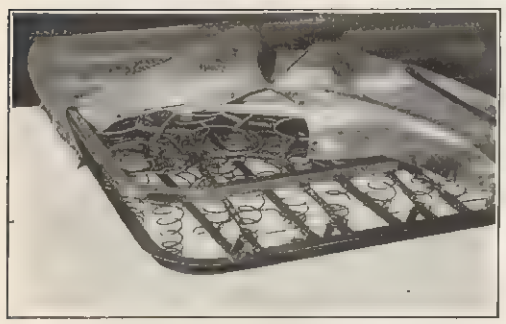
says Mrs. Edward F. Swift

of this splendid Spring and Mattress

Mrs. Edward F. Swift's *own personal charm and generous interest in civic progress have made her one of the best loved women in Chicago. She is a patroness of Grand Opera and a member of the smart women's clubs.*

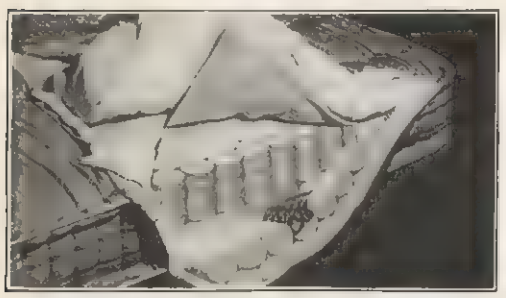
A bedroom in Mrs. Swift's Lake Forest Country House

Chinese Chippendale wall-paper in tones of brown and blue and quaint Victorian beaded chairs lend charm to this gracious room. The Simmons Twin Beds are Model No. 1540, equipped with Simmons Ace Springs and Simmons Beautyrest Mattresses, which Mrs. Swift pronounces "matchless for comfort."



The Simmons Ace Spring

Buoyant, enduring, yet light and easy to keep clean —and so good-looking with or without the smartly-tailored cover that makes it look like a box spring.



Hundreds of Hidden Coils

deep buried in luxurious upholstering assure the matchless comfort of the Simmons Beautyrest Mattress. And, too, they hold the smart boxed sides always upright—they can't be crushed!

COLORFUL and comfortable as a country house should be is Mrs. Edward F. Swift's delightful home at Lake Forest. Many of its bedrooms are furnished with Simmons beds. And to their charm is added the luxury of equipment with Simmons Ace Springs and Simmons Beautyrest Mattresses.

This splendid spring and mattress together are "matchless for comfort" as Mrs. Swift says. They are the achievement of Simmons, world-famous as greatest makers of beds, springs and mattresses.

The Ace is the modern coil spring—sturdily strong, yet light and easily cared for. "With its detachable slip cover," says Mrs. Swift, "it is a new discovery!"

The Beautyrest Mattress combines three precious qualities: luxurious comfort, smart good looks, amazing serviceability.

Give your own home this matchless luxury of complete equipment with Simmons Ace Springs and Simmons Beautyrest Mattresses —assuring, as Mrs. Swift says, "The most restful sleep ever known!"

In furniture and department stores, Simmons Ace Spring, $19.75, Simmons Beautyrest Mattress $39.50. Simmons Beds $10 to $60. Rocky Mountain Region and West, slightly higher. Look for the name "Simmons." The Simmons Company, New York, Chicago, Atlanta, San Francisco.

SIMMONS Beds, Springs, Mattresses

{BUILT FOR SLEEP}

THE COMMENCEMENT OF YOUR BEAUTY

Keep youth's grace and charm by intelligent care of the body

BY DORIS LEE ASHLEY

Drawings by Erick Berry

HEIGH-HO! Here comes another May with its sunshine, flowers, birds, and Spring fever. May always plays havoc with my good intentions to 'bone up' for the finals," complained Ruth as she slumped into the most comfortable chair in the sitting-room of her best friend. "I'd like to know how we are going to register as 'sweet girl graduates' at the commencement if we are going to keep up this grind much longer. Just gaze at my once beautiful complexion. It is simply ruined. I am actually sallow from lack of sleep, and you, Peggy, have rings under your sweet, baby-blue eyes that add a good score to your tender years!"

"Well, you are frank if not very complimentary," sighed Peggy, "but, as always, you are right, worse luck! It's all very well for the girls who can wangle through without burning the midnight oil far into the wee sma' hours; how they do it I fail to see. We must be particularly dumb, for we always do get wan and worn before the finals; but this year of all years when we should look our best certainly makes it a serious matter."

There are thousands of young women all over the country who will be graduated from colleges and universities this Spring who are even now showing the effects of close and confining study. The price they pay for the coveted diploma in tired, circled, weary, lack-luster eyes and sallow, lifeless-looking skin and blemishes simply proclaims neglected health.

Do not become nervous about your work. Organize your studies so well that you will have a definite amount of time which you can set aside for relaxation and care of your body. That may sound Pollyannaish; but listen to me, my dear youthful friends. If you must put in hours of night-work finish with a warm bath, not hot; lie in the warm water for ten or fifteen minutes, allowing the water from the hot-water tap to run into your bath so as to keep it above body temperature. You will be so soothed and rested that you will fall asleep like an infant.

The windows of your sleeping-room should be opened wide, top and bottom, to allow the air to circulate freely. Eat only the simplest, lightest, and most easily digestible food, and not too much at any one meal; and if you do eat between meals let it be fresh fruit—not candy and sweets. And above all do not drink black coffee to keep you awake—hot milk is much better with a pinch of salt in it, and malted milk or cocoa better still. But most important of all is a complete evacuation of the bowels each day.

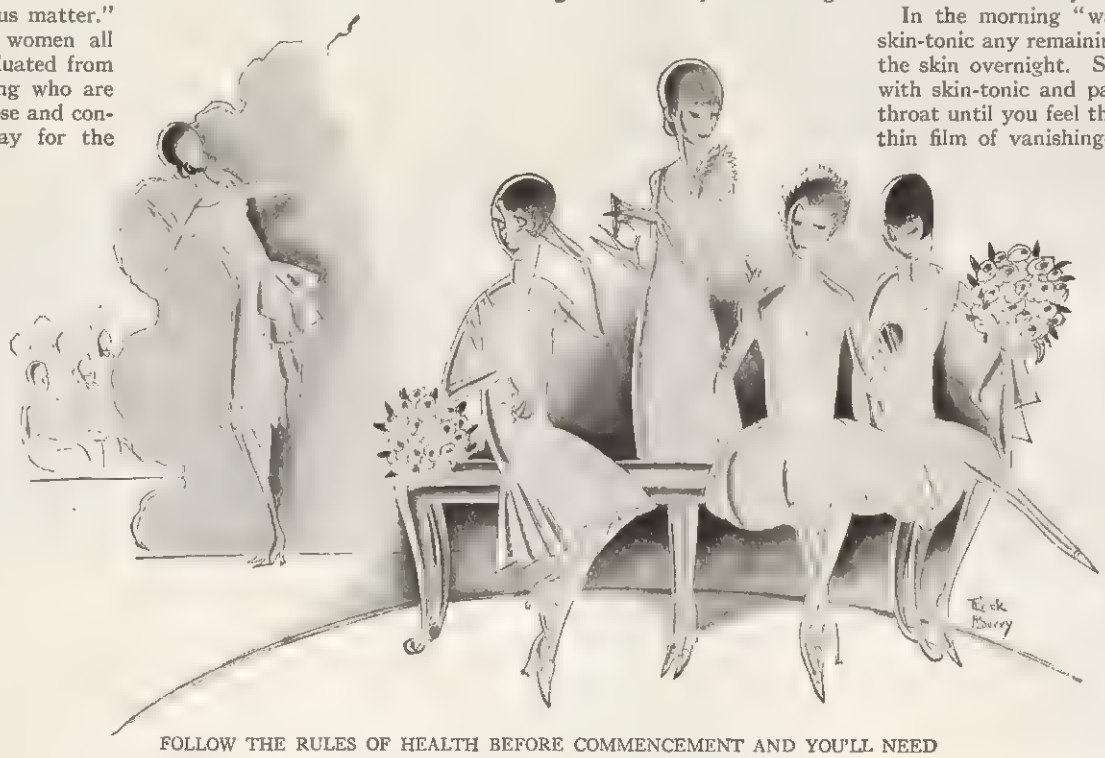
Constipation plays havoc not only with your complexion, but with your digestion, temper, and efficiency. You will be nervous, tired, and absolutely unfitted to study and concentrate if your body is clogged with poisonous matter. It all depends upon the food you put into your system, its assimilation and elimination. I do not mean, however, that you should resort to cathartics.

Each morning drink two glasses of water on arising, stand before an open window, and extend your arms above your head as far as you can reach. With your arms still stretched upward turn your body at the waist to the left, and then bend down slowly and touch the floor with your finger-tips. You may not be able to do this at first, but in time you will be able not only to place your hands flat on the floor, but touch your heels at the back. This must be done without bending your knees. Repeat this exercise eight times at the left side, then eight times at the right side.

You may now bathe, dress, and eat your breakfast, and I can assure you that this twisting, turning exercise, together with plenty of drinking-water, will soon put your internal machinery in such good working order that a complete evacuation will occur immediately after breakfast. You will feel clear-headed and ready for the day's work no matter how concentrating it may be.

If I had my way every student living away from home would have to pledge herself to follow these simple rules. There'd be no headaches, no sallow skin, no clouded, lack-luster eyes, no ragged nerves. Do carry out these simple rules for the few remaining weeks before commencement, and I feel sure that you will look your loveliest on that most eventful day.

Now, first of all, your skin must be kept immaculately clean. Use warm water and a good bland soap or cleansing-cream, or both. If you use both, apply the cream first and wash it off with the warm water and soap. If you are living in a community where the water is hard a softening agent should be added to the water, or a hard-water soap may be used. Your druggist or your physician will tell you just what to use to soften your local water.



FOLLOW THE RULES OF HEALTH BEFORE COMMENCEMENT AND YOU'LL NEED ONLY THE LIGHTEST DUSTING OF POWDER AND THE MEREST ACCENT OF ROUGE ON THE DAY OF DAYS

Now a good nourishing-cream should be applied, one that should be selected for your individual skin. If your skin is normal any good rich nourishing-cream will keep it soft. If it is dry or oily choose a cream compounded for that particular condition. It is not necessary to use a large amount of cream; therefore even tho a nourishing-cream may be expensive it will not deplete too much your budget for cosmetics, for it will be spread over a long period of time.

Apply a small amount of the nourishing-cream all over your face and neck and pat it into your skin at night before retiring, until the skin is in a rosy glow. Always use an upward motion when patting, and continue this motion until the blood comes to the surface of the skin. Leave just a thin film of the cream on your skin overnight, especially around the eyes. The very young girl with a normal skin should use the nourishing-cream only every other night. The girl with a dry skin will get better results by using it every night. The girl with an oily skin should remove every trace of cream before retiring.

In the morning "wash" off with a mildly astringent skin-tonic any remaining traces of cream not absorbed by the skin overnight. Saturate a pad of absorbent cotton with skin-tonic and pat it into the skin of the face and throat until you feel thoroughly refreshed. Follow with a thin film of vanishing-cream. Take a small dab of the vanishing-cream in the palm of your left hand and mix with it a few drops of the skin-tonic; then you will be able to smooth it evenly over your face and neck. This will be found a wonderful protection if you are exposed to sun or wind.

If you are to remain indoors you will not need the vanishing-cream, but you may finish with a light dusting of a very good complexion-powder. But be sure that the powder matches the tone of your skin as closely as possible. At your tender years you may not need rouge, but if you think you do, use it only to accent your natural color. See that your lip-stick is of the same general tone as your cheek-rouge, and use it also simply to accent the natural color of your mouth.

Now, if these rules of health, followed faithfully for the few remaining weeks before commencement day, do not leave you with a clear, fine-textured, and transparently youthful skin, your circulation needs further stimulation, and it might be wise to resort to the use of a circulation-cream or -ointment to stir the sluggish blood into activity.

This cream or ointment will make the skin tingle almost as soon as it is applied; however, it will never burn the skin, but it will redden it as if it had been thoroughly sunburned, showing that the blood has been forced into circulation. It should be allowed to remain on the skin until it is thoroughly reddened. It is easily removed with a cleansing-cream or -oil.

Now apply a generous helping of nourishing-cream, and pat it into the skin until the latter feels cool and the redness recedes. Remove the cream with tissues or a soft cloth, always using upward motions. To refresh your skin, and remove all traces of the creams, saturate a pad with skin-tonic, and "wash" your face and neck. You will be amazed at your wonderfully rejuvenated complexion.

Follow these simple rules for both health and beauty each day and you will have learned the most precious secret of a woman's allurement.

Free Beauty Leaflet

The girl at school or college who desires to know just what to use on her skin should write for the free leaflet "Maintaining the Clear Complexion of Youth," sending a self-addressed, stamped envelop to Doris Lee Ashley, Beauty Editor, Pictorial Review, 222 West 39th Street, New York City.

"...THAT BRIGHTNESS—RICHNESS—RADIANCE WE CALL BEAUTY..."

A skin to dream of .. Yours?

Not just an average skin—

But a skin with that vital bloom, that brightness and richness and radiance we call beauty .... You can have it if you will!

Give your skin the special care that today thousands of beautiful women are using to build up the health of their skin and keep it lovely and clear and smooth!

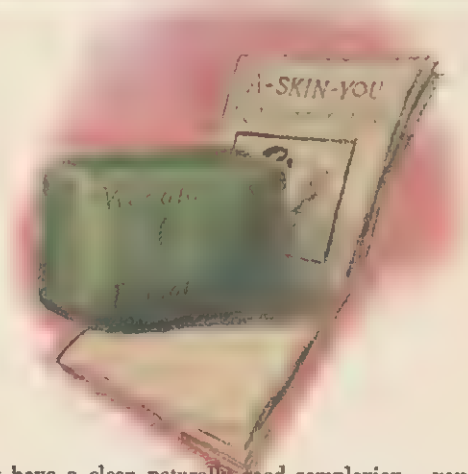
Society debutantes with their exquisitely cared-for complexions—college girls—women guests at America's most exclusive resorts, most splendid hotels—are telling in their own words the wonderful improvement they have been able to make in their complexion, by means of Woodbury's Facial Soap—the soap recommended by skin specialists as best for a sensitive skin.

"As long as I use Woodbury's I have no trouble with blemishes," writes one girl. *"I had an oily irritated skin,"* writes another; *"after using Woodbury's for a few months my skin became smooth and clear." "Woodbury's has cleared my skin of blackheads" ... "The only soap that does not irritate my skin. . ."*

These are characteristic comments—taken from among thousands.

In the booklet that comes free with every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap you will find clear directions about the right way to use Woodbury's for your particular type of skin.

You too can have the charm of "a skin you love to touch"



If you have a clear, naturally good complexion — you should use the famous Woodbury treatment for normal skins given in this booklet.

If you are troubled with blackheads, blemishes, oily skin, or any other skin defect—use the special treatment recommended for that trouble.

A 25c cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap lasts a month or six weeks. Get a cake today—begin using it tonight. See how easy it is, with this wonderful soap, to gain the charm of "a skin you love to touch"!

Your Woodbury Treatment for ten days
Now—the large-size trial set!

The Andrew Jergens Co., 2109 Alfred Street, Cincinnati, Ohio
For the enclosed 10 cents please send me the new large-size trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, the Cold Cream, Facial Cream and Powder, the treatment booklet, *"A Skin You Love to Touch,"* and instructions for the new complete Woodbury "Facial."
In Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 2109 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ont.

*Name*_____

*Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

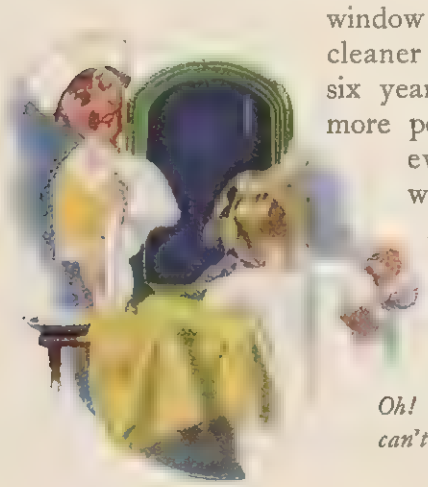
© 1928, A. J. Co.

Bon Ami —*makes cleaning time playtime!*

"THERE'S our little Bon Ami Chick, just like the one we read about in your Bon Ami Fairy Booklet."

"Now then—one whisk and away goes the little Chick . . . . all the dust . . . . all the streaks and the spatters. In two jiffs, our window will be so clear, we'll have to look twice to make sure the glass didn't fly away too!"

Bon Ami *Cake*, America's favorite window and mirror cleaner for thirty-six years, is today more popular than ever. Every woman knows how quickly



Oh! Mommy, you can't see the glass!

"Hasn't Scratched Yet"

POWDER AND CAKE

every home needs both

and easily it cleans and polishes. Rub it on with a damp cloth . . . . in a moment it's dry . . . . then wipe it off with a clean, dry cloth. Simplest, safest way in the world to make windows and mirrors clear and bright!

FOR some uses, you'll find the *Powder* form of Bon Ami very convenient. You'll like the way the soft scratchless powder polishes up the bathtub, sweetens the refrigerator, cleans the kitchen sink and painted woodwork, removes every spot from Congoleum floor-coverings, etc.

There are dozens of uses in every house for both Bon Ami *Powder* and Bon Ami *Cake*. They blot up dirt—never scratch—keep your hands smooth and soft. It's so convenient to have these "Partners in Cleanliness" on hand all the time.

THE BON AMI COMPANY . . . . . NEW YORK
In Canada—BON AMI LIMITED, MONTREAL

A Fairy Tale for the Children!

The story of the beautiful Princess Bon Ami, her gallant Bunny Knights and their wonderful trip to the foot of the rainbow. Written in amusing rhyme with many illustrations, this beautifully colored book will bring fun to the youngsters. Send 4 cents in stamps for your copy. Address The Bon Ami Co., 10 Battery Place, New York, N. Y.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

CITY .....

Do you use Bon Ami? (*Powder* ☐ *Cake* ☐ *Both* ☐)

THE SALADS OF SPRING

By Marion Litchfield

IN THE good old days, when mothers mixed up sulfur and molasses as regularly as Spring came around, a salad was a bedraggled affair of lettuce, shredded or intact, wilting meekly under a concoction of vinegar and sugar. But this poor little ugly duckling of the table has grown up into a thing of beauty and importance. In fact, if you want to be very serious about it, you might almost list salads under the head of "preventive medicine"; for, as some Frenchman once put it, truthfully, if a trifle inelegantly, "Greens are the brooms of the stomach."

Another nice thing about salads is their adaptability to all meals, conditions of pocketbook, or schemes of table-color. The true salad-lover always has the fundamentals in her ice-box—some lettuce or watercress and French or mayonnaise dressing. With these, some bits of vegetables, fruit, meat, or fish, a little sleight of hand, and she has the goal of all housekeepers—camouflaged left-overs.

Cart-Wheel Fruit Salad

Bananas
Romaine
Cantaloup
Sliced Orange

CUT 6 or 8 bananas in halves. Place each half on a crisp romaine salad-leaf, and at the base of each leaf a slice of orange. Arrange the leaves in cart-wheel design on a glass platter. In the center of the wheel, pile cantaloup balls, cut with a potato-scoop. Garnish with parsley, and serve with mayonnaise.

Black-Eyed Susan

Large Seedless Oranges
Lettuce
Puffed Raisins
Grated Orange-rinds

PEEL the oranges carefully, and separate each section from the white skin without breaking. On a lettuce-bed place a flat center of the puffed raisins, which have been mixed with the grated orange-rinds. Place the orange sections around this, daisy-fashion, and serve with mayonnaise.

Sunday Night Salad

1 Can Tuna-fish
¾ Cupful Diced Celery
1½ Tablespoonful Minced Onion
2 Tablespoonfuls Capers or Chopped Sweet Pickles
Lettuce
Mayonnaise

PUT the fish into a colander, and let cold water run over it very gently until the oil is rinsed off. Drain thoroughly, and put in the ice-box until chilled. When ready to use, arrange in large pieces on the lettuce. Sprinkle with the celery, onion, and capers or pickles; add the mayonnaise, and decorate with a light sprinkling of paprika, strips of green pepper, and a sprig of parsley.

Pear Mountain

Canned Pears
Cream Cheese
Chopped Fresh Mint
Cherries
Lettuce
Mayonnaise

ON a bed of lettuce place a mound of the cherries, which have been stuffed with tiny balls of the cream cheese. Quarter the pears and stack around the cherries. Add the mint to the mayonnaise and arrange it around the base of the pears.

Asparagus Boxes

Asparagus Tips
Tomatoes
Cucumber
Romaine, Endive, or Lettuce

ARRANGE the asparagus tips log-cabin fashion to form a little box. Fill with cubes of the fresh tomatoes and cucumber, and serve on romaine, endive, or lettuce with French dressing.

Butterfly Salad

Sliced Canned Pineapple
Stuffed Olives
Dates
Red or Green Peppers
Lettuce or Romaine

HALVE a slice of the pineapple and arrange on the lettuce or romaine so that the curved edges are opposite each other, to form wings. Use a date for the body, thin slices of a stuffed olive for the spots on the wings, and small, thin strips of a pepper for the antennæ. Serve with whipped-cream mayonnaise.

Alligator-Pear Salad

Alligator-pears
Watercress
Chopped Celery
Chopped Onion
Chopped Green Pepper
French Dressing

HALVE the pears and remove the rinds and pits. Place on the watercress, which should be very crisp. Into the hollows left by removing the pits heap generously equal parts of the celery, onion, and pepper, and pour just enough of the dressing over the whole to moisten well. The pears should be kept very cold until used, and not pared until the last minute, as they discolor slightly.

Anchovy Salad

5 Anchovies
1 Bunch Watercress
1 Hard-boiled Egg
French Dressing

SHRED the anchovies, put the egg through a potato-ricer, and add both to the watercress, in a large bowl. Pour over them just enough of the dressing to moisten well, and toss them together gently until well mixed.

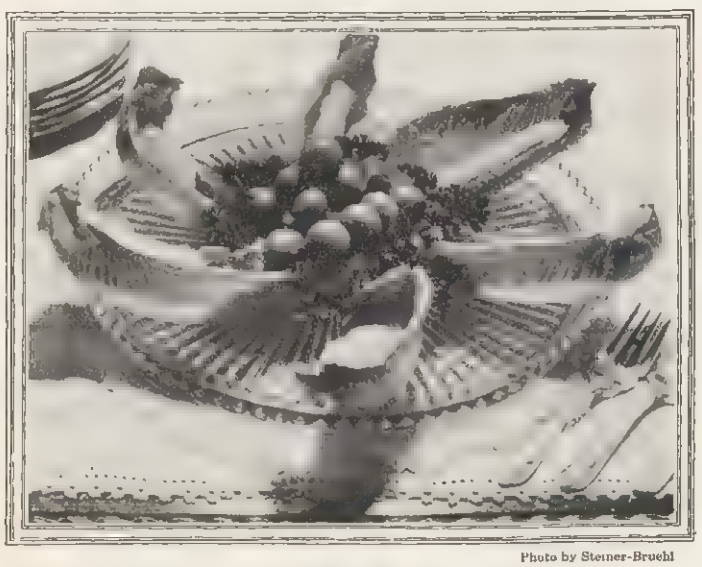


Photo by Steiner-Bruehl

CART-WHEEL FRUIT SALAD, WITH HUB OF MELON BALLS AND SPOKES OF BANANAS ON ROMAINE

When he begins to grow away from you

This simple plan to help you guide him

HOW anxious he is to grow up and face the world alone! But, to give him the right start—that's his mother's problem.

He's so *careless*. Hard on his clothes—forgetful of responsibility—unconscious of his sturdy little body's needs. The matter of food, for instance. And particularly breakfast. What a sketchy one he'd bolt down—if you'd let him.

It's the kind of thing other people's boys and girls have to be watched for, too. Knowing this, school authorities are making a nation-wide campaign to help rouse youngsters' enthusiasm for the *right* sort of breakfast every day. They are emphasizing the thing that mothers know will stick to little ribs all morning. A *hot, cooked* cereal.

Tests made in great cities have shown what all teachers and mothers have already found out: that children are seriously handicapped in the school room and at play when they do not have a *hot, cooked* cereal, regularly, in the morning. Displayed on the walls of over 70,000 school rooms today is this slogan:

"Every boy and girl needs a hot *cereal breakfast"*

You yourself know how sure you are that they are ready for the day ahead when you see them emptying their bowls of *hot* Cream of Wheat.

Here are three reasons why mothers and health authorities for over 30 years have considered Cream of Wheat an ideal *hot, cooked* cereal for children: 1. It gives in abundance both mental and physical energy. 2. Cream of Wheat is exceptionally easy and quick to digest. 3. Children love its creamy goodness.

It's so easy to safeguard your children in this way. The simple plan described below will help you establish the regular habit of a hot bowl of Cream of Wheat. Start now. Your grocer has it.

Cream of Wheat Company, Minneapolis, Minn. In Canada made by Cream of Wheat Company, Winnipeg. English address, Fassett & Johnson, Ltd., 86 Clerkenwell Road, London, E. C. 1.

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FREE *— Mothers say this plan works wonders*

A plan that makes your children *want* to eat a *hot, cooked* cereal breakfast regularly. A youngster's club, with badges and a secret, with gold stars and colored wall charts. All material *free*—sent direct to your children together with a sample box of Cream of Wheat. Also a new enlarged edition of the booklet, "The Important Business of Feeding Children." Just mail coupon to Dept. E-18, Cream of Wheat Co., Minneapolis, Minn.

Name of child..... .....
First name *Last name*

Address . . . . . *City*..... .....

The Truth About That Dingy Film on Teeth

As viewed by the foremost dental authority of the day

Now leading opinion lays to film many serious tooth and gum disorders, as well as dull, "off-color" teeth. Remove it by this special film-removing dentifrice dentists urge.

Send coupon for 10-Day Tube Free

There is a sparkle in your smile you may not dream of. This way of cleansing teeth uncovers it.

WHAT robs teeth of ivory brightness? What makes them more discolored one time than another?

And why, when looking their worst, do teeth decay more rapidly, why do gums grow sore and sensitive?

These questions dentists answer in three words—"film on teeth." What film is, how it acts, are told below.

To combat it successfully where ordinary brushing methods fail, a *special film-removing* dentifrice is used, called Pepsodent.

Look for FILM this way

Run your tongue across the teeth. If you feel a slippery, slimy coating—that is film. An ever-forming, ever-present evil in your mouth.

It clings tightly to teeth and defies all ordinary ways of brushing. It gets into crevices and stays. It absorbs stains from food and smoking and turns teeth dull.

Germs by the millions breed in film, and germs with tartar—a prolonged film deposit—are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

Film invites the acids of decay.

And you may remember that before this special film-removing method the prevalence of dental troubles was alarmingly on the increase.

(*Above*) FEW PEOPLE KNOW how white teeth really are. Miss Rene St. Denis, like millions of others, has discovered through Pepsodent.

Now film removed new way

Film cannot resist brushing the way it did before. Pepsodent first acts to curdle film. Then to remove it in gentle safety to enamel.

This recent scientific way is the greatest step made in a half-century's study of tooth-cleansing methods. Its results are seen on every hand.

Fights decay—firms gums

Other new-day agents in Pepsodent increase the alkalinity of saliva. They neutralize food starch from fermenting and forming acids of decay.

Still other properties firm the gums.

Thus Pepsodent answers fully the requirements of the dental profession of today. That's why it is accepted among dentists of 58 nations

Give Pepsodent 10 days

If teeth are dull, "off color," that is film. If you are prone to tooth and gum disorders, that may be film also. Remove this film and see teeth whiten.

Between your dentist, and Pepsodent used twice a day, you obtain the ultimate in tooth and gum care as modern dental science knows it.

P E P

(*Above*) CAPTAIN McPHERSON and ZONA WIDENER consider nautical problems. Miss Widener's smile reveals the dazzling teeth that mark the constant use of Pepsodent.

Brighter Smiles Tomorrow

by removing "off-color" film from teeth each night

WHEN you see a smile you envy, think of Pepsodent. Thousands of the pretty smiles, seen on all sides today, are due to it. Yesterday teeth were film-coated; today they gleam and sparkle.

So-called "off-color" teeth have been traced by dental research, in almost EVERY instance, to Film on Teeth. The importance, thus, of using a special, Film-Removing Dentifrice is obvious. *Ordinary brushing does not successfully combat film.*

Largely on dental advice, people everywhere are turning to the twice-a-day use of Pepsodent, both as an important prophylaxis for the teeth and gums, and as a tremendously important aid to beauty. The difference in your smile will amaze you.

(*Above*) A VICTORIOUS MATCH had just been played by Mr. George McCollum and his daughter Virginia at the time of this picture. That explains the smiles. Pepsodent explains their sparkling whiteness.

(*Above*) MISS LAURA DEEN stops to set her watch by sun dial on her New Hampshire estate. Lovely teeth like hers should only be entrusted to a scientific dentifrice like Pepsodent.

(*Left*) THE HOLLYWOOD BUNGALOW of Loyd Lincoln, is a spot of beauty. Miss Rene Reboux selects a bouquet for a table "set." Her teeth, like most actresses in the movies, owe their brilliancy to Pepsodent.

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S O D E N T

LITTLE JOURNEYS IN BABYLAND
No. 2

How much does Baby gain?

Is his weight normal? Is his height right for his age? Does his food agree with him? These and many other leading questions are asked and answered at the Community Health Centre. It is one of the modern methods now employed to increase the number of healthy, happy babies. Write for pamphlet, *"Checking Up on Baby's Development"*. It's free!

Developing Better Babies

Nowadays, the services of the Baby Specialist are sought by mothers everywhere, in one way or another. It may be at his office or at the Community Health Centre, but all are anxious for a periodic check-up on Baby's development to insure him a robust, healthy, happy childhood.

These careful mothers learn to look after Baby's daily comfort with Mennen Borated Talcum. They take no chances. They know that Mennen—the modern dusting powder, especially prepared for babies—is used and recommended by physicians and nurses everywhere.

For Mennen is a pure, mildly medicated powder of wondrously soft texture made of the finest talcum, air-floated.

Mennen Borated Talcum absorbs moisture. It is antiseptic and anti-frictional. Mothers depend upon it to protect their babies from rawness and chafing in deep folds of the skin; to prevent irritation from diapers against the skin; to give that cooling, comforting, soothing feel that makes a baby contented and happy.

Why not do as they do—insist on Mennen—the pure, safe baby powder!

If Baby's doctor suggests an ointment, use Mennen Baby Ointment, soothing and safe for dry skin, diaper rash and scaly scalp. Waterproof and healing.

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The famous Mennen Shaker Package—25c

The Mennen blue & white Puff Box of Borated Talcum—$1

MENNEN
Borated Talcum
—*the* Baby Powder

THE BABIES' ALMANAC

Baby's normal development from two to three months

BY DR. EMELYN L. COOLIDGE

Attending Physician in Diseases of Children to the Society of the Lying-in Hospital, New York City

WHEN a baby is 2 months old his average weight is 10 pounds and 6 to 8 ounces. His length is about 22½ inches. These figures are simply averages, however, and if a baby weighs or measures a little more or less the mother should not worry, provided he is doing well.

Usually the tear-glands become active between 2 and 3 months of age, and the baby cries with real tears. Sometimes one of the little tear-ducts becomes stopped, and a collection of tears, mucus, or even a little pus may appear in the corner of the eye. If this occurs repeatedly and bathing with boric-acid solution does not remove the cause, then an eye doctor should be consulted. He will often give directions for proper massage of the ducts, or possibly prescribe some drops so that the condition will improve and finally disappear.

The roller flannel band is usually removed by the time the baby is 2 months of age and the ribbed knit shoulder-strap band put on in its place. This may be of silk and wool or cotton and wool mixed, the lightest weight for Spring and Summer, and the medium weight for Fall and Winter. It serves as a shirt also in hot weather, the regular shirt being discarded during the extreme heat.

Free Child Health Service

IF your baby is under 6 months of age you may join our Special Correspondence Course in Babycraft, by which you will receive monthly help until the baby is 2 years old. Send us the baby's name and age, and an Admission Blank will be sent you.

If you want advice about older children up to the age of 12, ask for a Question Form for our Good Health Extension Class.

No diseases will be treated by mail nor medicines prescribed.

No blanks will be sent or inquiries answered unless you enclose a self-addressed, United States stamped envelop.

Address your correspondence to Dr. Emelyn L. Coolidge, Pictorial Review, New York, N. Y.

Some babies have a protruding navel or even a slight rupture. This should be promptly treated by the family doctor. Placing a coin or button over the protruding part is not considered wise treatment to-day. The best remedy is to firmly strap it with adhesive plaster so that the navel is folded inward. A doctor or nurse should show the mother just how to apply the plaster, the first time at least, as it is essential to get it on just right to do any real good. The plaster is usually changed twice a week, being gently removed by wetting it with a little rubbing-alcohol.

When the navel is properly strapped it will do no harm to allow the baby to cry. Many mothers make the mistake of spoiling a child, especially a boy baby, "to prevent rupture," as they believe. This is a serious blunder, and makes it very hard for all the family as well as the baby. If a baby is crying simply to be taken up, rocked, or walked with he will stop when he gets the attention he wants; if he is crying because he is in pain these attentions will not stop him. There are several different kinds of cries in babies, and the young mother will learn how to distinguish them if she is observant.

It is very difficult to train a young baby without spoiling him if the mother must live with relatives or is constantly interfered with by older persons. She should be very firm in making others understand that the baby is hers and she intends to do what is for his best good, irrespective of well-meant but misguided advice given her. Her family doctor and nurse should be the ones to advise the mother when she is at a loss as to the best methods to use. The baby's father should also help with the training and not expect to have the child to play with when he comes home at night.

Our leaflet "How to Plan the Baby's Day" is very useful in assisting a mother in mapping out the right schedule for all the little daily cares that must be given a young baby. It will be sent to any one who will enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelop with her request.

The bottle-fed baby will need a change in formula when he is 2 months old; the amount of milk must be increased, more being given in each bottle. Babies who are members of our Monthly Correspondence Club receive a formula every month when the report as to weight, etc., is received. Join early and receive the formulas and leaflets provided in this course.

If the baby is 3 months old or over, May is a good month to have him vaccinated. It is wise to have this done before he begins teething. When properly vaccinated by a reliable doctor there is seldom any real discomfort suffered by the young baby. In some countries vaccination is obligatory, and in nearly all the States a vaccination certificate must be shown before the child can be admitted to a public school. It is only by insisting upon the vaccination of all children that smallpox, a dread disease, is kept out of the country. We may have an occasional case, but there are no longer the terrible epidemics of the days before vaccination was practised.

Do not forget that May 1st is Child Health Day. Unless you are taking your baby or child to a doctor for regular monthly examinations, make a special effort to do so on May 1st. Frequent physical examinations often reveal slight abnormalities which may be easily corrected if taken in time. Prevention, rather than cure, is our slogan now.

Armour

The curing of every Star Ham is done with your table in mind

FATHER is carving a wonderful, baked Star Ham. Supporting it are a heaping dish of roast sweet potatoes, a baked corn pudding, green peppers stuffed with rice. Celery, jelly, olives, hot rolls, fragrant coffee, a marvelous dessert, candies. What a wonderful meal—just to think about it sets appetites dancing.

. This scene, in varied circumstance, in varied degree of affluence, but in the same joyous spirit that comes with eating good food, well cooked, is what prompts Armour in the curing of every Star Ham.

Your table, your taste, your preference, your satisfaction—these are the standards that set Star Ham quality. And how does Armour know what pleases you? What you tell your retail meat dealer. What domestic economy lecturers, writers, editors, learn from their contacts. Thousands of letters from housewives. All these come to our domestic science staff. And these folk, through the medium of the Armour Kitchen, pass the word along to every department that contributes anything to the preparation, curing, smoking, distributing of Star Hams.

STAR HAM—*the utmost in tender, young pork cured by a matchless process*

Your own kitchen is not any closer to your own table than is the Armour Kitchen in spirit and in fact. And in turn, it is your representative at Armour's.

Meat is the most necessary item in the daily diet. America appreciates this and consumes enormous quantities. To fill its

STAR HAM OMELET

STAR HAM HASH
with poached eggs

daily order unfailingly, promptly, economically, requires the profitable employment of enormous capital. Only a completely efficient organization, finding uses and markets for innumerable by-products, can meet this need at reasonable consumer costs.

For sixty years Armour and Company have been building a smoothly working manufacturing and distributing machine; developing methods to safeguard the food supply of the nation; perfecting the Armour Standard—"The name Armour on a food product is an assurance of quality." Armour and Company, Chicago.

Send the coupon for a free copy of "60 WAYS TO SERVE HAM," the famous recipe book prepared by the Armour Kitchen.

Dept. 5-C, Div. Food Economics
ARMOUR AND COMPANY, Chicago, U. S. A.

Please send me Free Recipe Book, "60 Ways to Serve Ham."

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Beauty FOR SALE

Sal Hepatica can help you have the clear complexion—the true, radiant beauty—that comes not from cosmetics, but from health, from internal cleanliness.

EVERY beauty authority will confess that make-up and cosmetics are only a makeshift—true beauty comes from within.

And many of these authorities point out that constipation is the greatest national trouble that robs women of the beauty of their skin—the lustre of hair—the glowing health that should be rightfully theirs. And they will tell you the most important beauty service you can do for yourself is to keep internally clean.

For when intestinal stoppage is permitted to exist, waste poisons are set up which make the blood impure. Then the complexion suffers in appearance—animation gives way to dullness. And soon come headaches—indigestion, "nerves" and countless ailments so prevalent today and so destructive to beauty.

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Thousands of women find that a dash of Sal Hepatica added to the before-breakfast glass of water keeps them feeling well and looking well.

No aid to beauty can do more for your complexion than Sal Hepatica. Keep it always on the bathroom shelf.

Send for the free booklet which explains in detail how Sal Hepatica helps combat the many ills due to stoppage, while keeping your skin fresh and clear.

Please address BRISTOL-MYERS CO.
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Sal Hepatica

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THE CHILDREN

Continued from Page 29

Venice, if he isn't slipping off on the quiet to meet a friend?' I suppose," she added, with a fall in her voice, and a corresponding droop of the lips, "it was awfully stupid of me to blunder in on you like this, and you're racking your brains to think how you can get rid of us all, and keep out of a row with the Wheaters."

Boyne, half exasperated and half touched, as he so often was in his talks with her, and especially when he knew she wished to give him pain, laid his hand impatiently on hers. "Look here, Judith, I could shake you when you talk such drivel. The only thing I'm racking my brains about is how to help you to get what you want. To keep you all together, as you are now, and yet not let your father and mother think that I've anything to do with this performance. You're quite right; I do want to stay on good terms with them, because if I do I may succeed in persuading them that, whatever happens, they've no right to separate you children again. If I do that I shall have done my best for you. But I don't see my way to it yet, and that's why I want you to come and make friends with Mrs. Sellars."

To his surprize she listened to this in an attentive silence, and, when he had ended, lifted to his the face of an obedient child. "Of course I'll do what you want, Martin. But don't you think," she added, "your friend would perhaps understand better if I had Nanny bring up Chip to see her afterward?"

"Bless you—of course she would," he agreed; and she thereupon proposed that before they started he should come upstairs and see Terry.

SEEING Terry, Boyne had to admit, was the surest way of attaching one, body and soul, to the little Wheaters' cause. Whatever Mrs. Sellars thought of Judith—a question of obvious uncertainty—there could be no doubt as to what she would think of Terry.

There had been moments during the morning when Boyne did not see how any good-will on either part could bridge the distance between Mrs. Sellars's conception of life and Judith Wheater's experience of it; but between Mrs. Sellars and Terry there would be nothing to explain or to bridge over. Their minds would meet as soon as their eyes did. "I'll bring her down to see him after lunch," Boyne decided.

There was no hope of Terry's being up that day. The excitement of the flight, and the heat and fatigue of the journey, had consumed his small provision of strength, and he could only lie staring at Boyne with eager eyes, and protest that the air of Cortina would put him all right in a day or two. Scopy had already had the doctor in, and administered suitable remedies, and the patient's temperature had dropped to nearly normal. "If only the Wheaters will let us stay here I'm sure I shall be patched up this time. And you'll be here for a bit to look after the children, won't you, Martin?"

Boyne said he would stay as long as he could, and at any rate not leave till the little Wheaters' difficulty with their parents was on the way to adjustment. He pointed out that negotiations would no doubt be necessary, and Terry promptly rejoined: "That's just why Judy and I decided to come here. We knew that if we could get hold of you, you'd back us up, and help us to make some kind of terms with the Wheaters." His eyes fixed his friend's with a passionate insistence. "You see, Martin, it won't do, separating us again—it really won't. We're not going to get any sort of education at this rate. And as for manners! The children have all been completely demoralized since Zinnia's visit. Now they've heard of Buondelmonte's marriage, the 'steps' are off their base too; and Blanca thinks of nothing but dressing up and flirtations.

"As soon as things go wrong between father and mother the children seem to feel it in the air, even before the fighting begins, and they all get out of hand. Zinnie gave Bun a black eye because he said he was going to be a prince again, and live in his father's palace in Rome, and have his own Rolls—a child who hardly knows his letters!" Terry concluded with a gesture of contempt.

"I know, old man. It's all wrong," Boyne agreed, "and something's got to be done, and done soon. That's what I'm going to try to make your father and mother see. Meanwhile you make the most of this respite to get a good rest. I promise I'll do what I can when the time comes."

"Oh, you needn't promise," Terry said, returning his friend's pressure, and letting his head sink back contentedly.

ON THE way up the hill with Judith, Boyne was able to gather some of the details she had been too tired and excited to impart the night before. Miss Scope's confidences were always in the nature of somber generalizations. When it came to particulars, she retreated behind professional secrecy, and Boyne had not liked to force her defenses. Besides, he knew that no such scruples would hamper Judith, who saw life only in particulars. But, after all, there was nothing very unexpected in Judith's story. As she said, it was always the same old row over again. As soon as Zinnia Lacrosse had cast a covetous eye on Gerald Ormerod, Joyce had decided that she could not live without him.

The thought of his dining every night at the Lido with the Wrenches and the Duke of Mendip, while she and Wheater sat alone on the deck of the *Fancy Girl*, or made the most of such mediocre guests as they could collect, was too much for a high-spirited woman; and Joyce had suddenly requested her husband to sack the tutor.

Wheater, surprized, had protested that Terry liked him (and Terry did—he was very jolly, and a good teacher, Judith impartially put in); whereupon Joyce had declared that if Ormerod wasn't sent away at once she intended to divorce Wheater and marry him. Wheater, of course, was furious, and there had been, in Judith's language, an all-round circus, complicated by the fact that what Gerald really wanted was to marry *her*——

"What—what? Marry *you?* Have you all of you gone crazy?" Boyne found himself indignantly repeating.

Judith smiled. "I'm not crazy. And I'm nearly sixteen. And I suppose I'm a nairess." (She pronounced the word as she wrote it.) "But you don't imagine I'd leave the children, do you? And, besides, Terry says it would be ridiculous to marry till I can learn how to spell."

"My Heavens—I should say it would," cried Boyne furiously. What on earth would come of it, he asked himself, if she opened the conversation with Mrs. Sellars on this note? "Judith, look here——"

"But I don't know, after all," she went on in a reflective tone. "Gerald says some of the greatest people never *could* spell. Napoleon couldn't—or Madame de Sévigné—and Shakespeare signed his name differently every time."

"I see you've taken a course in history since I left," Boyne sneered; to which she responded with simplicity: "No; but he told me that one day when he found me crying because of my awful spelling."

"Well, you're quite right to cry about your spelling. And Terry's quite right to say that the first thing you want is to have some sort of an education, all of you."

"Perhaps, then, it would have been better for me to marry Gerald," she rejoined, with a return of her uncanny impartiality. "But no," she interrupted herself; "I never could have kept the children if I had; so what's the use?"

"Well, here we are," Boyne broke in nervously.

"Why, you poor baby, how young you are, after all!" Mrs. Sellars exclaimed, swaying forward to drop a studiously impulsive kiss on Judith's cheek. Boyne's first thought was how young she looked herself, in her thin white dress, her auburn head bent like an elder sister's above Judith's; then how much too young Judith was to be conciliated by that form of greeting.

Judith glanced up with a quiet smile. "Young for what?" she asked with a terrifying simplicity.

"Why—for all your responsibilities," the other answered.

Judith was still smiling: a small, quiet smile from which the watchful Boyne augured no good.

"I suppose I ought to be flattered," she said. "I know at your age and mother's it's thought awfully flattering to be called young. But, you see, I'm not sixteen yet, so it's nothing extraordinary to me."

"Your being so young makes it extraordinarily kind of you to come and see an old lady like me," Mrs. Sellars smiled back, taking nervous refuge in platitudes.

Judith considered her with calm, velvety eyes. "Oh, but I wanted to come. Martin says you'll be a friend; and we need friends badly."

Mrs. Sellars's eyes at once softened. "Martin's quite right. I'll be as good a friend as you'll let me. I'm so glad you've come to share my picnic lunch. And Martin will have told you how sorry I was not to have room for the whole party in this tiny house."

"Well," said Judith, "he thought you'd find us rather overwhelming—"; but Mrs. Sellars laughed this away as an impertinence of her old friend's.

On the whole, things were beginning better than the old friend had expected. He only hoped Rose wouldn't mind Judith's chucking down her hat on the sitting-room sofa and turning to the glass above the mantelpiece to run her fingers through her tossed hair. Once at table, Mrs. Sellars led the talk to the subject of the little Wheaters, whose names she had cleverly managed to master, and whose acquaintance she expressed the wish to make at the earliest opportunity, "steps" and all. "For I assure you," she added, "I'm not as easily overwhelmed as Martin seems to think."

JUDITH was always at her best when she was talking of the children, and especially of Terry, whose name Mrs. Sellars had spoken with a sympathy which brought a glow to the girl's cheek. "Oh, Terry's far and away the best of us; you'll love Terry. If only he could have half a chance. I don't mean about his health; the Wheaters have really done all they could about that. But he's never had any proper education, and he isn't strong enough yet to go to school."

She went on, forgetting herself and her habit of being on the defensive, carried away by the need to explain Terry, to put him in the handsomest possible light before this friend of Martin's, who was so evidently a person of standards and principles—like Terry himself. It was just another bit of poor Terry's bad luck, she pursued; for ever so long he'd been begging and imploring the Wheaters to let him have a good tutor, like other boys of his age who weren't strong enough for school; and finally they had understood, and agreed that he couldn't be left any longer to Scopy and the nurses; and then, when the tutor was finally found, and everything working so well, Joyce had to take into her head to marry him. Didn't Mrs. Sellars agree that it was a particularly rotten piece of luck?

Yes; Mrs. Sellars did agree. Only, Boyne saw from the curve of her lips, "luck" was not the noun she would have used, nor "rotten" the adjective.

"But surely it's just a passing whim of —of your mother's. When it comes to the point, she won't break up everything in order to marry this young man."

Judith's eyes widened. "Well, what can she do—if she's in love with him?"

Mrs. Sellars lowered her lids softly, as if she were closing the eyes of a dead self. "Why, she could—she could—think of all of you, my dear."

"Oh, she'll do that," Judith rejoined. "She has already. She and father are

Continued on Page 61

MILE-STONES

In the Love Affairs that Last a Lifetime

Staying young with your husband—the priceless reward that comes from keeping "That Schoolgirl Complexion." The simple rule to follow

At Eighteen—"That Schoolgirl Complexion"

At Thirty—Keeping "That Schoolgirl Complexion"

At Fifty—Still "That Schoolgirl Complexion"

SWEETHEARTS in the first fresh radiance of Youth . . . lovers sharing the experience of the years . . . comrades together in life's mellow afterglow . . .

Staying young with her husband! A priceless faculty . . . yet no secret, to the millions who are doing it. To these fortunate ones Mile-stones in life come only as happy reminders of congenial miles together.

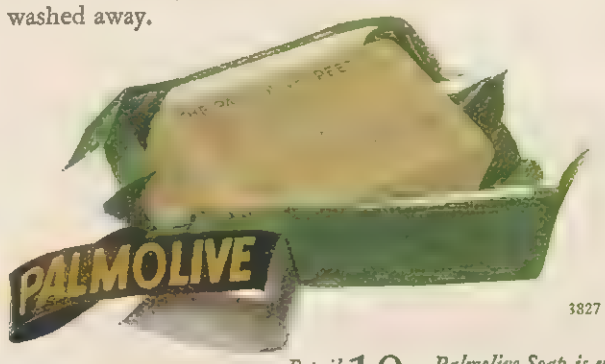
The art of keeping young—of staying beautiful, today is simply the secret of keeping *natural* beauty.

Women with lovely complexions know that common-sense care surpasses any synthetic beauty treatment known. They know that beauty that endures the years, comes from following Nature's rules, not man's, in beauty preservation.

Keeping the skin cleansed, the pores open, with a pure beauty soap—a soap made for *one purpose only*, and that to guard the skin—is the important thing to know. That is Nature's beauty secret.

More and more every day, women turn to this safe way to beauty

Wash your face gently with soothing Palmolive Soap, massaging its balmy lather softly into the skin. Rinse thoroughly, first with warm water, then with cold. If your skin is inclined to be dry, apply a touch of good cold cream — that is all. Do this regularly, and particularly in the evening. Use powder and rouge if you wish. But never leave them on over night. They clog the pores, often enlarge them. Blackheads and disfigurements often follow. They must be washed away.



Retail Price 10c *Palmolive Soap is untouched by human hands until you break the wrapper—it is never sold unwrapped*

Avoid this mistake

Do not use ordinary soaps in the treatment given above. Do not think any green soap, or one represented as of olive and palm oils, is the same as Palmolive.

And it costs but 10c the cake! So little that millions let it do for their bodies what it does for their faces. Obtain a cake today. Then note the amazing difference one week makes.

Soap from trees

The only oils in Palmolive Soap are the soothing beauty oils from the olive tree, the African palm and the coconut palm—and no other fats whatsoever. That is why Palmolive Soap is the natural color that it is — for palm and olive oils, nothing else, give Palmolive its natural green color. The only secret to Palmolive is its exclusive blend—and that is one of the world's priceless beauty secrets. The Palmolive-Peet Company, Chicago, Ill.

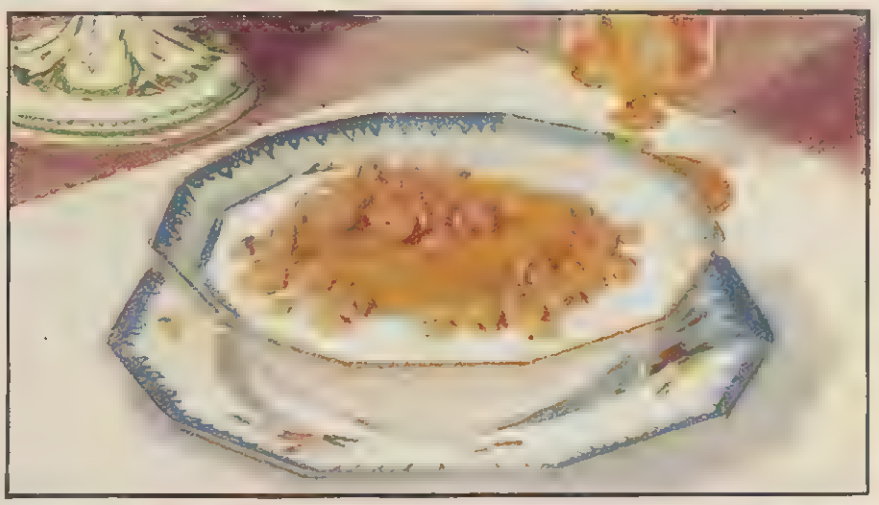
PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR—Broadcast every Friday night—from 10 to 11 p. m., eastern time; 9 to 10 p. m., central time—over station WEAF and 29 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Company.

K E E P T H A T S C H O O L G I R L C O M P L E X I O N

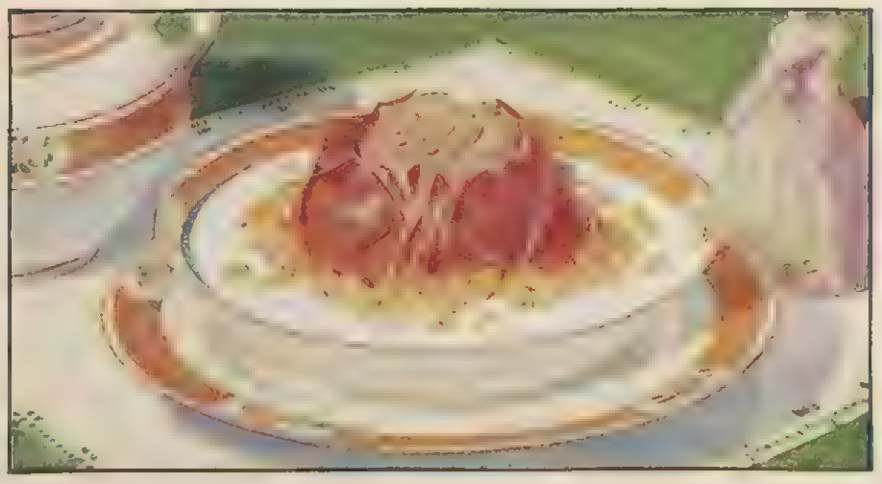
FOUR NEW SOLUTIONS *of the* Breakfast Problem

Puffed Rice, sliced bananas and rich milk. . . . The children can't resist it!

To make prunes appetizing — serve with Puffed Wheat and half-and-half.



Puffed Wheat, add a peach with its rich juice and cream. A pleasing change.



Take a baked apple with all its luscious juice and add Puffed Rice to win smiles.

for those who are tired of their usual cereal

Grain foods utterly different from all others to supply the "change" at breakfast everybody wants

IN every home, breakfast is a problem. For at breakfast, most appetites are hardest to please.

What is really needed, according to authorities, is VARIETY—less serving of the ordinary breakfast dishes and more thought to deliciousness.

Quaker Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice are utterly different from all other cereals. They look different, taste different, *are* different. Thus they provide the great enticement of a "change."

Served simply, with only milk, cream or half-and-half, they come to the table so tempting, so delicately alluring, so widely different from the ordinary cereal that the most backward breakfast appetite seldom resists them.

The Puffed Wheat is whole wheat steam exploded to 8 times normal size; then oven crisped. Almost 20% is bran; but in eating it one would never know it, so delightfully is it concealed.

The Puffed Rice is selected rice put to the same process as the Puffed Wheat.

Both appeal to children, because they are so different from most foods associated in their minds as "being good for them." They taste like toasted nutmeats; crunch in the mouth like fresh toast.

Today—try these truly *unusual* foods.

Get Puffed Wheat or Puffed Rice at your grocer's.

THE QUAKER OATS COMPANY

Continued from Page 56

fighting over us now. That's why we bolted. Hasn't Martin told you?"

"I think Martin felt he'd rather have you tell me about it yourself—that is, as much as you care to," said Mrs. Sellars with tactful evasiveness.

Judith pondered, her brows gathering in a puzzled frown. "I don't know that there's anything more to tell. I brought the children away so that we shouldn't be separated again. If children don't look after one another, who's going to do it for them? You can't expect parents to, when they don't know how to look after themselves."

"Ah, my dear," murmured Mrs. Sellars. With an impulsive movement she put her hand on Judith's. "Just say that to your mother as you've said it to me. She'll never give you up for anybody."

Judith's frown relaxed, and her eyebrows ran up incredulously. "She has before, you know. What are you to do when you fall in love? That's one thing I never mean to do," she announced in a decisive tone. "Besides, you know," she went on, "one gets used to children. I suppose you haven't any, have you?" Mrs. Sellars made a faint sign of negation. "Oh, well," Judith continued encouragingly, "I dare say it's not too late. But if you'd had all of us, and the three 'steps' besides, you'd probably take us for granted by this time. Not that Joyce isn't fond of us—only she has these heart-storms. That's what poor Doll Westway used to call them. And *she* knew——"

Mrs. Sellars laid down the spoon with which she was absently stirring her coffee. "Doll Westway——?"

Judith's face lit up. "You knew her?"

"No," said Mrs. Sellars in a tone of rejection acutely familiar to Boyne, but obviously unremarked by the girl.

"She was my very best friend," Judith went on. "You never saw anybody so lovely to look at. In tea-rose bathing-tights——"

"My dear," Mrs. Sellars interrupted, "it seems a pity to sit indoors in such weather. If you've finished your coffee shall we move out on the balcony? Martin, do find the cigarets." Her sweetness suffused them like a silvery icing. Judith, obviously puzzled, rose to follow her, and Boyne distributed cigarets with a savage energy. Oh, dash it, what had gone wrong again now?

BUT whatever had gone wrong was, for the moment at any rate, set right by the appearance of a blue-veiled nurse who was conducting a rosy little boy up the slope beneath the balcony. "Hullo! This way—here I am!" Judith joyously signaled; and Mrs. Sellars, leaning over the railing at her side, instantly declared: "Here's somebody too beautiful not to be the celebrated Chip."

Yes; it was clever of Judith to have arranged that Chipstone should appear at that moment. To a childless woman the sight of that armful of health and good humor must be at once a pang and a balm. Mrs. Sellars's eyes met Boyne's, smiling, trembling, and his signaled back: "Darn Aunt Julia!" Chipstone had already filled the air with his immovable serenity. They had gone back into the sitting-room to greet him, and he settled himself Buddha-like on Mrs. Sellars's knee, and laughed with satisfaction at the sight of Judy and Martin and Nanny grouped admiringly before him. Whatever came Chip's way seemed to turn into something as fresh as new milk with the bubbles on it.

"Oh, Chip's a good enough fellow," said Judith, fondly disparaging. "But wait till you see Terry——"

"Terry couldn't come, but the rest of us have," announced a sharp little voice outside the door.

"Good gracious! If it isn't Zinnie!" Judith jumped up in a rush of indignation; but before she could reach the door it had opened on the small, self-possessed figure of Zinnie Wheater, behind whose fiery mop appeared the dark, bobbing heads of Bun and Beechy.

"Well, if ever—I never did! Susan swore to me she'd never let 'em out of her sight while we was away," Nanny ejaculated, paling under Judith's wrathful glance.

"She never did, neither," said Zinnie composedly. "She watched us almost all the way; but we could run faster than her, 'cos she's got a shoe't hurts her, 'n' so she had to give up. Didn't she?" This was flung back to the "steps" for corroboration.

But a masterly handspring had already introduced Bun to the center front, where he remained head down, bare legs and sandal-soles in air; and Beechy had rushed up to Mrs. Sellars and flung her passionate arms about Chipstone. "Oh, my Cheepo, we thought we'd losted you, and you were dead," she joyfully wailed; and Chip received her pæan with a rosy grin.

"YES, 'n' Judy hadn't ought to of sneaked away and left us all like that, 'n' not said anything 'bout coming here, but only 'ranged for Chip to come and see you, when he's the youngest of the bunch—ought she of?" Zinnie appealed indignantly to Mrs. Sellars, who replied that it evidently didn't seem fair, but she must take the blame to herself for living in such a tiny little house that she hadn't been able to invite them all to lunch, because the dining-room wouldn't have held them. "I suppose," she diplomatically concluded, "Chipstone was chosen to represent you because he takes up the least room."

"No, he doesn't, either; I do!" shouted Bun, swiftly reversing himself and facing Mrs. Sellars in a challenging attitude. "I can crawl through a croaky hoop, and I can——"

"You can't hold your tongue, and Chip can, and that's why I brought him, and not the rest of you," cried Judith, administering a shake to Bun's gaudily sweatered person, while Nanny seized upon Beechy to stifle her howl of sympathy.

"Oh, these dreadful children!" It was another voice at the door, this time so discreetly pitched, so sweetly deprecating, that Mrs. Sellars instinctively rose to receive a visitor who seemed as little used as herself to noisy company.

"I *am* so sorry—" Blanca was in the room now, slim, white-frocked, imperturbable, with an air of mundane maturity which made Judith seem like her junior.

"Poor Susan told me they'd run away from her when they found Nanny was coming here with Chip, and I rushed after them, but couldn't catch them. I'm sorry, but it wasn't my fault." Prettily breathless, she excused herself to Judith; but her long lashes were busy drawing Mrs. Sellars and Boyne into their net. "Darling Martin!" She bestowed on him one of her mother's most studied intonations. "I'm Terry's twin," she explained parenthetically to Mrs. Sellars.

The latter, at ease with graces so like her own, declared that, since Terry could not come, she appreciated his sending so charming a delegate. Judith shot a grimace at Boyne, but Blanca, with a sudden rush of sincerity, replied: "Oh, but when you've seen him you won't care for any of the rest of us."

"Yes; she will; she'll care for Beechy and me because we're Roman Princes!" Bun shouted, threatening another handspring, which a gesture from Judith curtailed.

Zinnie pushed him aside and planted herself firmly in front of their hostess. "My mother could buy 'em all out if she wanted to, 'cos she's a movie star," she affirmed in her thin, penetrating voice. "But I'd never let her, 'cos we all love each other very much, 'n' Judy's made us all swear on Scopy's book we'd stay together till we get married. I'm probably going to marry Bun."

At this announcement signs of damp despair revealed themselves on Beechy's features; but Bun, regardless of the emotions he excited, interposed to say: "My *real* mother was a lion-tamer; but that don't matter, 'cos she's dead."

MRS. SELLARS had risen to the occasion on one of her quick wing-beats. Games, tea, and more games had been improvised with the promptness

A letter from Miss Neva Lamb of Pocatello, Idaho

Dear Sirs:

When I was a little girl we children argued and joked over choking on tooth-powders, and eating tooth-paste. When Mother learned about Pebeco Tooth Paste, she bought that kind for us all to use. It did not taste like candy, or gum, but we liked the wholesome, salty taste.

Ever since then, for twenty years, I have used Pebeco. I like it because it cleans thoroughly, and leaves a fresh, cool taste; and because it keeps my mouth and gums healthy; and because it keeps the mouth glands young.

I am now twenty-six years old. I have good, sound, white teeth, that are much admired. Last July, I went to a dentist for the first time in my life. My teeth had no cavities—are 100% sound.

(Signed) NEVA LAMB

You smile with gay assurance

Your mouth sweet . . . your teeth sparkling

HOW delightful to know that your teeth are white and healthy, your breath sweet!

The special salt in Pebeco gives you that joyous assurance. For it summons the mouth fluids. They bathe the teeth, between the teeth, the whole mouth. Food acids which cause decay and bad breath are briskly neutralized.

A famous physician found that the chief cause of tooth trouble was a slowing up of these useful mouth fluids. He developed Pebeco's formula to keep them active.

Discover for yourself how healthy Pebeco keeps your mouth and how white and sparkling your teeth. The good-morning feeling Pebeco gives your mouth starts the day gayly and lasts for hours. The bedtime brushing protects your teeth for the night.

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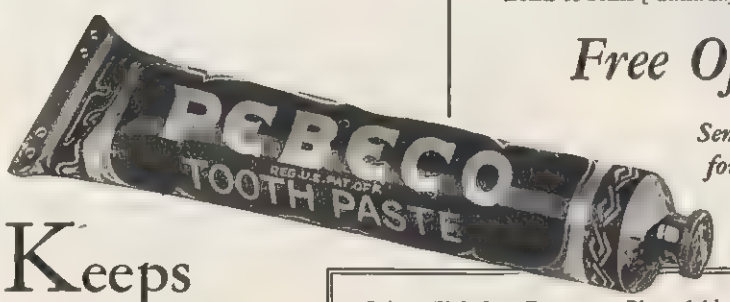

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Glover's penetrates down into the scalp. It clears the clogged hair cells. It stimulates tiny dormant glands to action. Circulation is revived. Dandruff is not just temporarily dissolved, *but ended.*

A Medical Treatment

Great scalp specialists, eminent hairdressers and barbers all recommend Glover's Combination Scalp Treatment. They know it contains no alcohol to dry and tighten the scalp. They have seen it work wonders for men and women alike. Yet the treatment is very simple—ideal to use at home.

This treatment consists of Glover's Imperial Mange Medicine and Glover's Medicated Soap—(all good druggists carry both products). Use them according to the simple directions. The medicine revitalizes your whole scalp—below the surface. The soap brings medicinal cleanliness to your scalp and, with repeated treatments, hair grows thick, healthy and beautiful. That has been proved in thousands and thousands of cases.

The clean tar odor (not found in imitations) is essential for positive results. This odor, however, disappears immediately after shampooing with the Medicated Soap.

free! A very interesting booklet, "How to have beautiful hair and healthy scalp" will be mailed if you address: H. Clay Glover Co., Inc., Dept. E, 119 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

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and skill which always distinguished her in social emergencies; and the afternoon was nearly over when a band of replete and sleepy children took their way home to the Pension Rosenglüh. On the threshold of the *châlet* Zinnie paused to call up to the balcony: "I s'pose 'f you'd known we were coming you'd have had some presents ready for us—" A cuff from Judith nipped the suggestion, and the flock was hurried off down the hill, but not too quickly to catch Mrs. Sellars's response: "Come up to-morrow and you'll see!"

Mrs. Sellars, however, did not wait till the next day to return the little Wheaters' visit. Soon after their departure she gathered up an armful of books, selected for Terry's special delectation, and walked down to the *pension* with Boyne. The younger children were by this time at supper; but the visitor was introduced to Miss Scope, and conducted by her to Terry's bedside.

Neither Judith nor Boyne accompanied her, since the doctor desired that his patient should not see too many people till he had recovered from the fatigue and agitation of the journey; and Mrs. Sellars, for this reason, did not prolong her visit. She remained only for a few minutes with the little boy, and when she rejoined Boyne, who was waiting for her at the gate, she said simply: "I'm glad I came." Boyne liked her for knowing that he would guess the rest. He had never had any doubts about this meeting.

When he got back to his hotel he found the telegram which he had been expecting since the morning. "For pity's sake wire at once if children with you and Chipstone all right worried to death can not understand insane performance police traced them to Mestre where they hired motors for Botzen please ship them all back immediately will wire you funds. Wheater."

"Darn it—well, I'll have to go and see him myself," Boyne muttered, crumpling up the paper and jamming it into his pocket. The message had shattered his dream-paradise of a day, and now the sooner the business ahead of him was over the better for everybody. But with a certain satisfaction he concluded, after a glance at the clock: "Too late to wire to-night, anyhow."

"HERE—how am I to answer this?" he challenged Mrs. Sellars that evening, pushing the telegram across the dinner-table, where they had lingered over their wood-strawberries and cream.

She had been charming about the Wheater children after their departure; delicately appreciative of Judith—with a shade of reserve—grave and tender about Terry, and warmly maternal about the others. It was heart-breaking, the whole business—and so touching, their all turning to Martin for help, regarding him apparently as their only friend (how well she understood that!). But what on earth was he going to do about it? What possible issue did he see?

At dinner they went in and out of the question again, till Boyne, feeling that, thanks to Terry, her sympathy was permanently secured, drew the Wheater telegram from his pocket. Mrs. Sellars scrutinized it thoughtfully.

"When did this come?"

"Just now. I found it when I went back to the hotel."

She sighed. "Of course the Wheaters were bound to find out within twenty-four hours where they'd gone. Poor little conspirators! I wish we could have kept them a day or two longer—especially with that boy so overdone——"

"Well, perhaps we can."

Her eyebrows queried: "How?"

But instead of taking this up he said: "You haven't told me yet what I'm to answer."

Her mobile brow sketched another query. "What *can* you answer? Their father'll come and fetch them if you don't send them back."

"I certainly sha'n't do that."

"Sha'n't? Then what?" Her eyes darkened, and her lips grew grave. She took up the telegram and studied it again; then she lifted a faintly mocking smile to Boyne. "I'm curious to hear your alternative."

He considered this with a frown of perplexity. "Why should I answer at all?"

"If you don't, Wheater has only to telephone to the hotel, and find out if you're still here, and if you've been seen about with a party of children."

"I sha'n't be here. I'll pack off at once—to Pieve di Cadore, or somewhere."

"And the children?"

"I'll take them with me."

"Are you serious?"

"Absolutely."

She gave a little laugh as smooth as spun glass. "Then you're a child yourself, dear. How long do you suppose it will be before you're run down? You'll only be making things worse for the children—and for yourself."

"Hang myself! But for them—" He frowned and pondered again. "Well, darn it; perhaps. But what have you got to suggest?"

"That you should persuade Judith to take them straight back, of course. I'm awfully sorry for them all—and Terry especially. But there's nothing else to do."

He stood up and paced the floor. "I'll never do that."

She leaned her white arms on the table, and her smile followed his impatient pacings. "Then what?"

"I don't know. Anyhow, I've got the night to think it over."

"All the thinking in the world won't get you any further."

He met her smile with a grin which was almost antagonistic. "I've got out of one or two tighter places in my life before now."

"I've no doubt you have," she returned in a tone of slightly ironic admiration.

AT THAT stage they had dropped the matter, both too experienced in debate not to feel the uselessness of continuing. And the next morning had, after all, told Boyne, without any one's help, what he intended to do. The first step was to see Judith; and he was down at the *pension* before the shutters of her room were unlatched. Miss Scope was summoned to the sitting-room, and he told her that Judith must come down immediately to see him.

"Bad news, Mr. Boyne—oh, I hope not?"

"Well, you didn't seriously suppose it was going to take Wheater much longer than this to run you down, did you?"

Miss Scope whitened. "Are the police after us?"

"The police?" He burst out laughing. "To arrest you for abduction? If they do, it shall be over my dead body."

She turned to go, and then paused to face him from the threshold. "Whatever Judith did was done with my knowledge and consent—consent; I don't say approval," she declared in an emphatic whisper.

"Of course, of course. But send her down at once, will you please?"

A moment later Judith was there, huddled into a scant poppy-colored dressing-gown, her hair tumbling thickly over eyes, still misty with childish sleep. "What is it, Martin? The police?"

He laughed again, this time more impatiently. "Don't be ridiculous, child. You're as bad as Scopy. You didn't really believe your father would have you arrested, did you?"

She met this with another question. "What is he going to do?"

He handed her the telegram, and she flashed back: "You haven't answered it?"

"Not yet."

"Well, we'll have to start at once, I suppose."

Boyne stared at her, so unprepared for this prompt abdication that the feeling uppermost in him was a sudden sense of flatness. He had come there ready to put up a fight, valiant if unresourceful, and now——

"Couldn't we catch a steamer at Trieste?" she continued, apparently pursuing some inward train of thought. The unexpected question jerked him back out of his supineness.

"Trieste? Why Trieste?" He stared at her, puzzled. "Where to?"

Continued on Page 64

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Now doctors ask you:

"Is your bathroom paper safe?"

PHYSICIANS say these are facts: "Poorer grades of toilet paper are irritating"; "Too coarse a tissue can cause much harm." 580 doctors, recently questioned, agreed: "Inferior toilet papers are injurious!"

Yet, even today, *most so-called toilet tissue is just ordinary tissue paper in rolls.* It is sometimes alkaline or acid. And it may be glazed and hard-finished, actually abrasive to tender skin.

A famous specialist, Dr. J. F. Montague, of the Bellevue Hospital Medical College Clinic, discusses this problem frankly — authoritatively. In his interesting recent book TROUBLES WE DON'T TALK ABOUT*, Dr. Montague writes:

"The slightest irritation will in the presence of germs, be likely to be followed by infection. We can, at least, adopt for bathroom use a tissue, such as ScotTissue, which is soft and free from alkali bleaching material. By its gentle use we can accomplish cleansing without damage to the skin, and in this manner maintain local hygiene and minimize whatever rectal ailments come from this source."

You need take no chances

The makers of ScotTissue and Waldorf make *only special toilet tissues.* Every roll of this paper must meet the doctors' strictest requirements.

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Insist on ScotTissue and Waldorf

Scott tissues are made of fibre so uniquely absorbent that, unlike ordinary tissue, they sink in water almost instantly. Yet the sheets are strong, as hospitals require. Equally important, they are wonderfully soft and cloth-like. They never show the edges and hard particles which the microscope finds in ordinary paper sold for bathroom use.

Unlike many toilet papers, they are made wholly of fresh, new materials. They are free from mechanical impurities. And in the chemist's test they are never alkaline nor acid —always safe.

Even a small child easily uses ScotTissue or Waldorf. The perforations work, the sheets tear evenly. In every respect this paper must please the most fastidious.

Now you can demand certainty and confidence in this bathroom essential. Never ask for toilet paper. Ask for ScotTissue or Waldorf.

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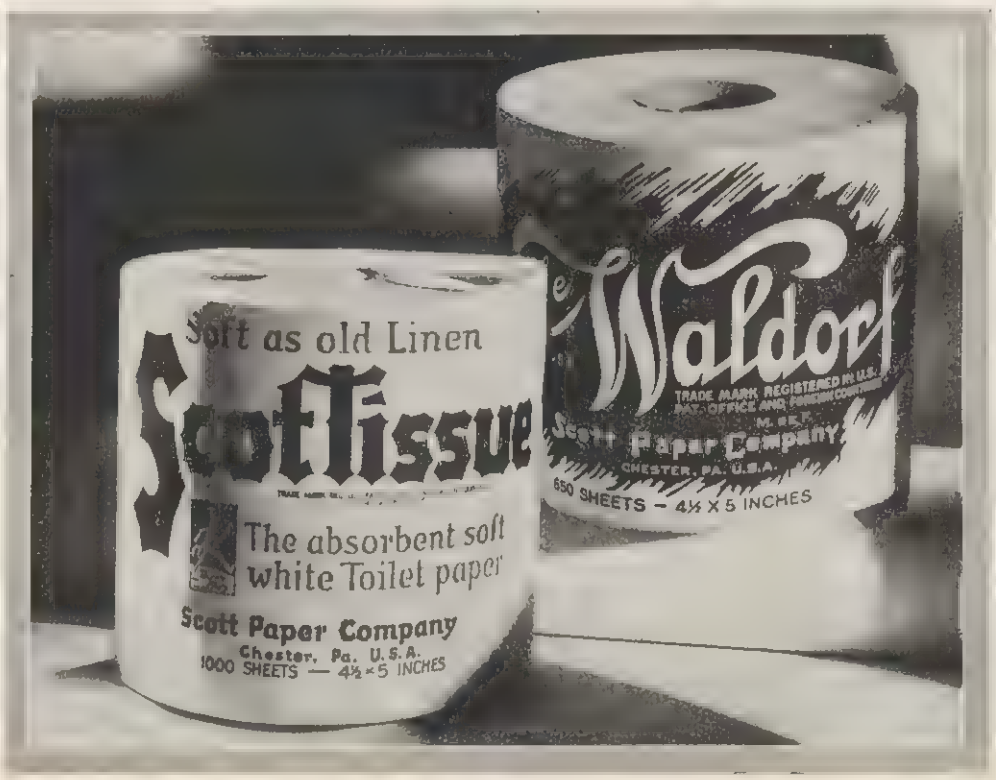
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THE more attractive and charming a woman is, the more unpleasantly out of keeping is that social error—*perspiration odor.*

But, thanks to "Mum", every trace of unpleasant body odor *can be prevented*—surely and completely. Never need there be even a thought of embarrassment.

A finger-tip of "Mum"—the dainty deodorant cream—applied to each underarm counteracts the odorous waste matter that perspiration brings out through the pores of the armpits. The odor is entirely prevented. It is *neutralized* the instant it occurs. One application of "Mum"—the *true* deodorant—lasts all day and evening and keeps you as fresh and dainty as when you stepped from the morning bath.

Another important use

And equally important is the use of "Mum" with the sanitary pad. Thousands of dainty women use "Mum" regularly in this connection—proof of its effectiveness and *safety*.

"Mum" is 35c and 60c a jar at all stores. Get it today and *know* that you are above reproach. Or use the Special Offer Coupon, introducing Ban—the remarkable new cream Hair Remover.

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Enclosed is..... for offer checked. ☐ *Special Offer*—35c "Mum," for personal daintiness, and 50c Ban—the efficient and delightful-to-use Cream Hair Remover—*85c worth for 60c postpaid.* ☐ 10c for introductory size "Mum" postpaid.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... May, 1928

Continued from Page 62

"Oh, almost anywhere, where they can't reach us too quickly." She continued to brood upon her problem. "Perhaps, do you know, after all, we'd better go to America. Don't you think so? There's Grandma Mervin—Joyce's mother. We might go to her. And meanwhile you can make the Wheaters think we're still here, and so they won't be worried, and we shall have time to slip away."

In spite of himself, Boyne's first feeling was one of relief that she meant to keep up the struggle. To begin with, it was more like her; and he had reached the point of wanting her, at all costs, to be like herself. But he kept his wits sufficiently to reply on a note of sarcasm: "Thank you for the part for which I'm cast. But, my poor child, even if you could get away to America without your parents' knowing it, such journeys cost money, and I don't suppose——"

"Oh, I've oceans of money," she answered with a startling composure.

"What do you call oceans of money? Scopy's savings?" he taunted her.

Judith flushed up sharply. "She told you?"

"She told me nothing. I guessed."

Her head drooped for a moment. "Well, of course I shall pay her back. She's sure of that. She knows I'm a nairess."

"Heroic woman! But how far do you expect to go on what she's contributed?"

This also she faced with composure. "Not very—poor dear Scopy! But you see, I've got a lot besides."

"A lot of money?"

She leaned her rumpled head back against the hard sofa, apparently determined to enjoy his bewilderment for a moment before enlightening him. "But don't you call ten thousand dollars a lot of money?"

Boyne gave a whistle of astonishment, and she nodded softly in corroboration.

"You had ten thousand dollars—of your own?"

"No. But I knew where father had them."

Boyne jumped to his feet, and stood glaring down at her incredulously. "You knew——?"

"Don't gape, Martin. If you like to call it so, I stole the money. He always has a lot about, because it bores him so to write checks."

"And you helped yourself—to what you wanted?"

"It was awfully easy. I knew where the key was." She seemed anxious to disclaim any undeserved credit in the matter. "And, anyhow, I knew part of it was intended for our expenses in the Engadine this Summer. So it really wasn't exactly like stealing—was it?"

BOYNE sat down again, this time in a chair on the farther side of the room. There seemed to be something almost maleficent in the proximity of the small scarlet figure with rumpled hair and sleep-misted eyes, curled up defiantly in the sofa corner. "You told your father this, I suppose, in the letter you left for him?"

"Told him I'd taken the money?" She laughed. "If I had there wouldn't have been much use in taking it—would there?"

He groaned, and sat silent, his eyes fixed on the carefully scrubbed boards of the floor. For a while he concentrated his whole attention on their resinous knots; then he stood up again. "Well, I wash my hands of you—all of you," he announced.

She rose also, and went up to him. "Martin—what are you going to do?"

"Do? Nothing. You'd better answer that telegram yourself," he retorted, shaking off the timid hand she had put out. He walked across the room, blinked unseeingly at his hat and stick, which he had thrown down on the table, and turned to go out of the door without them. On the threshold he was checked by Judith's passionate clutch on his arm. Her lifted face was wet and frightened. "Martin—why don't you say you think I'm a thief?"

He swung round on her. "I think you're an unutterable fool. I think the average Andaman-Islander has a more highly developed moral sense than you."

"I don't know who they are. But Doll Westway always used to——"

"Used to what?"

"Go to her mother's drawer. There wasn't any other way. They all hate the bother of paying bills—parents do." She clung to him, her lips still trembling.

"Miss Scope knows about this, I suppose?"

She nodded. "I persuaded her. She hated it awfully—but she saw there was no other way. She's saved so little herself—because she has a brother who drinks."

"And Terry? Does Terry know?"

"Oh, Martin! Terry? How could you think it? But you don't really, do you? You just said that to frighten me. Oh, Martin! You'll never tell Terry, will you? It doesn't matter about anybody else."

HE STOOD silent, suffering her clasp of desperate entreaty, as if a numbness had crept into the arm she held, and yet as if every nerve in it were fire. Something of the same duality was in his brain as he listened. It struck him dumb with the sense of his incapacity. All the forces of pity—and of something closer to the soul than pity—were fighting in him for her. But opposed to them was the old habit of relentless, unconditional probity; the working man's faith in a standard to be kept up, and imposed on others, at no matter what cost of individual suffering. "I can't let her drift," was as near as he could come to it.

"Martin, tell me what you want me to do," she whispered, her lips trembling. His own tightened.

"Sit down at that table and write to your father that you took the money—and why you took it."

For a while she considered this painfully. "If I don't," she finally brought out, "shall you tell Terry?"

He gave her an indignant look. "Of course I sha'n't tell Terry!"

"Very well. Then I will."

Boyne flushed with the suddenness of his triumph, and most of all at the reason for it. "That's my Judy!"

She colored too, as if surprized, but her face remained drawn and joyless. "But if I do, the game's up—isn't it?"

"The game's up anyhow, my dear."

Her color faded. "You mean you're really going to give us away?"

He paused, and then said with deliberation: "I'm going to Venice at once to see your father."

"To tell him we're here?"

"Of course."

Her hand fell from his arm, and she stood drooping before him, all the youth drained out of her face. He was frightened at the effect of his words. Her boundless capacity for suffering struck him as the strangest element in her tragic plight.

"Then you give us up altogether? You don't care any longer what becomes of us?"

He paused a moment, and then turned back into the room, and took her two cold hands in his.

"Judith, look at me." She obeyed.

"Can't you understand that I care for only one thing at this moment? That you should realize what you've done?"

"About the money?"

"Of course. About the money."

"You really think that matters more than anything else?"

The unexpectedness of the question suddenly cut him adrift from his argument. It seemed to come out of some other plane of experience, to be thrust at him from depths of pain and disillusionment that he had not yet begun to sound.

"You see," she pressed on, snatching at her opportunity, "if we could only get to Grandma Mervin's, I believe she'd keep us. At any rate, she'd try to make Joyce see that we mustn't be separated. I know she would, because in her letters to Joyce she always calls us 'those poor children.' She's awfully old-fashioned, Grandma Mervin. And the money, Martin—father won't find out for ever so long that it's gone. There was a lot

Continued on Page 67

Bran, but doesn't taste that way

That's why this delicious hot breakfast is such an effective cure for that "not sick—not well" feeling

HOW do you feel in the morning? Sluggish, nervous, irritable? Does your head ache? Are you tired and worn out without reason? Body irregularity—common to a majority of today's busy adults—is the cause.

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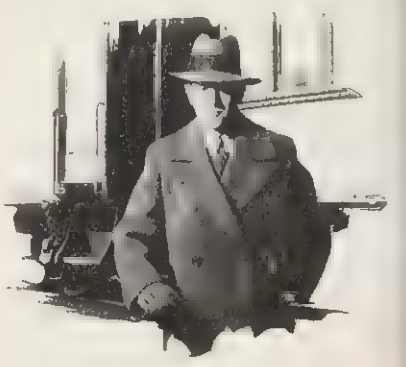

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For years we have been enthusiastic about DEL MONTE Peaches—their flavor, their economy, the endless opportunity for new variety they bring to everyday meals.

But until we started to prepare our new recipe book on Peaches and asked the country's leading food authorities for their suggestions, we never fully realized how general was this same enthusiasm for DEL MONTE Peaches in all sorts of combinations.

"The handiest fruit on America's pantry shelf," said these famous cooks—and went on to prove it with their own easy, economical suggestions and recipes.

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They are *also* the finest kind of addition to almost *any* standard dessert or salad. They just naturally dress up other dishes—with no extra work.

To make our point clear, serve peaches on the meringue of your next floating island or in cottage pudding batter. Use them in place of apples in your next brown betty, on hot gingerbread topped with whipped cream. Or try them in the roasting pan with fowl. Or in a jelly roll in place of jelly. No matter how well you liked these old favorites before, we venture you'll like them better with peaches. You'll welcome that new touch of flavor and that fresh appeal of fruit.

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Just be sure you say DEL MONTE

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This is an actual color photograph of a Mazola-made pie—you can make pie crust exactly like it by following this recipe:

1¾ cups flour — *¼ cup Argo or Kingsford's Cornstarch*
½ teaspoon salt — *8 tablespoons Mazola*
Cold water to moisten—about 4 tablespoons

Sift the flour, cornstarch and salt into a bowl. Stir in the Mazola, moisten with the water. Turn onto a floured board, roll out at once. One-quarter teaspoon baking powder may be added if desired.

AS a pure, wholesome *vegetable* oil—a *liquid*—Mazola needs no melting. It is a "cool" shortening. You can measure Mazola accurately—which practically insures perfect results.

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Continued from Page 64

more where I took it from. He always has such heaps with him; and he never knows how much he's spent. Once he had a valet who stole a lot, and he didn't discover it for months. And without that money we can't possibly get to America."

Boyne pulled himself together with an effort, averting his eyes from the perilous mirage. "And you're gambling on being as lucky as the other thief?" There—saying that had cleared his conscience, and he could go on more mildly: "Don't you see, child, that this business of the money spoils the whole thing? You've got to give it back to me, and I've got to take it to your father. Then I'll put up the best fight I can for you."

She seemed to hear only his last words. "You will—oh, Martin, darling, you really will?"

In an instant her arms were about his neck, her wet face pressed against his lips. ("Now—now—now—" he grumbled.) "I knew it, Martin! I knew in my soul you'd never chuck us," she exulted in the sudden ecstasy of her relief. Waves of buoyancy seemed to be springing beneath her feet. "Martin, I know you'll know just what to say to them."

"Go up-stairs, Judith, and get that money," he admonished her severely.

While she was gone he stood gazing out of the window. Of all the world of light and freedom before him, its mighty mountain slopes, its pinnacles reared into a cloud-pillared sky, and the giant blue shadows racing each other across the valleys, he saw nothing but the black thread of railway winding down to Venice and the Wheaters. He had still to make her write the letter to her father. He had still to deliver her—this child who trusted him—bound and helpless into the hands of the enemy.

"D——, d——, d——, oh, d——!" It seemed to be the only expletive at Cliffe Wheater's command, and Boyne felt that he had used it so often that it was as worn out as an old elastic band, and no longer held his scattered ideas together.

He plunged down into an armchair of the Lido Palace hall—the Wheaters had moved out to the Lido—and sat there, his florid weight embraced by a cluster of huge leather bolsters, his lips tinged with an uneasy purple, the veins in his temples swollen and reddened with exasperation. "D——!" he ejaculated again.

The place was empty. It was the hour of the afternoon sun-bath on the sands below the hotel, and no one shared the cool chiaroscuro with them but a knot of white-jacketed boys languishing near the lift, and a gold-braided porter sunk in torpor behind his desk.

Boyne sat opposite to Wheater, in another vast slippery armchair, to which it required a continual muscular effort to anchor his spare frame. He sat and watched Cliffe Wheater with the parched and narrow-lipped attention he might have given to the last stages of a debate with a native potentate on whom he was trying to impose some big engineering scheme that had to cross the ruler's territory.

But with the potentate it would have been only a question of matching values, of convincing him of the material worth of what was offered. In such negotiations the languages spoken, when interpreted, usually turned out to be the same. But in his talk with Wheater, Boyne had the sense of using an idiom for which there were no equivalents in the other's speech. Superficially their vocabularies were the same; below the surface each lost its meaning for the other. Wheater continued to toss uneasily on a sea of incomprehension.

"What the devil can I do about it?" he demanded.

It was almost unintelligible that anything should have happened to him against which his wealth and his health would not prevail. His first idea seemed to be that it must be all a mistake—or somebody else's confounded negligence. As if they had forgotten to set the burglar-alarm, or to order the motor, or to pay the fire insurance, or to choke off a bore at the telephone, or, by some other unstopped fissure in the tight armor of his well-being, had suddenly let tribulation in on him. If he could get at the offender—if he only could! But it was the crux of his misery that apparently he couldn't——

"Not that I blame the child," he said suddenly, looking down with a helpless interrogative stare at his heavy blond-haired hands, with their glossy nails and one huge plum-shaped sapphire. He raised his eyes and examined Boyne, who felt himself leaping to the guard of his own face.

"That business of the money—you understand, she didn't in the least realize—" Boyne began.

"Oh, hang the money!" That question was swept away with a brush of the hand. Boyne had noticed that the poor little letter of confession he had extracted from Judith had received hardly a glance from her father, who had pocketed the bank-notes as carelessly as if they were a gambling debt. Evidently the Lido Palace values were different. It was the hideous inconvenience of it all that was gnawing at Wheater—and also, to be fair to him, a vague, muddled distress about his children. "I didn't know the poor little chaps cared so much," was all that this emotion wrung from him; none the less, Boyne felt, it was sincere.

"They care most awfully for each other—and very much for you and Joyce. What they need beyond everything is a home: a home with you two at its head."

"Oh, d——!" Wheater groaned again. It was as if Boyne had proposed to him to ascend the throne of England. What was the use of dealing in impossibilities? There were things which even his money couldn't buy—and when you stripped him of the sense of its omnipotence he squirmed like a snail out of its shell.

"Why can't there not be rows?" he began again, perspiring with the oppression of his helplessness.

"There wouldn't be if you and Joyce would only come to an understanding."

The aggrieved husband met this derisively. "Joyce—and an understanding!"

"Well—she's awfully fond of the children, and so are you. And they're devoted to both of you, all of them. Why can't you and she agree to bury your differences, and arrange your lives so that you can keep the children together, and give them something that looks like a home, while you both?—well, do what you like—privately—" Boyne felt his lips drying as they framed this arid proposal.

Wheater leaned his elbows on his knees and gazed vacantly at the picture presented. "Joyce doesn't care to do what she likes privately," he replied without irony.

"But the children—I'm sure she doesn't want to part with them."

"No; and no more do I. And what's more, I won't!" He brought down a clenched fist on the leather protuberance at his elbow. It sank in soggily, as if the Lido armchair had been the symbol of Joyce's sullen opposition. "By Heavens, I can dictate my terms," Wheater pursued sonorously but without conviction.

BOYNE stood up with a sense of weariness. His bones felt as stiff as if he had been trying to hang on to a jagged rock above a precipice; his mind participated in their ache.

"What's the use of threats? Of course you're all-powerful. Between you, Joyce and you can easily destroy these children's lives——"

"Oh, see here!" Wheater protested.

"Destroy their lives. Look at that poor Doll Westway, who was kicked about from pillar to post. Judith told me her miserable story——"

"I don't see the resemblance. And what's more, I strongly object to being classed with a down-and-outer like Charlie Westway. Why, man, no law court in the world would have given a blackguard like that the custody of his children. Whereas mine will always be perfectly safe in my hands, and Joyce knows it, and so do her lawyers."

"I dare say; but the trouble is that the

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"Let me send you, free, one week's supply of Postum, with my personal directions for preparing it, as a start on the 30-day test.

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(prepared instantly in the cup) *which you*
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The Secret of her Popularity

a glorious flashing smile

Since Childhood Days
Miss Gittere has used this one dental cream
and look at her lovely teeth today

NO wonder she's popular! Wherever she goes, her charming personality wins a host of admiring friends.

Much of Miss Dorothy Gittere's charm is due to a really remarkable smile. A smile that shows two even rows of sparkling, lustrous teeth.

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Miss Gittere tells us she has used but one dental cream during the past 18 years. Daily cleaning with Colgate's and a trip to the dentist every six months . . . there you have her secret.

In this country, and in foreign countries the world over, you will find thousands of men and women like Miss Gittere who began using Colgate's ten, fifteen, even twenty years ago, and whose teeth to-day are exceptionally sound and beautiful.

Many of these people are grateful enough to write to us. Sincere, unsolicited reports from people proud of the soundness and attractiveness of their teeth.

There is nothing mysterious about these enviable results.

The men and women fortunate enough to secure them did nothing that you cannot easily do yourself. They visited their dentists for periodic inspections. And they used Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream.

Choose your dentifrice on the basis of results. Follow the lead of those who have already kept their teeth sound for years. Simply adopt for your own use the dentifrice most popular among people with well-preserved teeth.

You see, Colgate's stands apart from most dentifrices. It is expressly and scientifically made to get teeth clean.

Also, wouldn't it be an immense satisfaction to know that the dentifrice you were using was the one which dentists recommend most frequently?

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children need Joyce at least as much as they do you. And they need something that neither one of you can give them separately. They need you and Joyce together: that's what a home is made of —togetherness—the mysterious atmosphere—" Boyne broke off, nervously swallowing his own eloquence.

Wheater gave him a helpless look. "Have a drink?" he suggested. He waved his hand to the white-coated guardian of the lift. Far off across the empty reaches of the hall a waiter appeared with napkin and tray—sail and raft of a desert ocean. "Hi!" Wheater called out feverishly. Boyne wondered that he did not brandish his handkerchief at the end of a stick. The two men drank in a desperate silence.

CAPTURING Joyce's attention was less easy. It was difficult even to secure her presence. Not that she avoided her husband—on the contrary, she devoted all the time she could spare to arguing with him about their future arrangements. And she had flung herself on Boyne in an agony of apprehension about the children. But once assured of their safety she remarked that their going off like that had served Cliffe right, and she hoped it would be a lesson to him; and thereupon hurried away to a pressing engagement on the beach, promising Boyne to see him when she came up to dress for dinner—anywhere between eight and nine. She supposed Cliffe would look after him in the interval.

It was nearer nine than eight when Boyne finally waylaid her in an upper corridor, on the way back to her room. She relegated him to her sitting-room while she got out of her bathing-tights, and presently reappeared swathed in perfumed lace, with vivid eyes, tossed hair as young as Judith's, and the general glow imparted by a new love-affair.

Boyne remembered Terry's phrase: "With all the new ways the doctors have of making parents young again," and reflected that this was still the most potent. She threw herself down on a lounge, clasped her arms behind her head, and declared: "It was too clever of Judith to give her father that scare. Now perhaps he'll come to his senses." Yes—she was going to be more difficult to convince than Wheater.

"What do you call coming to his senses?"

"Why, giving them all to me, of course —to me and Gerald." Her lids closed amorously on the name. Boyne was frightened by a reminder of Judith's way of caressing certain thoughts and images with her lashes. He hated anything in the mother that recalled what he most loved in her daughter.

"The trouble is, Joyce, that what they want—what they need—is not you and —and anybody else—but just you and Cliffe: their parents."

"Me and Cliffe! An edifying spectacle!"

"Oh, well, they've discounted all that —at least Judith and Terry have. And they're incurably fond of you both. What the younger ones require, of course, is just the even warmth of a home—like any other young animals."

She considered her shining nails, as if glassing her indolent beauty in them.

"You see," Boyne pressed on, "it's all these changes of temperature that are killing them."

"What changes of temperature?"

"Well, every time there's a new deal— I mean a new step-parent—there's necessarily a new atmosphere, isn't there? Young things, you know, need sameness —it's their vital element."

Joyce, at this point, surprized him by abounding in his own sense. It was never she who wanted to change, she assured him. Hadn't she come back of her own accord to Cliffe, and loyally made the attempt all over again—just on account of the children? And what had been the result as far as they were concerned? Simply their being compelled to assist, with older and more enlightened eyes, at the same old rows and scandals (for Cliffe *was* scandalous) which had already edified their infancy.

Could Boyne possibly advise the renewal of such conditions as a "vital element" in their welfare, the poor darlings? It would be the most disastrous experiment that could be made with them. Whereas, if they would just firmly declare their determination to remain with Joyce, and only with Joyce, Cliffe would soon come to his senses—and, anyhow, as soon as another woman got hold of him, he wouldn't know what to do with the children, and would be only too thankful to know they were in safe hands.

And had Boyne considered what a boon it would be to dear Terry to have Gerald always with him, not as a salaried tutor, but, better still, as friend, companion, guardian—as everything his own father had failed to be? Boyne must have seen what a fancy Terry had taken to Gerald. And Gerald simply loved the boy. That consideration, she owned, had influenced her not a little in her determination to break with Wheater.

Joyce was much more articulate than her husband, and, paradoxical as it seemed, proportionately harder to deal with. She swept away all Boyne's arguments on a torrent of sentimental verbiage; and she had the immense advantage over Wheater of believing that the children would be perfectly happy with her, whereas Wheater merely believed in his right to keep them, whether his doing so made them happy or not.

But these considerations were interrupted by Joyce's abrupt exclamation that it was past nine already, and the Wrenches and the Duke of Mendip were waiting for her. Of course dear Martin would join them at dinner? No; Martin thought he wouldn't, thanks; in fact, he'd already promised Cliffe——

"But Cliffe's coming too. Oh, you didn't know? My dear, he's infatuated with Sibyl Lullmer. She came here to try and catch Mendip, and, failing that, she's quietly annexed Cliffe instead. Rather funny, isn't it? But of course that kind of woman sticks at nothing. With her record—why should she? And Cliffe has had to make up with Zinnia Wrench because it was the easiest way of being with Sibyl. So you will dine with us, Martin, won't you? And do tell me—you're sure Chip's perfectly contented? And you think Cortina will do Terry good?"

Half an hour later Boyne, who had sternly told himself that this also was part of the game, sat at a table in the crowded Lido Palace restaurant, overhanging the starlit whisper of the Adriatic. His seat was between Zinnia Lacrosse and Joyce Wheater, and opposite him was a small, sleek creature, who reminded him, when she first entered, of Judith—who had the same puzzled, craving eyes, the same soft, shadowy look amid the surrounding glare. But when he faced her across the table, saw her smile, heard her voice, he was furious with himself for the comparison.

"Do you mean to say you don't know Sib Lullmer?" Joyce whispered to him, under cover of the saxophones. "But you must have heard of her as Mrs. Charlie Westway? She always manages to be in the spotlight. Her daughter Doll committed suicide last year at Deauville. It was all pretty beastly. Sib herself is always chock-full of drugs. Doesn't look it, does she? She might be Judy's age—in this light. What do you think of her?"

"I think she's hideous."

Mrs. Wheater stared. "Well, the dressmakers don't. They dress her for nothing. Look at her ogling Gerald! That's what makes Cliffe so frantic," Cliffe's wife smilingly noted. After a moment she added: "A nice stepmother for my children! Do you wonder I'm putting up a fight to keep them?"

FROM across the table Mrs. Lullmer was speaking in a low, piercing whine. When she spoke her large eyes became as empty as a medium's, and her lips moved just enough to let out a knife-edge of voice. "I told Anastase I'd never speak to him again, or set foot in his place, if ever I caught him selling one of the dresses he'd designed for me to a respectable woman; and he said: 'Why, I never saw one in my establishment: did you?' And I said to him: 'Now you've insulted me, and I'll sue you for libel if

Continued on Page 70

Kotex Prices Reduced

A few months ago, as a means of winning a million new users for Kotex, so as to expedite nation-wide distribution of the new Improved Kotex, we made a special offer of one box of Kotex free with every two boxes purchased for 98c. This sale is now ended.

So overwhelming was the response to this offer that we doubled our output and are thereby now able to announce a permanent 30% reduction in the regular price of Kotex when sold by the box.

These two exclusive new features have doubled Kotex sales:

1 ***A new, form-fitting shape***—non-detectable under the most clinging gowns, because corners are scientifically rounded and tapered to fit.

2 ***Softer wrapping, fluffier filler*** eliminate the discomforts of chafing and binding.

& ALL THE FEATURES AND PROTECTION YOU HAVE ALWAYS KNOWN IN KOTEX ARE RETAINED.

SELDOM is a manufacturer able to present a greatly improved product at a striking reduction in price. Only doubled manufacturing facilities make such a step possible.

Improved Kotex has been two years in the making; two years of research, of test, of investigation and experiment in our laboratories, and in the laboratories of women doctors.

Our enthusiasm for the perfected product has decided a new production program: because of the tremendous demand we have doubled our output. This makes possible a permanent 30% reduction in the regular price of Kotex when sold by the box.

New, form-fitting Kotex

And, at the new price, you obtain a product exclusive in design—the most radical development in intimate feminine hygiene since the invention of Kotex itself.

A specially perfected process now turns and tapers the corners so that the pad fits snugly, securely . . . without affecting the lines of modish gowns. Appearance is considered, for the first time in the history of sanitary devices! Now, with the assurance of exquisite grooming, comes a sense of well-being and composure never before possible.

And the gauze wrapping is softer, the downy filler even fluffier than before. Chafing and similar irritation is ended.

Doctors, nurses cooperated

During the past two years, 27 women doctors, 83 nurses and six specialists in feminine hygiene suggested and approved ideas not only professionally but also from a woman's point of view. Their endorsement carries special significance.

Features exclusive to Kotex

Kotex and Kotex only offers these exclusive new features. In no other sanitary device do you get these improvements. And all the former exclusive advantages of Kotex are retained. The remarkably absorbent powers of Kotex remain; the same protective area is there. Cellucotton wadding which is exclusive to Kotex has all the advantages of any waterproofed absorbent, plus its own unique qualities —5 times more absorbent than cotton—discards like tissue—you simply follow directions; it deodorizes thoroughly while being worn.

Nothing else is like Kotex

You buy Kotex by name, without embarrassment, without delay . . . in two sizes, Regular and Kotex-Super.

Remember, nothing else is remotely like the new Improved Kotex. Buy a box today to learn our latest and greatest contribution to woman's hygienic comfort. At all drug, dry goods or department stores. Supplied also through vending cabinets in rest-rooms by West Disinfecting Co.

Kotex Company, 180 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Are you, too, one of those who have tried treatment after treatment for the skin, yet without any visible results?

Just beneath your skin

is the complexion you envy today in others

HOWEVER marred or imperfect your skin may be, you may not be more than one short week away from a really radiant complexion.

Startling as this statement may seem, it is nevertheless true; and with thousands of women today the facts are being passed along from one to another. It comes down to a simple truth about the skin which physicians will tell you is at the root of every skin blemish and fault.

Tiny glands continually functioning, pores throwing off poisons, capillaries rushing fresh blood in and carrying off infection—here is a delicate balance of forces like the balance wheel of a fine watch. With healthy vigor and activity, comes a clear, clean complexion. Too much or too little stimulation, and there starts that long succession of blemishes and faults that women are constantly seeking to avoid.

This method of daily care

To cleanse the pores of dust and germs, to restore gently the pulsing of the capillaries in the lower layers of the skin, to carry off infection, *and then to stop new infection before it starts*—thousands have learned the daily use of Resinol Soap.

Start today to use Resinol on *your own* skin. Within a week you will begin to notice it has taken on a finer, smoother texture—a ruddier glow. You will notice a clearing of the ugly little blemishes.

Also as a general toilet soap—for baby's tender skin, for shampooing, for the bath! Note its clean, tonic odor.

Ointment for serious affections

The soothing, healing properties of Resinol Ointment have for years been successful in relieving even stubborn skin affections. Rashes and eczema—often itching, unpleasant and embarrassing—will in many cases vanish in a few days. Thousands have wondered at the QUICKNESS of its action. Resinol is absolutely harmless. It will not irritate even the delicate texture of an infant's skin.

FREE TRIAL OFFER

Dept. 8-D, Resinol, Baltimore, Md.

Please send me, without charge, a trial size cake of Resinol Soap and a sample of Resinol Ointment—enough for several days' ordinary use.

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... State .....

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you don't take fifty per cent. off my bill.' I'm poor, you see," Mrs. Lullmer concluded plaintively, sweeping the table with her disarming gaze.

The Duke, Zinnia, Lord Wrench, and Cliffe Wheater received the anecdote with uproarious approval. Gerald Ormerod looked at the ceiling, and Joyce looked tenderly at Gerald. "I got off twenty-five per cent. anyhow," Mrs. Lullmer whined, spreading her fluid gaze over Boyne.

All about them, at other tables exactly like theirs, sat other men exactly like Lord Wrench and Wheater, the Duke of Mendip and Gerald Ormerod; other women exactly like Joyce and Zinnia and Mrs. Lullmer. Boyne remembered Mrs. Sellars's wail at the approach of a standardized beauty. Here it was, in all its scientific terror—endless as the repetitions of a nightmare. Every one of the women in the vast, crowded restaurant seemed to be of the same age, to be dressed by the same dressmakers, loved by the same lovers, adorned by the same jewelers, and massaged and manipulated in the same beauty-parlors. The only difference was that the few whose greater age was no longer disguisable had shorter skirts, and exposed a wider expanse of shoulder-blade.

A double jazz-band drowned their conversation, but from the movement of their lips, and the accompanying gestures, Boyne surmised that they were all saying exactly the same things as Joyce and Zinnia and Mrs. Lullmer. It would have been unfashionable to be different; and once more Boyne marveled at the incurable simplicity of the corrupt. "Blessed are the pure in heart," he thought, "for they have so many more things to talk about——"

Out in the offing the lights of the *Fancy Girl* drew an unheeded triangle of stars against the sultry dusk. A breeze, rising as darkness fell, carried the reflection toward the shore on a multitude of obsequious little waves; but the sea no longer interested the diners, for it was not the hour when they used it.

"I say—let's go and finish our cigars on board?" Cliffe Wheater proposed, yearning, as always, to have his new toy noticed. The night was languid, the guests were weary of their usual routine of amusements, and the party, following the line of least resistance, drifted down to the pier, where the *Fancy Girl's* white launch lay mingling the glitter of its brasses with the glow of the constellations in the ripples.

"To-morrow, old man," Wheater said, his arm in Boyne's, "we'll have it all out about the children."

The third instalment of "The Children" will appear in the next issue of Pictorial Review, published May 25th. If you prefer to read this story at one time save your Pictorial Reviews and read it all later on.

FOUR LADIES OF THE FRENCH EMBASSY

Continued from Page 6

with my mother." And when he had accomplished his object he returned with his bride to the Orient.

"Our apartment in Paris," said Madame Claudel, "is still filled with Chinese things."

"Your apartment?"

"Yes. It is beautiful. Large high rooms and old-fashioned. We do not like small things. These salons, they are nice, but they are only two. And we receive so many people, every hour. Every kind of people."

"Especially photographers!" laughed the daughter; then she added: "Would you like to see them?"

"The photographs?"

"No, the salons."

Mlle. Claudel is dark like her mother, and small and slim and chic. But there the resemblance ends. There is a rich luster about her, a glowing, velvety warmth, a rhythmic flowing. Her great eyes speak, too; more eloquently, perhaps, than her soft, full lips, but never nervously. She is gay, but she is poised. Oh, so poised! There may be some social problems which Marie Antoinette Claudel doesn't know how to solve, but none of them were encountered in our trip through the principal rooms of her new home.

The salon in which we had been sitting was of sufficient length and height to satisfy even the Claudel longing for space. The room occupied the entire Sixteenth Street front, all except the great corner bow window, which looked down the hill toward Washington. The wide doorway through which Madame Claudel and her daughter had first come divided one of the long walls. Three high French windows, richly draped and curtained, filled a good share of the other.

On either side of the door hung great gold-framed paintings—inseparable accompaniments of Ambassadorial life—appropriately featuring those exploits in which France and America had cooperated to a common end. Lafayette dominated one of the canvases, Rochambeau the other. Above the fireplace, around which we had been sitting, another portrait of Lafayette further emphasized the fact that these delightful Claudels with their French clothes and their French accents were the beloved Marquis's successors as messengers of good-will from one republic to another.

Mlle. Claudel and I could not agree about the identity of a stout gentleman in a tight red coat who occupied a similar position in the great white-paneled dining-room. She said that it, too, was a representation of Lafayette. I maintained that it looked more like Baron von Steuben! But in the end we agreed that if it was Lafayette the picture must have been taken after one of the many large Ambassadorial dinners which had been given in that room.

"I gave several dinners here myself," she said proudly, "before mother arrived."

"And was this old fellow in the red coat at any of them?"

"Only on the wall. Most of my guests were from your State Department. They are very nice. And they all speak French."

"Mr. Kellogg doesn't."

"Oh, no. But Mr. Kellogg wasn't invited to my parties. And the young men speak beautifully."

I was sure they did—to her!

The dining-room occupies the same position on the side of the house as the grand salon does on the front, and is an impressively long and high room of the same general type. It lends itself to large dinners, and isn't too large for small ones. Its most decorative feature is a series of Gobelin tapestries representing the points of the compass.

"See!" exclaimed my guide. "North, East, West. The South—it has been lost."

It was true. Somewhere between the Embassy at Constantinople, where these noble tapestries had hung before the War, and their present resting-place in Washington, the Gobelin *Sud* had gone astray.

The second salon, to which Madame Claudel had referred, was little more than the great circular bow which formed a passageway between the two larger rooms. The room was about the size of a large living-room in a fine suburban home; and, in spite of its

Continued on Page 73

Armpits Dry and Odorless

A FEW drops of NONSPI (*an antiseptic liquid*) used on an average of twice a week—will keep your armpits dry and odorless—and also save your clothing from destructive perspiration stains.

NONSPI, used and endorsed by physicians and nurses, does not actually stop perspiration—it destroys the odor and diverts the underarm perspiration to other parts of the body where there is better evaporation.

More than a million other men and women *also* use and endorse NONSPI. It keeps their armpits dry and odorless and protects their clothing. They use NONSPI the year around—spring, summer, fall and winter.

Why be embarrassed? Why permit costly clothing to be destroyed by underarm perspiration? You can rid yourself of this condition and its disagreeable odor by using NONSPI—an old, tried and proven preparation.

Try NONSPI! Purchase a bottle from your Toilet Goods Dealer or Druggist for 50c (several months' supply) or if you prefer

Accept our 10c Trial Offer (several weeks' supply)

The Nonspi Company
2625 Walnut Street
Kansas City, Mo.

For the enclosed 10c (coin or stamps) send me a trial size bottle of NONSPI

Name .....

Address .....

City .....

YOUR BREATH!

An offensive breath is common, yet the offender is often unaware of it. A fetid breath and a long train of large and small ills, may result from intestinal slowness. To keep your health and retain your charm, take outdoor exercise, drink plenty of water, and occasionally one of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They are made of May-apple, and aloes, are sugar-coated, and cost only 60cts. A vial contains 30 Pellets. All druggists have them.

Send 10c for trial size of the Pellets to

Dr. Pierce's Invalids Hotel
Buffalo, N. Y.

Increased Closet Space - Greater Convenience - This New Way

CARDINAL TOGGERY RACKS solve the problem of more closet space. They promote order. Hats, shoes, neckwear, and other toggery are neatly kept in place. Strong—beautifully nickelled—they last a lifetime. Easily attached, screws furnished. Fit any door 23" or wider. Upper section for hats, and two lower sections for shoes, as illustrated, $3.95. Separately $1.50 each. From department and house furnishing stores or by mail postpaid from us. Pay carrier on delivery. Money refunded if not satisfactory. Use coupon below for ordering or free illustrated folder.

The Chas. Fischer Spring Co.
242 Kent Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Please send items checked below:

—Complete set 3 Pieces $3.95. —Shoe Racks $1 50 each.
—Toggery Hat Rack $1.50 each. —Illustrated Folder.

Name .....

Address .....

P. R. 5-28

Little Miss Muffet
Sits on a tuffet
Eating of curds and whey;
After she's through
She will Double Mint chew—
It keeps indigestion away!

MOTHER GOOSE UP-TO-DATE.

For l-a-s-t-i-n-g refreshment at small cost, nothing equals WRIGLEY'S.

And for a Peppermint treat that is REAL PEPPERMINT, durable and deliciously toothsome—get WRIGLEY'S Double Mint.

Try this new and better Peppermint flavor and see how good *good gum* can be!

1-24

...After Every Meal...

Kroehler's greatest contribution to American home life

LIVING ROOM SUITE NO. 768

NEVER has it cost so little to adorn the living room with furnishings of exquisite style and rich quality.

KROEHLER Davenport Beds and Living Room Suites, for example, are bringing happiness and comfort into thousands of homes.

By breaking away from old-time traditions in furniture making. By creating up-to-date improvements in construction. By adopting modern manufacturing practice, volume purchasing and volume production, amazing economies have been made in the great Kroehler furniture factories. These savings have been turned into increased *quality,* added *beauty* and *comfort.* Yet the price you pay is no higher.

The beautiful Kroehler-made suite illustrated is typical of this new-day furniture. Your local dealer has many more designs, each expressing the latest vogue in overstuffed and period styles, at prices so moderate that any home can afford them.

These are offered in a wide variety of choicest quality coverings in silk damask, tapestry, mohair, rich Chase Velmo, cut pattern and jacquard velours, smart linen frieze and moquette, also leather and Chase Leatherwove.

See these stylish Kroehler designs. Make your own comparisons as to beauty, quality and price. Most dealers offer very liberal time payments

Send for a free copy of our illustrated booklet, "Enjoyable Living Rooms" and name of dealer.

Hidden Qualities

KROEHLER QUALITY extends into every invisible part. Frames are of selected hardwood, strongly doweled, glued and corner blocked. *Not soft wood merely nailed together.*

A new, modern, spring steel under-structure created by Kroehler, replaces the old fashioned webbing *and is much more serviceable.* Seats and cushions are *comfort-built* upon non-sagging springs of highest quality.

Filling and padding are of high grade moss, and clean, white, felted cotton.

This is strictly "quality construction" which guarantees many years of beauty and comfort.

KROEHLER MFG. CO., Chicago, Ill.
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Factories at: Chicago, Ill.; Naperville, Ill.; Kankakee, Ill.; Bradley, Ill.; Dallas, Texas; Binghamton, N. Y.; Los Angeles, California; San Francisco, California; Cleveland, Ohio. *Canadian Factories:* Stratford, Ontario

K R O E H L E R

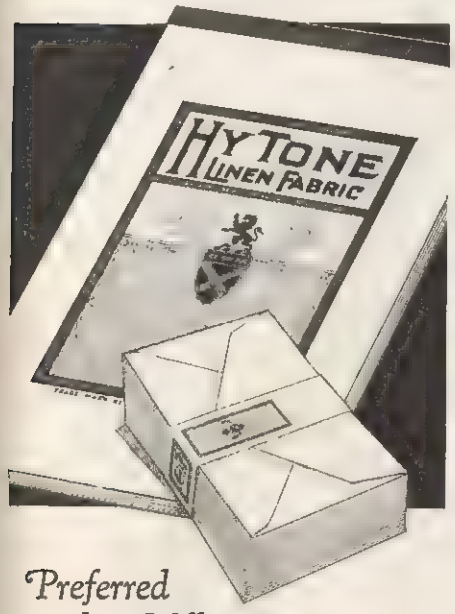
This "Kroehler-Made" label

identifies the genuine

YOUR HOME SHOULD COME FIRST

HY TONE LINEN FABRIC

Tablets, Envelopes and Stationery in Boxes



Preferred by Millions

It fulfills every need and costs so little. High quality linen fabric ruled or unruled. Convenient for correspondence and numerous other purposes. Envelopes to match in fashionable styles. For your formal correspondence ask for Hy-Tone Linen Fabric writing paper in boxes. Equally reasonable in cost.

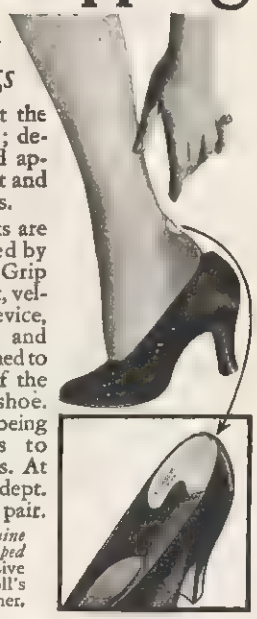
WESTERN TABLET & STATIONERY CORP.
Manufacturers

Holyoke, Mass. West Carrollton, O. St. Joseph, Mo. Richmond, Va. Kalamazoo, Mich. Dayton, Ohio

Stops Slipping

at the heel

Saves Stockings



Shoes that slip at the heel are annoying; detract from a good appearance; wear out and stain silk stockings.

These drawbacks are instantly removed by Dr. Scholl's Nu-Grip Heel Liner—a soft, velvet-like rubber device, which is quickly and permanently attached to the inner lining of the counter of any shoe. Invisibly worn, being made in colors to match shoe linings. At all drug, shoe and dept. stores—30c per pair.

Insist on the *genuine*—with the *cup-shaped center*—an exclusive feature of Dr. Scholl's Nu-Grip Heel Liner.

Dr. Scholl's Nu-Grip Heel Liner

Maternity

LANE BRYANT Maternity Clothes enable you to dress stylishly during all stages of maternity, and *after* baby comes, as well.

Latest modes, cleverly designed to conceal condition. Simple adjustments provide expansion.

FREE Style Book, showing newest styles in Maternity Coats, Suits, Skirts, Dresses, Underwear, Corsets. Also Apparel for Baby. *Write for it today.*

STYLE BOOK FREE

Lane Bryant *Address Dept. 31 39th St. at Fifth Ave* New York

Continued from Page 70

distinctive shape, not unlike it in general effect. The grand salon had been a study in pastels, mostly greens; the huge rug, the heavy silk hangings, the formal French furniture combined to stress the drawing-room note.

The small salon was all brown and gold, with a corner fireplace that gave it both warmth and informality. You might have a good time in the big room. Marie Antoinette confided to me that it had been done! But you couldn't help having a good time in the little room. Here the family sank down and was at home. Here the Ambassador came from his desk down-stairs to sit a while before the noonday meal.

An extraordinary man, and a more extraordinary Ambassador, this Paul Claudel! A gentle, soft man of the dreamer type. French in feature but not in manner. Fine, wide-set eyes. Long, sensitive nose. Broad forehead. Gray, thinning hair. A slow smile that comes from a long way off and retains the beauty of distant things. The East has put its mark upon him as it has upon his wife.

"THERE are two Paul Claudels," his daughter had warned me, "the poet and the diplomat."

And she was right. The literary man in government service is no new thing. Hawthorne, Trollope, Kipling wrote as they worked. But they regarded their official jobs as jobs and nothing more. Paul Claudel has kept a nice balance between his two professions; and because of his unusual gifts in both, he has made a twofold success. He stands in the very front rank of the world's literature. And his position in Washington, to which he has been promoted after nearly forty years of continuous service to his country, is evidence of where he stands in the world's diplomacy.

He has accomplished this feat by getting up early and going to bed early in true copy-book style. He accepts just as few evening invitations as the exigencies of his position will permit, and he seldom allows even the most important of them to keep him out after ten-thirty. From that hour French social diplomacy is in the hands of Madame Claudel and her two older daughters.

Claudel's time-table is one which would appeal to old Anthony Trollope himself. He rises every morning at six-thirty, dresses, and goes to church. The sanctuary is about three city blocks from his home. Then he returns, shaves, and breakfasts. Often, while he shaves, he composes a poem. After breakfast he sits himself down at a desk on the third floor of the Embassy and writes. Until ten he is Paul Claudel, man of letters.

When the clock strikes the hour, he descends the stairs to his office on the first floor at the left of the red-curtained front door. For three hours he is Paul Claudel, Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary. And at one he retires to the homelike room where we were now sitting. For an hour he becomes a third Paul Claudel—chatting gaily with his gay family, entering with almost boyish enthusiasm into their plans for good times, most of which happen after he has gone to bed. Then, until three, he writes again: poems, novels, essays, the varied product of a volatile mind.

At three he enters the chancery for his afternoon's work. He is France's until five. When the two hours are up he goes for a walk, which lasts perhaps half an hour, at most three-quarters. If matters of state are troubling him, he thinks them out in this brief communion with the twilight. If not, he gives himself utterly to literary though.. At five-forty-five he is back at the Embassy—to cable his Government, if his walk has been an official one; to write a verse, if it has not.

I repeat: an extraordinary man, and a more extraordinary Ambassador!

The conversation that goes back and forth before the corner fireplace in the brown room is extraordinary, too. The family has lived everywhere. "I have five children," Madame Claudel told me, "and no two were born in the same place." Their interests are as broad as their travels. The mother does not lead this talk, but she is a shrewd observer and often a witty commentator. "I am interested in all subjects," she said, "but not like my daughters, who have the modern education." They were, she said, "*très moderne.*" Altho, up to about two years ago, she added with pride, she could beat all of them at tennis.

The American newspapers had intrigued them immensely. They were so large as compared with the tiny French sheets. The Sunday papers especially. "One can spend two hours on them," said Mlle. Claudel. I told her I knew people who spent a whole Sabbath and didn't finish the want ads. She wasn't surprized. It was a wonderful country. And the stories in the magazines. They were really good. How surprizing! Such beautiful printing. Fine paper. So many readers. Madame Claudel was especially impressed with the huge circulations of the women's magazines. Even so, she had no idea how large they actually were. When I talked of millions, she threw up her expressive hands.

"What an influence! What an influence!"

And the shops. New York was wonderful. It was charming. Such windows. No, they hadn't bought much. Everything was new from France. It looked it. I know I should tell what these delightful women had on. But these French things! They're so little, somehow, and yet so effective. I don't know how they do it. Madame Claudel's gown was blue. I'm sure of that: blue skirt, blue-and-white top-piece. Marie Antoinette's was green below and white above. And Reine, who came in while we talked—looking for all the world, as she walked down the long salon into the corner room, like a Greek goddess's little sister!—was all blue.

Reine has her father's eyes, her mother's figure, her own personality: the last more strongly marked on first acquaintance than is usually the case with girls just out of school. And Reine isn't really out, in spite of her débutante triumphs. She goes each day to The Americanization School, a unique institution maintained in Washington chiefly for the enlightenment of diplomats' children. English is the principal subject, and American history and geography. A great idea. But Reine doesn't need much help. She speaks almost as clearly, tho not yet so fluently, as her sister. She is a nice girl, Reine. Rides, plays tennis like Lacoste, and is thinking of taking up golf.

The two girls fell to talking at once of the big dance they were about to give. Their first important entertainment in Washington. Did I think the music could be heard if the orchestra was out in the hall? There was so little room. Would I mind stepping out in the hall to see? Yes, we agreed that the hall was the place. Back in the grand salon. Father and mother would stand there by the fireplace. They, the girls, would be everywhere. It would be wonderful. Two hundred young people would be there, including "the young men from your State Department, who speak French so well."

AT LAST the Embassy would be gay. M. Jusserand had had no children. Neither had M. Bérenger. Only M. Deschanel had had daughters, and they had been more "serious." It was a novelty for the French Embassy to be gay. And a French Embassy should be gay, didn't I think? Of course, I thought. But what good did it do me? They were so gay themselves, these two "little French girls."

Behind all this chatter two facts stood out. The Ambassadorship was Claudel's. He discharged its official duties without the help and largely without the knowledge of these delightful ladies. I couldn't imagine any one of them setting a slippered foot in the stuffy chancery on the ground floor. They cared nothing, even tho some of them were *très moderne*, about tariffs or reparations. But the Embassy, as distinguished from the Ambassadorship, was Madame Claudel's and her charming daughters'.

That was the first fact. And the second

If he could tell you all about it

Very likely it's just a little thing that a grown-up wouldn't even notice—a crease or wrinkle, the edge of a seam. But little things like this can cause real suffering to one so wee!

Only *you* can safeguard his comfort in these important little details.

See that all the clothes that touch him are as soft as can be. Be sure his little bands and shirts are the sort that fit him snugly *without binding;* that no bulky seams press against his tender little skin!

Carter's shirts and bands for babies have solved these problems for generations of careful mothers.

Fine, carefully selected yarns give them their soft and fluffy texture that endures through endless washings. The special Carter process of knitting results in an elastic weave that "gives" and adjusts itself to squirming, wriggling little bodies, and so avoids the possibility of binding. And the fabric itself is specially treated so that it cannot be harsh or coarse to the touch. All seams are flat—all edges smoothly finished. Fifty years of study insures just the right fit and design. The Wm. Carter Co., Needham Heights, Mass.

Carter's shirts and bands come in silk, cotton, wool, silk-and-wool, silk-and-cotton, or wool-and-cotton. Your favorite store has them

The generous over-lap of Carter's double-breasted shirt furnishes extra protection. The single-breasted style is equally popular

Diaper bands are reinforced for either square-fold or triangle-fold diapers

Write for free booklet by an authority on baby's clothes

Carter's
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Shirts and bands for babies

Where there's a Coconut Cake *there's* a Party!

A coconut cake is so festive —whether you serve it at a party, or just a plain home dinner

GUESTS trooping in—hungry for "just a bite" of something especially delicious.

What more tempting—more satisfying could you offer them than a luscious coconut layer cake!

There is something so festive—so appealing about all dishes made with coconut. Every time we question housewives as to what desserts their families like best, we are astonished at the number—never less than 75%—who place coconut dishes near the top of the list.

And coconut is such a wonderful food too—wholesome, energy-giving. Whole peoples depend upon it for meat, bread and drink.

If you've gone stale on what to give the family for desserts—try serving coconut dishes more often. You'll be delighted to see how they bring the party spirit into just plain home dinners.

To have coconut dishes at their best, make them with Franklin Baker's Coconut. From carefully selected groves in tropical lands, the fast ships of the Franklin Baker Company carry the ripe brown nuts to their great modern canning and packing plants. And here, just as fast as the nuts arrive, the delicate meat is shredded and packed by a special process that retains all the freshness and flavor of the freshly opened nut at its very highest point of perfection.

Order Baker's Coconut from your grocer today and make tonight's dinner "a party."

BAKER'S SOUTHERN-STYLE, *the new moist-packed kind in tins—as soft and delicious as if you had just dug it out of the shell yourself. Yet all you have to do is to open a convenient can.*

BAKER'S PREMIUM SHRED, *in triple-sealed, stay-fresh packages, is the familiar old-fashioned kind, but it is hardly fair to call it "dry-shredded"—it is so rich and tender.*

Attractive Recipe Book—FREE

IF your grocer hasn't Southern-Style, 10c will bring you a half-size can to try. And an attractive recipe book too. Or the recipe book alone—free. Address Franklin Baker Company, Inc., Dept. P. R. 5-28, Hoboken, N. J.

FRANKLIN
BAKER'S COCONUT

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one was that they were eminently capable of handling the job. I have emphasized the daughters' capabilities: the beautiful Marie's amazing poise; Reine's extraordinary personal charm. Unusual developments at such an early age in girls brought up under the French system of education and social usage. Their father's preoccupation has been their opportunity. He has enabled them to make this a strictly feminine Embassy.

It is the prominent participation of these young girls in the social life of the Claudels which gives their home its distinctive quality of youthful femininity. But it is Madame Claudel's mature forcefulness—the part of her which shows in the lower half of her expressive face—which gives direction to all this charm. I'll wager she knew where she was going to put that orchestra the day after she stepped off the boat! And that's where it will be put!

These women aren't frivolous. They're French. Their conversation, their manner, their pace is French. They talk fast. They seem excited even when they're still. They give an impression of lightness which is often only an impression. To the Anglo-Saxon their interest in clothes and parties and shops and young men who speak French may suggest shallow minds and light characters. To the Frenchman it suggests only a healthy, normal interest in their side of diplomatic life—a very important side in which they do well to try hard to succeed. I am sure that that is what his wife and daughters suggest to Paul Claudel.

There is dignity in their joyousness. The indefinable quality of quality. The home that Madame Claudel is making in this strange land is a cultured home—the home that a college professor's wife might make in New Haven or Palo Alto—only it is French. And because it is French it is gayer, and younger. Infinitely younger!

Madame Claudel, herself, is young. Young in years as wives of Ambassadors go; for she wasn't married until 1906, and girls marry early in France. At White House receptions and all such official ordeals she looks like a girl among all those dowagers. And she feels that way, too.

"I must be with the older people most of the time," she said the other day. "It is my position. But I wish you would tell my young men down-stairs—I can not—that I like to be invited with the young people sometimes. Just for myself."

Just for myself! The phrase rather typifies the spirit which she has installed into the Claudel family life, which she has already breathed into what might otherwise be the stiff official atmosphere of her new home. There is no waving of royal prerogatives—or are they republican nowadays?—in this Embassy. Nothing is done by grace of Ambassadorial authority. They are content to be just themselves—just the Paul Claudels.

Charming people!

PLEASE EXCUSE VELMA

Continued from Page 21

I guess it floored her. Well, I hurried home and had the comfort of collapsing in my own house and I was prostrated with nerves all morning, and it was too late for Velma to go to school by that time and so this explains her absence on Wednesday, April 27th. So about eleven Eddie came in as he eats his dinner first and then keeps the store while Lester and his papa eat. And he could see from my face, pale and set, that something was up and I said:

Edward, you are probably wondering what has brought me to this pitiful state of collapse and I will tell you in a few brief words, I said, as I do not care to talk to you, it is too painful. I have nourished a Viper in my bosom, I said. Lavishing love and care and Education on a Viper, I said with a sob, and how does the Viper repay me. By climbing ladders and making love to that Shannon girl and all such high jinx, not to speak of fighting with your own brother and bringing sorrow and suffering to those most dear to you, I said.

Ma, he said, there is no use, I am going to——

But I stopped him, I said: Not to mention your treachery to that lovely girl, Alice Maynes, who is worth ten of the flapper type and would make you a good wife and her father is President of the National Bank besides, I said.

And he looked terribly tall, he walked up and down the room and ran his big hands through his light curly hair, trying to speak. He said, Ma, if you would only——

But I silenced him with a few firm words, I said, Nights when you pretended to be at the Community Gymnasium! And what were you doing! But you have never deceived me in reality, I said, for a Mother has Intuition about her children and I have known all along how you were taking part in disgraceful revelries and jazz and petting and the Younger Generation, I said.

But he jumped up and said, All right if you won't listen! And banged out of the house. And you can imagine what was my sorrow to think my own son would behave in such a cold and stoical manner, for I have always encouraged my children to confide in me freely and ready to listen at any time to their troubles and confessions with a cheerful, understanding smile and word of advice.

But there is more, Miss Danziger, and worse. In about half an hour the telephone rang and I was surprised to hear her voice, This is Mrs. Shannon, she said. Is that so, I said and hung up on her for I was mad as hops and had decided she had made up this pack of lies. It is not in a Mother's heart to believe a stranger's word against that of her boy, no indeed. But again the phone rang and it was her again as cool as you please, these big stout women have no nerves, they are not subject to nervous chills and a sensitive nature as I am.

Mrs. Boyce, she said, you must really, listen to me as this is important.

I knew she had repented of her fiction and was about to take everything back, so what was my surprise when she said:

Lucille and Edward have gone down to the parsonage as they are determined to be married before you can stop them seeing each other.

Mrs. Shannon, I said, in a weak, low voice, I am going to faint. You would have thought her heart would melt at this, but no! She said:

Postpone it a minute until I have told you the rest.

I am going to faint right now, I said, seeing I would have to be firm with her.

But she realized nothing of my prostrate condition and went on in a brisk manner: I could do nothing to prevent them but I thought you ought to know.

Where is Edward now, I cried.

They are both at the Presbyterian parsonage now, she said. They went in the Ford truck a few minutes ago, she said.

Rev. Dix will never perform the ceremony without my consent, I said.

They are both twenty-one, she said. Just a good eloping age, and I suppose brides will be brides.

It is all your fault, I said in a fury. You have put them up to this and I am going to see that it gets no farther. And slamming the receiver in her face turned to Velma and cried:

Velma, run as fast as you can to papa's store and tell him to go at once to the Presbyterian parsonage, don't stop on the way and watch out for the street car, I said, and I was wild, wringing my hands as I pushed her through the door. And it was the first time I had ever let her go out of the house with egg on her chin, had no time to wash her face. I am sure

Continued on Page 76

Now! Within Reach of Every Hostess

The Perfect Service *for* Entertaining

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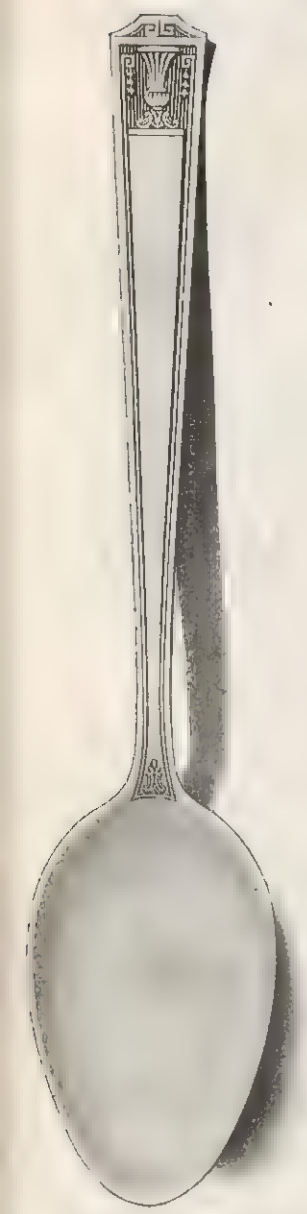

Century

Pageant

Romance

This New Plan

Gives You Your Heart's Desire

A Silverplate ensemble in one beautiful pattern throughout —by four inexpensive steps

The hostess prepared for every demand of the social season should see that her table service does not violate two essentials of etiquette.

Consistency of silverplate design in one pattern and one dominant scheme of decoration . . . bestows a beauty to the table, which mixed, clashing patterns mar.

Sufficiency of silverplate for every dish and course . . . is a sure index of a hostess' appreciation of the finer things of hospitality.

Ann Adams, in "Stepping Stones to A Perfect Table Service" booklet, tells you just what pieces are needed and how to purchase them on a surprisingly convenient group purchase plan. Send for it—Use the coupon.

Choose One Pattern— Be Faithful to It

Pageant—the pattern of enchanting tracery. Century — a classic in design. Romance—reminiscent of the glorious Renaissance. Treasured patterns in period designs. Costing no more, they are executed in genuine Inlaid Silverplate. Inlaid at wear points on the most used pieces with precious blocks of solid silver.

Mail the coupon for a copy of this interesting Booklet.

Starting Services
Richly Fashioned with smart serving trays

For Six, $34.25
For Eight, $44.50
For Twelve, $57.50

You should possess a copy of this guide to perfect table appointments.

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TRADE Super Plate INLAID MARK

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International Silver Co., Successor
Bridgeport, Conn.

Miss Ann Adams, Dept. G:
Send me your Booklet—"Stepping Stones to a Perfect Table Service."

Name .....

Address .....

City .....

Slip Fatigue *from Your Shoulders*

as easily as you slip off a rumpled gown

How often do you hear women say "Oh, if I didn't tire so easily." Or, "I never seem to get enough sleep." As a matter of fact, the real problem is not "energy and sleep" but "food and digestion." The less energy your stomach needs for its digestive work, the more energy the rest of your body is going to have for other things. And when you try to rest your body in sleep while your stomach is wide awake and working overtime, why of course "you never seem to get enough sleep."

Thompson's a Whole Meal—Wholly Digestible

Thompson's "DOUBLE MALTED" Malted Milk is a complete meal in itself. It is digested almostinstantly. When taken with other foods it sends a whole army of malt enzymes to the rescue of your body enzymes — and together they make quick work of digestion. In starchy foods alone, Thompson's digests fully 4 to 5 times its own weight.

Drink Thompson's Whenever You Feel the Need for Food

At breakfast, for example, give your toast the companionship of a cup of hot "DOUBLE MALTED." The starches in the toast will be digested quickly by Thompson's. And throughout the morning you'll "feel" the benefit of newly released energy. Drink Thompson's, too, with your regular meat or protein meals. You'll find the combination a happy one. You'll find, too, that the malt sugars will correct any tendency your appetite may have toward overeating. Try taking a cup of hot "DOUBLE MALTED" at bedtime—and see how soundly you sleep.

Actually "DOUBLE MALTED"

Thompson's is made by a scientific process. Unlike ordinary malted milk, it is actually *double* malted. It is a building food, too. Rich in calcium and phosphorus — those indispensable providers of firm teeth, strong bones and supple muscles.

Make It At Home . . . 30 Servings to Every Pound

You can get Thompson's at your druggist or grocer. Chocolate Flavor or Plain. Different sizes. The cost is trifling two spoonfuls make a glassful—thirty servings to every pound.

Thompson's Malted Milk Co.
Dept. 54-4, Waukesha, Wis.
Gentlemen: -
☐ Send me a full pound of Thompson's Sweet Chocolate Flavored "DOUBLE MALTED" Malted Milk and a 25c value aluminum shaker FREE. I enclose 60c. (For plain malted milk I enclose $1.00.)
☐ Send me a trial sample and an aluminum shaker. I enclose 25c.

Name.....
Address .

Continued from Page 74

she is always clean and neat at school and you realize now why she has been absent and should be excused. And the reason I did not phone to Fred was because it is a two-party line and Mrs. Doctor Stanhope always listening in, and too much said over the wire already, and the trouble with this town is that there are too many busybodies prying into others affairs which are none of their business.

I was alone and suffering from nerves and chills and prostration, it seemed long, long hours until at last Fred came home. Did you get to the parsonage in time, I cried.

Certainly, he said, I rushed right over.

Oh thank Heavens, I said, and I'll bet they feel foolish now.

Well Eddie looked a little foolish, he answered, laughing, but I guess all bridegrooms feel that way.

Oh Miss Danziger, if I had been overcome before it was nothing to the terrible nervous breakdown I went through now. Fred helped me upstairs and I was moaning and two hot water bottles and the green tablets the doctor gave me for such occasions. And it was all Velma's fault in a way for she had only told her papa that he must go to the parsonage and when he arrived, the young couple took advantage of his innocence as to what it was all about and asked him to witness the ceremony and he is so good-natured and never takes anything serious and stood there like a big baby and saw them married without a word!

AND little Velma had gone with Eddie and Lucille to the Shannons and was playing with the dog on the front porch as happy as if her mother's heart was not breaking. And not at school that afternoon either for I was too prostrated to get her off on time.

And if you can believe it, Miss Danziger, when I could finally speak in a weak voice and ask Fred what the bride wore he could not remember.

But I will say Lester was some com fort to me for he was against the whole thing from first to last and agreed it was a terrible thing.

What could she see in him, he said over and over.

No Lester, I said, You mean what could he see in her, for I knew what he meant, poor boy, he was so upset.

Well, next morning early before little Velma had gone to school Mildred came over and said:

We are going to have a wedding breakfast for them at noon and we want all to come and Mother says we may as well have a party out of it and thank God it was a wedding not a funeral.

I said in a sarcastic way, Oh indeed, and am I to give up my son without a murmur!

She said: Well, Mother says if it hadn't been Lucille it would probably have been Effie, so six and a half a dozen.

Handkerchief to my eyes I said, Oh dear, it is a terrible thing for a Mother to lose her son, her first-born. A daughter is always a daughter but a son only until he marries. Isn't that so, it certainly is. Am I supposed to bring anything, there is not a thing baked in the house as I have had this nervous breakdown.

Oh bake an angel food cake, Mama, said Velma. I hope we have ice cream.

Velma, I said, you get right along to school, young lady, you have been absent two days and I don't know what this world is coming to. For come what may I have always believed in Education first and foremost. And it just shows what an influence those Shannons have been, for the first time in her life she lay right down on the floor and screamed at her own Mother and kicked and defied me in all directions!

VELMA, I will warm you up good, I said for I had stood too much, but there was no use, she would not go to school and nothing but the Shannons would do her.

And Fred had left Lester in the store and was already over there freezing ice c eam and could hear him bawling that silly piece, I Don't Like it not much, Not very Much—clear over to our house.

So I bore up and did my duty although nobody knows the burdens and sorrows of a Mother's heart while going about her homely little tasks, and will say my angel food cake turned out well in spite of everything. And thought first I would send it over with Velma but decided to face them myself and they would see I am not a woman to be backed down by any Shannons and it would shame Eddie and his father while revelling in the sorrow they had brought upon me. And dressed Velma up in her blue voile and curled her hair and wore my new crepeback satin and went with the cake.

But was terribly pale, heart palpitating, had temperature and chills but dragged myself over for I am never one to give in to my nerves until the last minute and Fred was on the porch.

I SAID: Well you have certainly made a fool of yourself, conniving with these people and freezing ice cream and taking a gay part in the revelry, I said. I have baked a cake and brought it to the door but will never set foot across the threshold and probably it is as well, I said. For how can my son look me in the face after his deceit and treachery, I said. I have no wish to be a skeleton at the feast.

Oh b——l, come in and forget it, Minnie, he said. Taking my arm and in spite of my wishes leading me into that house where was gathered a large throng amid decorations of green and yellow, with daffodils, tulips, ferns, narcissus and other Spring flowers, cut and potted, and little yellow baskets on the small tables. She has few house plants, no luck with them she says, but mine always flourish. Flowers seem to know who loves them! Isn't that so? They certainly do. And she came right up to me smiling, she had on a black crepe dress with cut steel beads and sensible to wear black, a woman that big and heavy.

Oh Mrs. Shannon—beginning to cry, for I had stood up under so much! This is a very sad day for me, I said. I have just brought this cake as it was only my Duty but cannot stay casting a shadow on the merriment, I said.

She said: Yes, I think we should all be happy while on earth, especially at weddings. For just think, she said, in Heaven there is no marrying or giving in marriage!

And I said, trying to be outwardly pleasant in spite of my organic misery, Well they say even the Devil can quote the Scriptures, Mrs. Shannon.

So just then I saw Eddie and he was standing by the piano, his blue eyes were bright and his curly hair and all, he was a handsome boy and Lucille looking proud as all get-out to have roped him in.

Oh, Mrs. Shannon! I said with a sob, You have not lost a daughter but gained a son.

MOTHER, said Eddie coming up to me, I hope you will stay and have a good time. And looked bashful like a little boy that has just eaten the canary. It was a pity he had not put on his best suit.

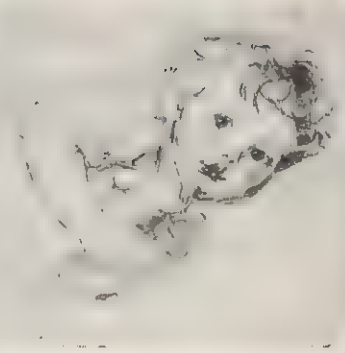
After such deceit and treachery I can never find much happiness on this earth, Edward, I said.

Then Lucille patted my arm and said, I am so glad you are feeling better and came over, Mrs. Boyce.

I am not feeling better, I said. I am still suffering from terrible neurotics, I am subject to them. O what a struggle to put on a cheerful smile when it seemed my heart would break at sight of the bride who would now be all in all to my boy. She was wearing a pale peach ensemble, coat and all of chiffon, accordion pleated panel and square cut neck and carrying a corsage of Ophelia roses and peach colored sweet peas. Present were Mr. and Mrs. Doctor Stanhope, Evelyn, Ira and Marge Stanhope, the Herkeimers and their young people, that Wickham boy, Janey Ides and sister-in-law who dresses so funny, Lawyer Briggs and wife and the rest of the Briggs tribe, the Rev. Dix, who kept out of my sight, and an uncle, Mr. William F. Darnley of Boston, Mass, from out-of-town. Her stepbrother.

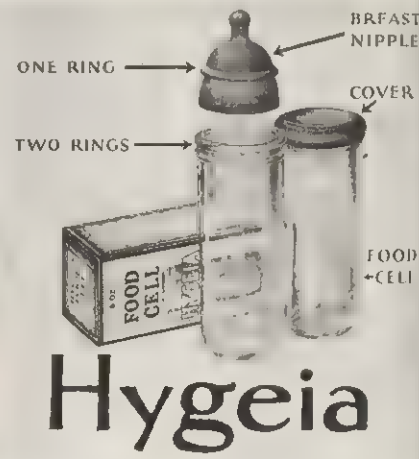
Well, here was Fred cutting capers as

Continued on Page 79



Nature gave baby a breast— Hygeia does likewise; *hence, weaning is easy*

No funnel, no brush required. Look for one ring on the breast; and two rings on the food-cell. *Avoid misfits.*



Hygeia

THE SAFE NURSING BOTTLE

Sales Representatives, Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Inc., Belmont Bldg., Madison Ave. & 34th St., N. Y.

We will send you baby booklet or food-cell cover. Mark the one you want and mail to us. ☐ Booklet ☐ Cover. Hygeia Nursing Bottle Co., 1203 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.

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One of the most important of all our vegetables. Rich in iron and vitamins, but lacking in flavor. Make it palatable and appetizing Season it with

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Write for our free recipe booklet. Lea & Perrins, Dept. C, 236 West St., N.Y.

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Good positions in motor inns, tea rooms, cafeterias, candy, gift or food shops—manage or own one already going. Earn $1,500 to $7,000 a year. We teach you entire business in your spare time and put you in touch with opportunities everywhere. Age no obstacle. Experience unnecessary. Send for Free Book, "*Pouring Tea for Profit*," by Mary Catherine Lewis.

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FOR QUALITY- *SAY* MACARONI *and get it!*

Orange Marshmallow Pudding

One cup orange segments, cut up; one cup quartered marshmallows; 1 cup whipped cream; ¼ cup sugar.

Whip cream until stiff; fold in sugar, marshmallows and orange juice left over from cut up segments. Serve cold over cut up segments.

Try this 10 minute dessert!

THERE are many others like it that you can make with oranges. They'll save you hours of extra time and effort.

YOU can serve orange desserts frequently without the usual monotony of repetition because the orange carries its own appetizer in its organic mineral salts.

Ten minutes—and you've made ready any one of many kinds of these orange desserts, all of which you can be practically certain the entire family will thoroughly like.

More than ever now, it is fortunate that the juicy, fresh deliciousness of California oranges is available the year around in this country. For doctors, dietitians, and other food experts are today urging wider use of orange salads and desserts for a *new* health reason.

The common diet fault prevalent in this country today, is eating freely of the good and nutritious but *acid*-forming cereals, bread, fish, meat and eggs without balancing these foods with proper amounts of fruits, vegetables and milk (the *alkaline* reaction types.)

The result is a condition known as Acidosis, which the Medical Profession now regards as one of the most frequent causes of many of our common ills.

A seeming paradox is that oranges and lemons called "*acid* fruits" have an *alkaline* reaction in the body. Your doctor will verify this scientific truth. Physicians everywhere regard orange salads and desserts and orange juice as among the most potent correctives of Acidosis that they know.

Many entirely new and appealing orange health-making desserts and salads are suggested in the new Sunkist recipe cards, mention of which is made in the coupon below.

Oranges with Coconut

Let us send you a free book "Telling Fortunes with Foods," which includes both normal anti-acidosis and safe reducing diets and explains Acidosis in detail. Clip the coupon now, before you turn the page, and mail to us today.

Mary had plainly drooped physically—and mentally. She had lost the charm that men admired. Mary had listened to the lure of "reducing" methods; had undertaken "treatment" without her physician's knowledge or approval. Now she was always tired. Her eyes, even the unnatural droop of her mouth suggested exhaustion—and "nerves."

"If I could only have made Mary understand the difference between right and wrong methods of 'reducing,'" thought Sarah. And she couldn't help comparing her own girlish figure and snap and energy with Mary's predicament. "If women would only play fair and consult their doctors," she mused.

(From the new diet book "Telling Fortunes with Foods," offered in coupon).

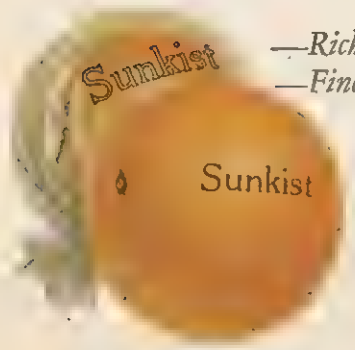
* * * * *

"The Orange-Lemon Paradox"

Although referred to frequently as "acid fruits," a fact well known to Science is that oranges and lemons have an *alkaline* reaction in the body, and thus actually function to *correct* Acidosis rather than aggravate it, as thousands once mistakenly supposed. Persons who wish to prevent or offset Acidosis should use oranges and lemons freely. Ask your doctor. He will verify this truth.

California Sunkist *Oranges*

UNIFORMLY GOOD



—Richest Juice
—Finest Flavor

Sunkist Oranges are easily identified because they are now trade-marked "Sunkist" both on the skin and on the wrapper.

NEW EDITION OF SUNKIST RECIPE CARDS

Mail This Check below offer you wish to accept. Forward filled out coupon with money order or stamps. Offers good at these prices in both United States and Canada.

☐ OFFER No. 1—FREE—Valuable booklet "Telling Fortunes with Foods." Includes explanation of Acidosis and authoritative suggestion for its prevention and correction. Also furnishes normal anti-acidosis and safe reducing diets approved by a famous diet specialist.

☐ OFFER No. 2—75 cents prepaid. Complete, neat oak box (no advertising on it), 100 bark and 25 index cards, 24 NEW Sunkist recipe cards, in color, showing original ways to serve oranges and lemons. Also included without additional cost 7 valuable dietetic health-building menu cards prepared by experts. Full standard box.

☐ OFFER No. 3—10 cents prepaid. 24 NEW Sunkist recipe cards in color, showing original ways to serve oranges and lemons.

CALIFORNIA FRUIT GROWERS EXCHANGE
Dept. 405, Box 530, Station "C," Los Angeles, Calif.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

SUNKIST Oranges from California are specially selected for their quality, yet cost no more than ordinary kinds. They are firm but tender, easy to peel, slice and segment, and the consistency is such that a fork or spoon readily breaks up the pieces in a salad or dessert—a quite desirable feature in such foods.

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Water Cress Sandwiches

1 cup crisp water cress, 2 tablespoons Premier Salad Dressing, seasoning, thin slices buttered whole-wheat bread.

Use only the leaves of the water cress. Chop them coarsely; blend with Premier Salad Dressing and season. Spread between thin slices of white or graham bread. This, also, makes an effective rolled sandwich with sprigs of the cress tucked in the end for garnishing.

From page 39, "Aladdin's Lamp at Mealtimes."

Salmon Sandwiches

1 can Premier Salmon, 1 small cucumber, chopped, 1 dill pickle, chopped, ½ cup Premier Salad Dressing, bread sliced.

Remove all bones, oil and skin from the salmon. Break it up with a fork, add cucumber and pickle and moisten with Premier Salad Dressing. Spread between thin slices of white or graham bread. Garnish with sliced stuffed olives.

From page 39, "Aladdin's Lamp at Mealtimes."

Molded Spinach

2 pounds spinach or 1 can Premier Spinach, 1 hard-cooked egg, ⅔ cup Premier Salad Dressing, seasoning.

Cook the spinach until tender. Chop, drain very thoroughly, season and press into mold. Place mold in hot water to re-heat. Unmold, garnish with hard cooked egg—diced or sliced. Serve with Premier Salad Dressing.

From page 27, "Aladdin's Lamp at Mealtimes."

Frozen Cheese

½ pound cream cheese, 1 cup whipped cream, 2 minced Premier Canned Pimientos, ½ cup chopped nuts, ½ teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon paprika, lettuce or water cress, Premier Salad Dressing.

Break up the cheese with a fork and work into it the other ingredients. Turn into a mold, seal edges and bury in ice and salt for four hours. Unmold, slice and serve garnished with water cress. Cover with Premier Salad Dressing.

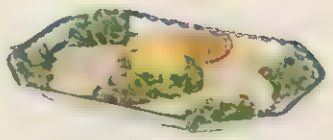
From page 35, "Aladdin's Lamp at Mealtimes."

Egg Canapés

½ cup Premier Olives, 2 hard-cooked eggs, Premier Stuffed Olives, Premier Salad Dressing, rounds buttered toast.

Pile chopped olives on toast. Border with chopped egg white, egg yolk and sliced olives. Pour Premier Salad Dressing over center.

From page 40, "Aladdin's Lamp at Mealtimes."



Club Plate, Premier

2 slices chicken breast, 2 slices liver sausage, 1 slice Swiss cheese, 1 slice boiled ham, Premier Salad Dressing, 1 tomato, parsley.

Put ½ cup of Premier Salad Dressing in center of platter. Surround with chopped parsley. Arrange meats. Garnish with quartered tomato.

This dish may be varied with the seasons.

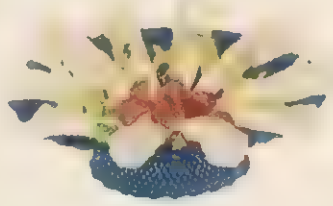
NEW *Flavor* for 98 old dishes

Stuffed Carrots

6 large boiled carrots, 2 onions, 2 tablespoons Premier Salad Dressing, salt, paprika, gravy.

Hollow out carrot centers and mince with onion, Premier Salad Dressing and seasoning Replace in the carrots and bake for half an hour in brown sauce. Serve hot.

From page 43, "Aladdin's Lamp at Mealtimes."

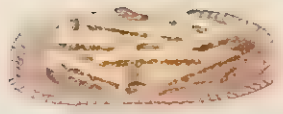


Stuffed Celery

12 Premier Stuffed Olives, 2 teaspoons onion juice, ½ cup grated cheese, Premier Salad Dressing, celery stalks, salt, paprika.

Add minced olives, onion juice, Premier Salad Dressing and seasoning to cheese. Work to smooth paste. Fill celery stalks and chill.

From page 27, "Aladdin's Lamp at Mealtimes."



Date and Nut Sandwiches

1 cup English walnuts, 1 cup Premier Dates, 3 tablespoons Premier Salad Dressing, slices of white and brown bread.

Pass nuts and dates (stoned) together through food chopper. Moisten with Premier Salad Dressing. Spread on buttered white bread. Cover with slice buttered dark bread. Garnish light sides of sandwiches with pieces of date or nuts. These dainty sandwiches are especially delicious with afternoon tea.

From page 40, "Aladdin's Lamp at Mealtimes."

RICH, golden, good—Premier Salad Dressing has a tang which only the expert blending of spices can give. With it you can vary your menu hundreds of ways; make those necessary, vitamin-rich vegetables more palatable to children; make salads and sandwiches full-flavored and satisfying.

Over fifteen thousand women sent us their choicest recipes calling for this spicy mayonnaise. From them we selected 98 of the most delightful dishes for our new book, "An Aladdin's Lamp at Mealtimes." This booklet, also, suggests uses for many other Premier Pure Foods, such as:

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Please send free "Aladdin's Lamp at Mealtimes"—your new recipe book.

Name.....

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Continued from Page 76

big as you please and everybody gay and making a great hullaballoo and they persuaded me to sit down to the lunch but could only pick at my food but will say my cake was better than anything she had baked.

And while I was sitting there preoccupied with sad thoughts about how ungrateful your own children are, this Mr. Darnley said he had a surprise for all and a tray of glasses was brought in and passed around.

What is this stuff, I whispered to Fred.

Oh cider I suppose, he said. And I drank mine down in one swallow as I have never cared for cider. They had started the phonograph with some real gay waltz playing and that Mr. Darnley came up and grabbed me around the waist. I was never so astonished in my life. He had me out on the floor dancing and I had not even been introduced to him.

Well, I was surprised to see how smart I could still step it off and everybody watching me so held my head high and went through sashettes and turns and everything which young people do not know any more. And I always say there is nothing like a good old-fashioned waltz.

Then somebody found another piece which I had not heard for years—

For I love Rosy O'Grady,
And my Rosy loves me!

So he said, Well now that's great, let's have another glass and more waltzes. So I had another glass of this cider, only it was really elegant with a fine flavor not of apples, and bubbling and tart. Being limbered up danced better than before, and was laughing in spite of my sad thoughts and surprised to feel so good though dizzy from so much waltzing. And began to think what a fine couple Lucille and Eddie made, both so tall and light-complected.

Well, I said to myself, what is done is done and will try to be a real mother-in-law to her, after all she is a real pretty girl and the best of the lot. But you will read all about it in the Standard next week. And this is only to explain the absences on Tues. Wed. and Thurs. Please excuse Velma, she will come steady from now on. And remain

Yours very truly,
MRS. MINNIE BOYCE.

MRS. FREDERICK BOYCE,
54 Bashton Avenue.

MY DEAR MRS. BOYCE: Thank you for the note. Velma is excused.

Sincerely,
JEAN DANZIGER.

MOVIE RICHE

Continued from Page 33

Next day he took Alice and the children to his camp in the mountains, and two weeks latter he returned to Hollywood and drove out to the studio. It was as if royalty had suddenly, dazzlingly appeared on the lot. Wherever he moved he could hear the whisper flung after him, "There's Manny. Manny Goldsmith. Manny." A crowd of extras huddled by the casting director's window, and turned and stared at him. Two carpenters, carrying a plank on their shoulders, set it down and stood aside to let him pass; a director came running down the steps of his office and joined him, talking in a low voice.

Manny inquired of him, "Where's Abe?"

He learned he was at Number 17, where Sonya Devinne was working. Number 17 was half a mile away, across country. Too far to walk, the car was sent for and Manny was hoisted in.

Number 17 was boarded up, with a "No Admission" sign on it; but Abe, who had been notified by telephone that Manny was on the way over, was awaiting him by the door.

He cried, "Hello, Manny! You're just in time. We're shooting some big stuff this afternoon. Come on in and take a look." He led the way through the door. "I'm kinda proud of this set. It's my own idea. The script called for a room in a tenement, see? and the one they got ready was punk. The minute I seen it I ordered it struck. Then I got busy and fixed up a room just like the one we used to have in Hester Street, remember? Say, it's a knockout! I got everything in I could think of. Even to the old crib in the corner. Even to the bum geranium by the window!"

Manny's heart seemed to turn over in his breast. For an instant he could not cross the threshold. Then he raised his eyes. Yes, it was all there. The stove, the couch, the jagged window-pane, the table, the chairs, the crib, the heap of rags on the floor, the sink piled with dishes, the geranium in its cracked pot.

"Remember that old couch we used to have? Say, when I slept on it I'd wake up more dead than alive. Look and see did I get everything in, will you? Can you think of anything else?"

Could he think of anything else? The rats, dark, little shadows, scrabbling across the floor; the water-bugs crawling up the sides of the sink; the whine of the gas-jet above the table, a long, thin point of indigo flame.

"Can you, Manny?"

"No."

He could not tear his eyes from the scene. It held for him a fearful fascination. Actually he had forgotten its awful, its stark poverty. Had forgotten, for instance, that grimy window overlooking a black air-shaft.

The scene became suddenly brilliantly illuminated. The camera was set in position.

"Ready, Miss Devinne? All right. Let her go. Action!"

A woman came slowly across the set from a door at the back. Her stringy hair hung across her forehead in wisps she seemed too weary to brush back. Her shoulders sagged, and she rubbed her hands together and blew on them as if they were chilled with the cold. She went to the stove and, lifting a lid, peered into it; then with a stick of wood she began prodding the fire. It flickered up for a minute, then went out.

Abe whispered, "Say, Manny, do you remember how mama never could get the fire going either? Ain't that a great touch?"

Manny was shaking as if with a chill. He tried to speak, but could not. Suddenly the woman turned her face toward him, and when she did he saw that her eyes held the same terror, the same overpowering fear his mother's had held.

He cried out harshly, "Stop!"

Sonya Devinne straightened up, shading her eyes. The director called out sharply, "What's the matter? What's wrong?"

Abe said, "Do you want her to do it different, Manny? Do you want her to do it over again?"

Manny shook his head. If he could only get out. Get away from there.

Abe said, "I know. She's too slow. Too much tempo. She must have used up fifty feet of film, hanging over that stove!"

Sonya was coming toward him in her shabby, faded dress, her brow was puckered, and she said, "I do something wrong, yes?"

"No, only Manny wants you to work a little faster. Not take so long, see?"

She inclined her head. Manny moved away without looking at her. He went out into the sunlight. When he placed his hand on the door of the car he saw it was trembling.

Once at home again, and alone in his room, he called the studio and asked to be connected with Miss Devinne. There was some slight delay; then he heard her voice at the other end of the wire. He said, "This is Manny Goldsmith. I want to know, when you're through to-night, will you take dinner with me?"

MISS ROSALINE DUNN
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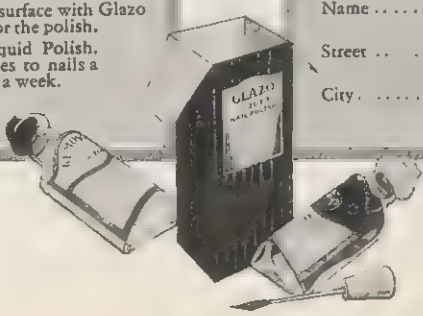
3. Apply Glazo Liquid Polish. Ever so quickly it gives to nails a lovely lustre that lasts a week.



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There was a slight pause, then she answered, "Yes, of course, if you wish it."

"I'll send my car around to your hotel at seven. You don't mind eating here at the house, do you? I don't go out much."

"No. Certainly not. I am charmed."

He hung up, and sat by the telephone without moving. At last, with an effort, he got out his watch. Seven o'clock was hours away.

SONYA sat opposite him. She wore an evening gown of black satin, sleeveless and short. Her wrist and ears and throat sparkled with diamonds. Her hair was brushed back from her forehead and symmetrically waved. It was as black as her gown and as lustrous. She had small, exquisitely shaped ears. A pungent and heady perfume she had sprinkled herself with was wafted to him when she leaned toward him, her chin cupped in her hand.

Conversation of any sort was difficult for Manny, and dinner progressed slowly, punctuated by long silences, during which he ate and drank heavily of whatever was set before him. When it was over he led the way to the terrace, where it was both dark and cool. Sonya dropped down on a couch-hammock, swinging it gently to and fro. He could hear the creak of its springs, and the scraping of the toe of her slipper on the stone floor. Now and then, as she moved her hands or turned her head, the stones she wore caught the light and flashed like bright little sparks of flame.

He lowered himself carefully into one of the large chairs provided for his comfort. A servant moved about, passing a tray which held tiny silver cups of black coffee, and, later, one containing cigarets and cigars. He paused to light them, then vanished.

They smoked in silence, broken only by the rhythmic creak of the springs. Manny was content not to talk. He wanted only to think. It seemed to him a strange and wonderful thing that this woman beside him was, in some inexplicable way, bound up with the memory of his mother. He would never again be able to separate the two. Nor did he wish to.

He said suddenly, as if impelled to by some inner force, "Was you ever poor? I mean up against it, the way I was?"

"Poor! Was I ever poor!" She laughed suddenly, harshly. "He asks me was I ever poor!" She added, after a minute's pause, "What makes you ask that?"

"I don't know."

"Yes, I have known what it is to be so poor I have not had enough clothes to cover my back. I have been so poor I was glad to get a bone to gnaw on like a starving dog. You could never know what it is to be cold and hungry."

He smiled to himself grimly. "Yes, I know what it's like."

"My father was a peasant. He had a small farm and too many children. There are ten of us."

"Ten, eh? That's a lot to feed."

"And we never had enough to eat. Never! Never! Never!"

"Neither did we."

AND as he talked with her he felt all at once at peace, as if the restless craft on which he had tossed all his life had sailed at last into a still, warm harbor.

After a while he asked, "Ever been married?"

"Yes, once, long ago. But that is over now."

"Well, it's a good thing if you can forget all those bad times you been through, ain't it?"

"But I can not forget them."

"Neither can I."

And they fell silent. She said at last, a note of triumph in her voice, "At least my brothers and sisters do not have to suffer as I suffered. I can give them all they need. All the things I longed to have but could not."

"That's just the way with me. What I didn't get when I was a kid, I see to it they get."

He had never talked like this to any one before. He felt intoxicated by this new, this delirious sense of intimacy. He had a sudden impulse to tell her everything about himself; about his boyhood, his life in Hester Street, his mother.

She was speaking, and he was startled by the note of intensity in her voice. "Sometimes those old days come back to me and I wake up in the night and can not sleep again. I think, what if I am ever poor like that? What if something happen to me and I can not take care of my people? It seems as if the more you give, the more they need. Is that not so?"

"Sure. That's right. That's right."

"In this business you never know. One day you are at the top, and the next day some one younger, stronger is fighting to take your place."

He said soothingly, "Well, you should worry. You probably got a nice little pile saved up by now."

"Save?" Her voice rose hysterically, "How can I save?" and, without warning, she began to cry, softly, into a handkerchief she held crushed tightly in her hand.

He said, in an agony of distress for her, "Listen, girlie, don't cry. I know how it is. I know all about it. Don't cry."

He got up heavily and went over to her. He could see her eyes, bright with tears. They were like dark flames in her white face. He leaned over her and patted her shoulder. The perfume of her hair filled his nostrils. He wished, helplessly, that he had words at his command, a torrent of them, to tell her what he thought, what he felt.

AND the next thing he knew, he was head over heels in love, like any schoolboy. She became, in that instant, the center of his universe. He could think of nothing else day and night. She was the most brilliant woman in the world, the most beautiful. He wanted to lift her up and place her above all other women. He wanted to pour gifts into her hands.

The mere act of loving her gave to life a new fulness and meaning; touched it with magic. And yet when he was near her he could convey nothing of this. In her presence he became tongue-tied, mute. He was not even able again to obtain her confidences or to give her his. But often in the night he would start awake at the thought of something he might say or do that would express, in a measure, his love for her; planning to speak boldly on the morrow. And when the morrow came finding it impossible to speak. In this way a month slipped by.

It was Sonya, herself, who brought matters to a crisis. One evening, while they were driving home from the theater, she announced that as soon as her contract with him expired she would return to the other side. The news was like a stunning blow between the eyes. He sat, without moving, while her voice continued to flow pleasantly, evenly, and he tried, in that minute, to picture life without her. It was as if cold fingers clutched and twisted his heart.

She was saying, "My oldest sister is not well. It makes her unhappy to have me away. It is only right I should go back," when suddenly he leaned over and caught at her hand, and said, panting slightly, "Look here, Sonya, I want to tell you something. I been wanting to tell you a long time. I don't want you to go back. I want you to stay here. Listen, how'd it be for you and me to —to sort of pool our troubles"—he stopped and went on clumsily—"get married?"

He could hear the quick intake of her breath. "What did you say?"

He repeated it, this time more slowly. "I said how about you and me getting married? I'm not as young as I once was, but then, again, neither are you, and at least if you're Mrs. Manny Goldsmith you won't have to lay awake nights worrying where the next meal is coming from." He tossed this off lightly, then waited in a frenzy of suspense for her reply. The seconds passed. He said at length, "Well, what do you say?"

He could hardly hear her. "I—I say

Continued on Page 82

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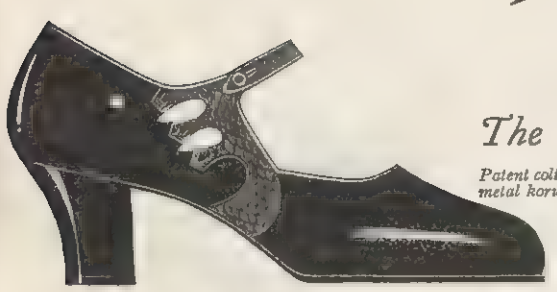

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Continued from Page 80

if you wish to marry me, I will be most happy to—to——"

He felt the blood rush up into his face. "Do you mean that?"

"Yes, I mean it."

He drew her to him and kissed her. It was as if something beautiful and sacred had been given into his keeping. He felt tears burning against his eyelids. He winked to keep them back.

THE wedding was set for Thanksgiving. Immediately afterward they planned to set sail for Europe, to let her folks look him over. They would, he felt sure, think him an ugly, fat, old man. If only he could have discarded his face and figure, shed it, stepped out of it, and into Trevello's, for instance, how proud of him she would be! As it was, she could not, he knew, do otherwise than tolerate him. But that sufficed for him. She was going to marry him, and he could see her when he awoke each morning, and at night he could be near her, could reach out and touch her.

The week before Thanksgiving his brothers and sisters began to assemble for the ceremony. Otto and his wife and four children, Sammy and his family of six, Joe and Alice and their two children, and the girls with their husbands and young ones. The house was filled with the voices of young people. He met them on the stairs, on the porches, on the grounds, coming in and out of the rooms.

On his wedding-day he awoke to find the sunshine pouring into his room in a golden stream. He lay blinking at it stupidly. It was here at last! The day of days! He rang for his valet and ordered him to bring him a small box which was in the safe beside the bed. He did not open it until the man had left the room. It contained a jewel-case of leather, and in this was a pear-shaped diamond on a slender chain of platinum. The largest diamond money could buy. It had once belonged to the Romanoffs. An empress had worn it, and now it would adorn Mrs. Manny Goldsmith.

He kept the case beside him while he breakfasted in his room, opening it every little while and peeping at the jewel surreptitiously. He remained in his room all morning, moving about restlessly from one window to another, from his bureau to the mantelpiece, in and out of his dressing-room, and all the while his thoughts circled about Sonya. Soon now she would be arriving. She would wear a wedding-dress and carry a bouquet of spray orchids, and the motion-picture cameras set up along the driveway would click as she stepped out of the car and ran into the house.

His sisters would smuggle her out of sight until the guests had assembled and the organ had begun to play; then some one would knock at his door and announce that all was ready, and he would manage to stand on legs which shook beneath him, and march through the gaping crowd to the bower of roses where they were to be married. After that luncheon, then Sonya to himself, the darkness shutting out the world as if a curtain had been dropped between them and it.

A little after ten he called her up. Her maid answered. Madame was still asleep. She had not closed her eyes all night. He smiled. Neither had he. Perhaps she had better not be disturbed just yet. Unless, of course, monsieur insisted. He said hastily that of course she must rest. Just tell her he had called. To make sure she had not changed her mind. The maid joined in his laughter.

When eleven came he called her again. This time the maid told him madame had arisen just after his call, dressed, and gone for a walk. She would be back any minute. Wait. There she was now. Hold the wire, please. Oh, no, excuse her, it was only another package, a wedding-present. She did not know where she was going to put them all. Yes, yes, when madame returned she would be told of his call.

His valet came to the door and intimated it was time for his master to dress for the ceremony. Joe followed on his heels and asked him how he felt. Did he want a little something to brace him up? He produced a flask and poured him a generous drink, which Manny downed neatly. It burned his throat and his stomach, but made him feel better.

The other brothers came in while he dressed, and sat or stood about the room, their hands in their pockets. They were all garbed in morning suits, with white camellias in their buttonholes. And they were all ill at ease and had little or nothing to say. After an interval Joe pulled out his watch. They had better hurry, he announced. Sonya would be arriving any minute. It was almost twelve o'clock. He left the room, and they filed out after him with an air of relief. Manny was alone. He heard, suddenly, through the closed door the rumble of the organ. It came to him with a distinct shock. His hands and feet were cold as ice, and his throat dry. Well, he had better get up, be ready.

He wished that he and Sonya had stolen away somewhere and been quietly married. Had avoided all this pomp. Oh, well, it would soon be over. Presently he and Sonya could look back on this hour, laugh at it. Some one knocking at his door. He straightened up. So she was here. Down-stairs, awaiting him. He called, "Come in," briskly. The door opened, and one of the footmen stood there, a small silver tray in his hands. Manny said to him, "Is Miss Devinne here?"

"No, sir; not yet, sir."

"Well, what do you want?"

"There's a note for you, sir. I was told to deliver it."

He presented it to Manny, who lifted it off the tray and slit it open. He read the words once, twice, three times. It was as if they held no meaning for him. "I can not go through with it. Please, please forgive me. Trevello and I were married this morning. Sonya."

The paper fluttered from his hand. The footman hesitated, took a step forward. Manny waved him away. The man bowed and went out. Manny continued to sit there. His mind, it seemed to him, was switched off like an electric light. It was impossible for him either to think or to feel. Only his head seemed alive. A pulse began beating in his temple, beating, beating; he could feel it pressing against his flesh.

After a while he turned his head so that he could look down at the paper on the floor beside him, so that he could read it again. "I can not go through with it. Please, please forgive me." Tears suddenly blinded his eyes and he could read no further. He was filled, strangely enough, with an overwhelming sense of pity for her. So she had tried hard, had she? Up to the last minute.

He was as bad as all that. Of course. He might have known. She could not see below the surface. No one could. She would never know what a depth of tenderness he felt for her. Even he himself had been unable to tell her. Stupid in her presence. Like one of those grinning idols with their distended, wrinkled bellies. That was Manny Goldsmith for you. A Billiken trying to pose as a lover!

SOME one came in hurriedly. He did not even look up. "Say, Manny, it's after twelve. What do you suppose—?" It was Joe. Good old Joe. And before Manny could speak, or try to speak, he had pounced on the letter, picked it up, read it. "By Heavens! Nobody can play a trick like that on you and get away with it!" and he stood there, his face working as if he would burst into tears.

"Why don't you speak, Manny? Why do you look like that? Listen, it's a good thing it happened before the wedding instead of afterward. Listen, she's no good. She's common trash. Honest, I wanted to tell you so. We all did. But you was so crazy for her. Walking on air. Listen, Manny, she's good riddance. Do you hear me? For pity's sake, Manny, don't look like that!"

He went out and came back with the others. Manny heard their voices beat around him like an angry sea. They were

Continued on Page 84

PICTURESQUE GERMANY

STATELY monuments, proud landmarks of centuries of cultural achievement, still stand, wonderfully preserved, in Germany's ancient cities. What a revelation, what surprise to step from your roaring chasms of towering steel and stone into the calm quaintness of medieval streets. Centuries old houses greet you, glorious to behold in their wealth of frescoes and sculptures, from rich portals to rearing gables. The road to enchantment leads to Germany. Go! A hearty welcome awaits you there.

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Things women said to me about PERSPIRATION EMBARRASSMENTS

At the Exposition of Women's Arts and Industries in New York

by Ruth Miller
AUTHORITY ON PERSPIRATION PROBLEMS

SWEET faced grandmothers, debutantes, busy business women, young wives, crowded to my booth in the great ballroom of the Hotel Astor for a week.

All suffered from the same embarrassing fear. How to be absolutely safe from the odor of underarm perspiration and the humiliating, ruinous stains on their dresses? Many who had not yet solved the problem said the fear of it haunted them. No matter what they did there was moisture under the arms, which soon became offensive.

Was there really a scientific and safe way of avoiding the constant anxiety over underarm perspiration, they asked almost as one woman?

How emphatically they were answered by the hundreds of women who used Odorono regularly. How interesting were the experiences to which we all listened as one woman after another took up the theme.

* * *

"My doctor told me about it first years ago; it's marvelous, I use it all the time."

* * *

An exquisitely dressed young woman said: "I almost blush to confess I never used Odorono until last year. I went to an important lunch in a brand new Paris frock. Imagine how I felt when a friend said, 'My dear, your dress is ruined.' I gasped and said my dress shield must have slipped. You should have heard the girls exclaim, 'You don't use Odorono!' And the rest of the lunch was an experience meeting. I felt as gauche as a school girl and I bought my first bottle of Odorono on the way home."

A capable looking business woman said, "Perspiration odor turns men in an office against a woman quicker than anything else and Odorono is the only way I know to keep that daintiness that has nothing to do with soap and water cleanliness through the strain of a long busy office day!"

"IT makes me feel so much more exquisite, and self-confident," said one woman. "I use Odorono twice a week and never have a particle of moisture under the arm, no matter how late I dance or how much I exercise in snug wool sleeves."

* * *

An important looking middle aged woman said: "I am a public speaker. The excitement of appearing on the platform made my hands perspire profusely. The clammy discomfort was annoying and handicapped my platform manner. A surgeon told me about using Odorono for his own palms. Now I could not get along without it. And with comfortable dry hands I find my poise and presence much improved."

* * *

Odorono was first made by a physician to stop perspiration on the palms of his hands when operating. It proved so effective and comfortable that other physicians began recommending its use for the little closed-in hollow of the underarm where perspiration causes odor and ruins clothes.

Research proved that it was perfectly safe, healthy, to check the natural moisture in any small area with Odorono. Its action is what doctors term "occlusive" and merely temporary. There is no drying or other injurious effect on the perspiration glands. Pat it on the clean underarm, wait until it is thoroughly dry to be sure it has taken effect.

There are now two kinds of Odorono. Regular Odorono (ruby colored), which brings freedom from moisture and odor with one or two applications a week, used *the last thing at night* so as to give plenty of time for drying. And Odorono No. 5, milder (colorless) for especially sensitive skin and for hurried use—to be used *either night or morning every other day.*

Odorono, Odorono No. 5 and the delightful new Odorono Cream Depilatory are on sale at toilet goods counters. Odorono 35c, 60c, $1.00. Depilatory 50c.

This is the only way to tell whether you too are offending unconsciously. Examine your dress at the underarm tonight immediately after removing it. Is it perfectly free from even a trace of perspiration odor? If you shrink from what you find, remember other people get that same unpleasant impression every time they come near you

If you have never known the ease and confidence Odorono gives you, send for the little kit of samples offered below and begin enjoying its wonderful security at once.

Women of breeding use over three million bottles of this medically approved occlusive every year; **Odorono has no drying or other injurious effect on the perspiration glands**

New 10c Offer:

Mail coupon and 10c for the complete underarm toilette, samples of Odorono, Odorono No. 5, Odorono Cream Depilatory and Deodorant Powder.

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I enclose 10c for four samples

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Remove this ugly mask

There's no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freckles, as Othine—double strength—is guaranteed to remove these homely spots.

Simply get an ounce of Othine from any drug or department store and apply a little of it night and morning and you should soon see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than an ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful, clear complexion.

Be sure to ask for the double-strength Othine, as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.

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DOUBLE STRENGTH

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Matronly dignity is enhanced by the added loveliness lended to the eyes by accentuating the darkness and length of their lashes, and debutante smartness is vivified.

Fortunately, dark and long appearing lashes are very easy to acquire. A simple brush stroke of Solid Maybelline or Waterproof Liquid Maybelline produces the effect *instantly*. Maybelline is the most delightful preparation of its kind to use, and it is perfectly harmless, as millions of fashionable women know.

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Every mother knows the annoyance of losing a feeding when ordinary nursing bottles break. That's why more and more women insist on *PYREX* Nursing Bottles, so much safer than the usual kind.

For PYREX Nursing Bottles can be taken from the refrigerator and put right into boiling water. They can be sterilized. They can be held hot under the cold water tap. Like PYREX ovenware they sturdily resist severe temperature shocks.

Six-sided they neither slip nor roll. Smooth inside they clean quickly. Flat-bottomed they stand firmly. Ounces and half-ounces plainly marked.

At all druggists. Made by Corning Glass Works, Corning, New York.

Boiling water cannot break them!

Continued from Page 82

all talking at once. "We'll get her for this! And that fellow too! He'll wish he was dead before he's through! So will she! She can't do you dirt and get away with it!"

His clan rallying around him. He wished wearily they would leave him alone. Did they think he was blind? Not he! He saw. He understood. Poor little Sonya trying to go through with it. Up to the last minute. Unable to. Throwing everything overboard for youth and beauty. Giving up the flesh-pots for love. He said, at length, rousing himself, "Listen, I want to be alone. I don't want to see nobody. I want to be alone."

They hesitated. They did not want to leave him. Afraid he would do something to himself. As if everything that could be done to him had not been done already. As if there was anything left but a husk. Poor little Sonya trying to marry a Billiken. Trying to pretend to herself that material comforts would make up to her for the beautiful, the vital things of life!

LATE that evening he sent for Joe. He said, "Sit down, Joe. I want to ask you, Will you do something for me?"

Joe's face, which was drawn and gray, lighted up. He cried eagerly, "Anything, anything, Manny. You only got to ask me. You know that."

"Yes, Joe, I know," and fell silent.

"What is it, Manny? Go on and tell me. If you only knew what a day I put through."

"Listen Joe, I don't want you to go telling the others."

"I won't tell nobody. You can trust me. All you got to do is say what it is."

"It's this, Joe. I got to do something for Sonya."

"Do something for her?"

"Yes."

"But what makes you want to do something for a woman that treats you like that? What's got into you, Manny? It don't make sense."

"I want you to fix it up for me, Joe. I want to put a couple of hundred thousand in trust for her——"

"A couple of hundred thousand!"

"YES. So she can't touch the principal. She'd be giving it away, first thing you know. All I want is for her to be sure of the interest."

"But, my Heavens, Manny, you're crazy! What do you want to give a woman that's thrown you over a present like that?"

"All I want you to do is to fix it up for me, Joe."

"You want to give her two hundred thousand when she's thrown you over for that dirty dago?"

He nodded. "That's one reason. He's young. He won't stick to her long. Then she'll be up against it."

"Listen, Manny, don't do it now. Wait until after. You'll see things different in a week or so. You ain't yourself. Don't do nothing now."

Manny raised his heavy eyes. "I'm all right, Joe. I know what I'm doing. I'm doing it because women hadn't oughter be dependent. And they wouldn't be if I could help it. Not any of them. If mama had only of had something——"

And at the mention of his mother's name he began suddenly to cry. Sobs tore and racked him. Joe stared at him helplessly. "But, Manny," he said brokenly, the tears running down his cheeks, "she ain't fit to black your shoes!"

Manny continued to sob. Suddenly he caught sight of himself in the low mirror above his secretary. There was something ludicrous in a great, fat man standing there, in the middle of the room, blubbering like a baby.

WHO SAID HOLLYWOOD WAS WILD?

Continued from Page 4

a black orchid with a mauve center—elusive, fascinating—a good mind which is not opened to many. Colleen Moore—a field-daisy—smiling, upright, nothing to hide from the passer-by; giving her friendship only to a special few, but giving it whole-heartedly. Gloria Swanson—a gardenia with the endurance of a dandelion—charm, wit, and humor; eyes large and in the stars; feet tiny but well on earth. Marion Davies—a child of Venus and some favorite clown; heart of gold and mind of steel. Greta Garbo—an Ascension lily growing upside down; in appearance *Thais, Carmen*, and *Sappho* all in one; in reality as great a secret as the one the Sphinx has been keeping through the centuries.

I met Miss Garbo only once, but if I ever saw any one who had "it," "that," and "what not," she is the one. They say that she doesn't want to play sirens and home-wreckers, that she wants to play good girls—isn't it tragic! And so many good girls who would give their wisdom-teeth to "wreck" as beautifully as Miss Garbo does!

I have been quite carried away in this garden of famous flowers from my original subject, namely, that certain H—— in Hollywood; maybe that's why I haven't been able to find it; perhaps I've been too fascinated by the many big personalities to find the banalities. Probably there does exist a special preserve for wild life and I neglected to get my 1927 license, but I'll say this—it's the first time I haven't been able to find at least the appearances of same, and I've looked for them in most of the capitals of Europe, and found them, but where they are you rarely find people working as they work here.

When you go to one party where the aggregate weekly salaries of the guests would be over one hundred thousand dollars, and the party is a small one, you realize that these people have to think if they only think about how they can keep on getting those salaries. The little fish have to think to figure out how they can get to be big fish, the big fish have to think how they can keep the little fish from grabbing their particular pool of success, and even the poor fish of yesterday have to think of what they can do to get back in the swim.

I AM not a realtor, or should I say realtorette? I have nothing to sell in California because I haven't bought anything, but in a feeble effort to do a Brisbane and predict things, I wish to say that in another five years Hollywood and its environs will harbor a great percentage of the creative and constructive brains of the world.

This Summer I have met writers, producers, actors, diplomats, and millionaires who, two years ago, considered the movies beneath considering, and went to see them as they might go to Coney Island slumming. To-day these people are actively interested, and why not? If you write a book and it's a success, maybe two hundred thousand people will read it and remember your name; if you put the same story on the screen, two hundred million are apt to at least see your name; whether they remember it or not is a question, for to remember all the names that appear on the modern super-film one would have to make memorizing more of a business than an art.

The fact remains, no one can laugh off anything as big as the moving-picture game, no matter how acute a sense of humor he may suffer from. An actor or actress who succeeds in pleasing one million people in, say, five years, is a success. The film star who doesn't please at least ten million people in five films will probably not make a sixth film. I was dreadful in the movies, yet I still get letters about my films from South America

Continued on Page 86

Half the SECRET *is* you *Chew it . . .*

And the other half is—an amazing new laxative principle: tasteless, supremely mild, yet wonderfully effective . . .

SLIP one of these little white tablets in your mouth.

Enjoy its cool delicious mint flavor while you *chew it* for a few minutes.

Instantly—something wonderful begins to happen to the clogged, inactive system.

It starts to cleanse and *purify* itself!

This is Feen-a-mint: apparently just a delicious mint chewing gum—actually an amazing new laxative principle! For when chewed thoroughly, it mixes its tasteless medicinal ingredient with the mouth fluids, which carry it directly into the digestive tract for its stimulating effect upon inert intestines.

So, instead of striking the body a blow without warning, as it were, Feen-a-mint gently *helps the system to help itself!*

Results are amazing. A new vitality and a sense of fitness—a fresh, clear-eyed, up-in-the-morning-early feeling, as hundreds of thousands of men and women know.

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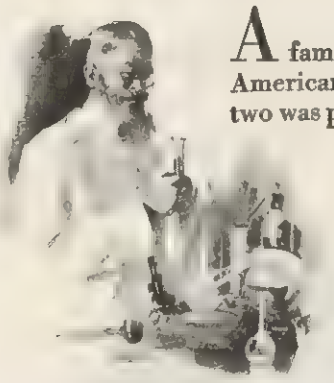

A famous Austrian scientist—a thoughtful American physician: from the work of these two was perfected Feen-a-mint, one of the most remarkable triumphs of the modern laboratory. It is based on a genuinely new laxative *principle*—which explains why delicate children and rugged outdoor workers alike find it perfectly adapted to their needs.

A few minutes' *chewing* of a little white tablet . . . instantly the tasteless yet almost magically effective laxative principle it contains begins to be absorbed by the mouth fluids—becomes a part of the digestive process—and so *helps the system to cleanse itself.* Not the half-way measures of so many ordinary laxatives—not the harsh house-cleaning of the average purgative—but a genuine freshening . . . a brisk tap at the door of sluggish organs that wakes them from torpor . . . a sweeping clean of poisons . . . a setting of the human house in order!

Renew the color of faded little rompers and dresses

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RIT dyes are for grown-ups, too. Whenever your dresses fade, whenever their color gets out-of-date, or just tiresome—RIT them any shade you want. You can color stockings and lingerie to match. And, in your home, you'll delight in the way RIT changes old, faded drapes and curtains to new, harmonious colors.

There are 24 beautiful RIT colors to choose from, at any drug or department store. 15c per package.

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WHITE RIT removes dye from colored fabrics, also spots, stains and discolorations from white goods. 15 cents per package.

Harmless as boiling water

RIT PRODUCTS CORPORATION
1403 W. Jackson Boulevard •• Chicago, Ill.

NEVER SAY "*DYE*" SAY RIT

Continued from Page 84

and Australia; imagine where you would get them from if you were good!

It's wonderful to think that to-morrow, here in Hollywood, John Gilbert can crush the glorious Garbo in his arms (in the film, of course) and three months from now some native of Africa, sitting on whatever they sit on at the movies out there, can gaze with wonder as the graceful Garbo clings to the glittering Gilbert.

You may have gleaned by this time that I am movie-mad; I admit it; I like all the people I have met out here. Of course I must admit that the movies do patronize the stage a bit. However, the stage also patronizes the movies, and as long as the public continues to patronize both it's all right—but will they? Hollywood has two moving-picture palaces fashioned along the intimate lines of Madison Square Garden; one is The Egyptian and the other is The Chinese. How many thousands these two gorgeous structures will house I wouldn't venture to say, but so far I've never seen them anything but filled. Then there are three legitimate theaters that I know of, and goodness knows how many others that I don't know of, and there are several smaller movie-houses.

Then there's that delightful little cozy corner, The Hollywood Bowl, where small but smart crowds of thirty or forty thousand people gather nightly during the Summer; and in case you can't get in there you can ride on a bit farther to see "The Pilgrimage Play"—of course that is apt to be crowded, as they can't admit more than a few thousand. All this, mind you, is in Hollywood; but ask an Angeleno (that's the local name for a resident of Los Angeles) how many theaters there are down-town (I've only been here three months, so I haven't had time to count them) and you will think he is giving you a telephone number.

Of course a newcomer has to be awfully clever to see where Los Angeles ends and Hollywood begins; but don't say that to a resident of either place or you won't live to find out. Los Angeles thinks it has made Hollywood, and Hollywood is certain that it has made Los Angeles, but I'm almost convinced that movies made them both, at least made them what they are to-day, and I'm not trying to sing a ballad. Anyway, whose ever the credit, it's a great job.

"WHAT ARE THE YOUNG PEOPLE COMING TO?"

Continued from Page 2

trail led up out of the woods onto the lofty mesa of youth's dreaming. The group came to no conclusion.

A homey sort of boy, who in some curious way made one know that he had a mother who darned his woolen socks, knitted his shaggy sweater, blurted out a dilemma. "See here, if marriage is put off and substitute satisfactions found, what is to become of woman's morality? What of the double standard?"

HIS blurted question had the girls rushing head on to the argument, the boys not far behind. That old tabu of the stone age! Gone with the mitts and the modest violet!

"Since we work like men, accept their responsibilities, why should we not have their freedoms? Why should a woman not choose her own standard of behavior?" asked a young woman. Her cold, gray eyes were flecked with tiny yellow specks, like sparks struck from metal. Her lip curled.

"The double standard belongs to the age of the clinging vine," laughed a merry imp of a girl. "I see no double standards for workmanship in laboratories, workshops, and offices. Everything's standardized to-day. We are all sturdy oaks."

Well, then, if not the double standard, what standard? They asked one another that. Should it be men's standard of morality adopted by women; or should men accept what had been the standard for women? If women's behavior changes, what will become of women's purity?

"What is this matter of purity?" The lad who asked the question spaced his words. "Is it a matter of the body alone? Or is it of the mind, of the soul? Can't a so-called pure woman be a devil; a so-called pure man be a rotter?"

NOT one dissented. The girls demanded that woman's conduct be measured, praised, or censured by other standards than the old morality yardstick. The boys agreed upon the injustice of the old measure. And they ended the discussion in these words: "The ideal standard for both men and women is the full development of the personality of the individual in conformity with the development of society as a whole." By which vague conclusion they entered at the same door out of which they came; out of which hosts of fathers and mothers have come and gone before them.

On, on they talked, releasing great gaseous sentences like colored balloons held lightly on long, bright strings of argument. Hours of Spring raced by while they discussed the subject of women's complete equality with men.

"Why should we increase the number of our competitors?" asked a practical lad.

"And in the long run the care of the family rests on the male," said a heretic.

"Men who oppose the extension of opportunity to women are mentally arrested tadpoles," declared a girl with entire good humor.

"It's the human race as well as women who benefit by woman's entrance into the work of the world," sang a feminist in whose determined chin lurked a ridiculous dimple. She stood straight and firm on strong legs whose silk stockings covered long, taut muscles. "When she not only chooses her job but chooses her husband, the race will improve."

A shy lad hesitatingly put a question. He spoke with a slow, Southern drawl.

"If women are to go seeking careers, wnat is to become of the home?"

A MERRY chorus of girls' laughter followed his question. Many of the boys laughed.

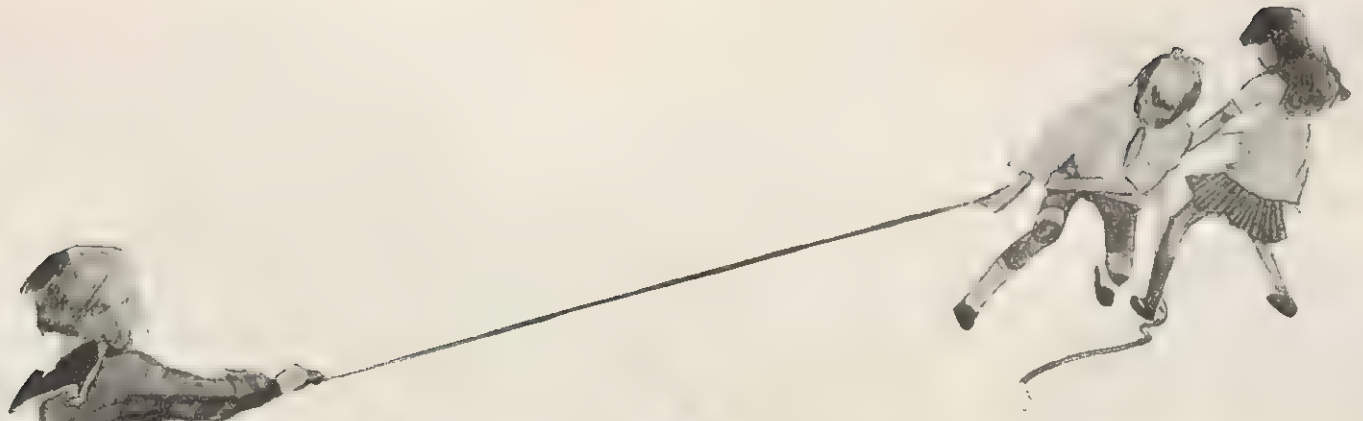
"The home?" snapped a diminutive, red-headed girl as she ran a little pocket-comb furiously across the top of her unruly hair. "The home? A home is not a place where a woman is walled in from the world's work," she sputtered. "Say, if men were to call ruffling curtains, running the vacuum cleaner, sorting laundry, washing greasy pans, carrying and cashing, working year in and year out, round and round for their keep—if men were to call that a career, they'd dynamite the home." Her hands, clutching the comb, showed that she knew intimately the work of which she spoke.

"I shouldn't call working in a laundry or a pickle-factory much of a change for the better," argued the Southern lad.

"Even there you work in companionship and you get your week's pay and days off and you feel part of the great vital stream, not just a stagnant drop in an isolated puddle. And sometimes a worse condition is better than a better condition," she added with feminine logic that baffled the lad from the South.

A girl with soothing voice explained: "Modern women know that home is not alone a *place*. Not made a home because the wife does the housework. She always hired a maid if she could afford it. Home is a spirit. It's where two people are happy together, whether in a second-hand Ford or in a suite in the Ritz. A

Continued on Page 88



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from loose pins and buttons

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Continued from Page 86

home is a shelter for a companionship, not a place to do housework."

The girl with the red hair hadn't finished. "Intelligent women to-day don't want to be sewed up in nests and beak-fed like orioles. They want to do their own flying and pick their own worms. Shutting women up in homes has made them narrow and intolerant and humorless. They're fat and dull at forty, just when their men are coming into the richest part of their lives."

"The place, the static idea of home," said a boy with a deep voice that quite suddenly rose to an embarrassing treble, "belongs to the age of our parents." He spoke as if that were some centuries ago. "The pretty cottage with the roses over the door, with the family portraits over the parlor mantel, is too rigid an ideal for our dynamic age. My idea of a home is something that must be achieved over and over, and when companionship is gone, then the home is gone."

Doubt still spoke from the Southern lad's eyes. "But," he persisted, "that sounds all right for us who aren't married; but what is to become of the children if women leave the home for the job?"

Every one of them, even the extreme feminists, realized that children were a complicating phase of the problem. But there was no need to surrender.

Families would be smaller; this change was already taking place in America. Thus the business life of the mother would not be so frequently interrupted. Late marriages resulted in smaller families. And one of the boys said, "I think that late marriage makes for more intelligent mothers, so that child-training becomes in itself a job, a profession. Older parents bring to the training of children a broader and richer experience."

With this position the majority of the group agreed, but a lad of more romantic temperament opposed: "That's all right to think out theoretically, but too long a delay after physical and mental maturity makes the adjustments of marriage more difficult and children know less harmony. Youth is the period of easy adjustment, and the cautious years with their little furtive satisfactions prevent a full and complete and wholesome married life."

"But it makes for more intelligent fathers and mothers all the same," persisted his opponents, and they were the majority.

Children were desirable, but they made a different arrangement necessary, they agreed; but they were sure, oh, very sure, that the situation created by their coming could be adjusted.

"Mothers," pronounced a strong-minded young woman with the hard conviction of youth, "mothers are notably incompetent to teach the young! The training of children should be handed over to experts. When it comes to other than bearing the children, parents should sign off."

"Perhaps the education of mothers and fathers for the job of parenthood would help," suggested one of the boys as if doubtful of the possibility.

On, on they talked for three Spring days, like precocious children using big words, diving down into what they called the "subconscious" and swimming to the surface of consciousness, a pearl of wisdom and much gravel in their strong young hands. They used the newly minted words of the very latest scientific writers—shiny, bright words of high denominations. In all seriousness they declared the untested faith that was in them, faith in themselves and in their generation. To laugh, to doubt would be acts of sacrilege.

Meanwhile another group of delegates, boys and girls, discussed the purpose of their education.

"We don't want our education to turn us out manikins," they declared, "wearing the intellectual garments of the prevailing fashion, as standardized as shoes."

"We don't want to be phonograph-records, whirling about a pin of memory, reeling off grooved-in dates and names and places, theorems and categories."

"No, nor do we want to be slot-machines into which so much money and time is put and an education drawn out."

"We want to be taught to think for ourselves, to be allowed to experiment, to ask, to investigate. We want no stuffy old dodoes sitting on boards to control the free thought and speech of our teachers. We want no barred doors, no forbidden signs. Tradition must be put in the test-tube and the retort."

Said a boy with dreams in his eyes, "But all education begins with unquestioned tradition. The alphabet is handed down; speech itself. The laboratory only discovers new laws, new obediences. Life developing from the single cell is one vast ritual, and until man is author of his own being he can not escape authority."

Like fireflies, these young people sought to illumine dark and tortuous paths by the wispy light within them. Sure of themselves; merrily harsh toward those not so sure. Young Cromwells. Their opinions not yet modified and remodified by actual experience or its vicarious illusion; not yet corrected by humor; not yet softened and made tender by the divine qualities of humility and pity which come with the frustrating years.

Their attitude toward life, toward romance, toward love and sex was realistic, lacking the sentimentalities of ballad-singing days. One could take the facts of love in forceps, fix them on cover-glasses, squint at them through microscopes, label them neatly, and there you were—that's all there is to love! A mechanism like a hinge, swinging the door of life for the ingress and exit of the generations. Not all of these college boys and girls preferred the microscope to the divining-rod; not all of them sought the bald sunlight of rigid mountains to the witching moonlight of obscure valleys. But the drift was toward the laboratory.

Probably an older generation would call them hard because their attitude toward life was frank, direct; because they giggled and laughed at mystery and pooh-poohed the powerful ghosts of the past; because they desecrated holy words of a Victorian era by giving them scientific names, spoke openly of functions which an older and more reticent and long-skirted and mustached generation slurred or refused to contemplate.

Home? Not a place for overstuffed furniture and overstuffed wives; not a place attained by a ceremony alone. But a shelter for two harmonious spirits, its maintenance depending upon a reciprocal relationship. And the work of "keeping house" no longer a career for women, any more than it is for men. The rose-clad cottage of bygone days was but a façade, unreal as a movie set in front of which parents acted a sentimental and untrue drama. The cottage door opened. Shut. All was over.

Marriage? Of course, they'd all marry. No smirking and shy hanging of heads. But not a prince waking the sleeping beauty. Not a marble goddess on a rigid pedestal. They'd marry a pal, a mate, and an equal who was wide awake and trod the earth. Marriage was a relationship, a social behavior, undergoing certain modifications under the irresistible

Continued on Page 91

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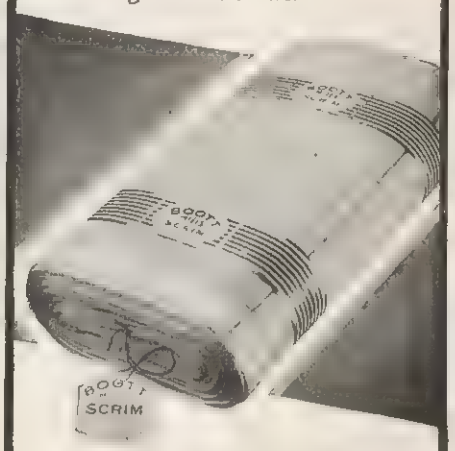

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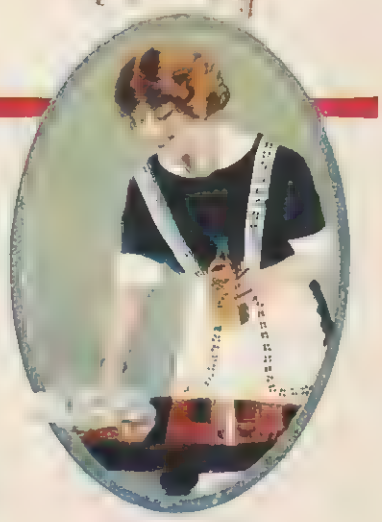

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Continued from Page 88

pressure of economic changes. Happiness and health and joy and enrichment were its objects as well as children, and when the relationship did not function—well, marriage was like a burned-out electric-light lamp. Its use was gone.

Children? Certainly, they wanted children. Expected them in their lives as simply, as frankly as they expected to go on breathing, these wide-eyed, grown-up boys and girls. There was no shirking of responsibility; but they wanted to be conscious, rational about their coming; plan for them intelligently as they would a family budget; foresighted as they were about their professions, their business contracts, their balanced meals.

"Our fathers and mothers used to have 'little ones.' We know better. Parents have 'little ones' but a few inexpensive years; then they have a kindergartener, then an adolescent, then a college boy or girl. Our generation sees perspectively where our parents saw only the first detail."

WELL, what of it all—all these assured opinions, all these Springtime hours of ceaseless talking in college halls during the first Youths' Conference? What ugly fortress of ancient wrong was taken? What goal won when the two hundred delegates went back to their colleges, their towns, their homes? None.

For a goal attained means the end of striving, the end of dreaming, the end of youth; means satisfied middle age. But to a disillusioned and tired generation, to a weary and heavy-laden world, there ever comes the hope of some happier civilization, of lifted burdens, so long as young men see visions and maidens dream dreams.

MY MISTER

Continued from Page 17

lived together, it was the mother who was ill. She also lay in a four-post bed, the broken bone in her hip too old to heal. When Miss Cator went in, Theresa, the daughter, sat on the side porch shelling peas; when she came out Theresa was hulling strawberries. It was not one of the torturing days when the sheets had to be changed and Miss Cator and Theresa and two neighbors worked together.

Miss Cator hoped that she could get by without conversation; Theresa had one subject, and that was to every one but her a painful one.

"Miss Cator!" She was not to escape. Theresa looked mysteriously over her shoulder. "Who do you suppose called last evening?"

Miss Cator flushed—there was no telling what citizen of Carthage or what nationally distinguished gentleman Theresa might mention—John Garland, the merchant; Dr. Phillips, a physician; even one of the clergymen—all, poor Theresa thought, came to see her.

"I couldn't tell, Theresa."

"I guess you couldn't! Well, it was the Governor."

Miss Cator went quickly out the board walk. There was a solemn look on her face, a tear in her eye, and a prayer in her heart—"Oh, Heaven, never that!"

At the corner she stood trying to decide how to reach the house of Mrs. Espy without passing that of Mr. Kinkle. But there was only one route, and, lowering her head as tho she faced a wind, she turned into Maplewood Street.

Carthage had roughly the form of a six-pointed star and Maplewood Street ran into one of the points. The houses were set back and the residents took pride in their property. Between the houses one could look across the fields at another outlying district where the stacks and chimneys of an iron-manufactory lifted their tall heads.

Before one of the houses a gentleman was working in his garden. He came forward at once, pulling off the gloves with which he protected very white hands. He would have been undistinguished in appearance were it not for his side-whiskers and a very broad smile which together formed a capital letter "H."

IMMEDIATELY a race was on between Miss Cator and Mr. Kinkle, and Mr. Kinkle won. He was a widower—Miss Cator suspected that he had been several times in this unhappy state—and he was determined to find a new wife.

"Good morning, Miss Cator! How delightful to see you in our neighborhood!"

"Thank you." Miss Cator sailed by. "I hope you'll come often."

Miss Cator had already passed the third house.

In Mrs. Espy's garden were delphiniums and larkspur and spicy pinks and blue sultana and a score of flowers whose names Miss Cator did not know. The air was saturated with scent; a tanager flitted through the boughs of a lacy tree. Mrs. Espy sat by the window, her arm resting on a cushion. She was a very pretty lady of sixty with curly white hair. Her speech was odd not only in idiom but in inflection.

"Well, good morning, Miss Cator!" she cried. "You see my old enemy is once again after me."

Miss Cator set down her bag. There were many likable qualities in Mrs. Espy—it was heartening to see a human being who ought to be in bed bound to sit up. She helped Mrs. Espy bare her arm, and took liniment from her bag and set tenderly and carefully to work. Mrs. Espy began to talk, trying thus to forget her pain. She did not talk of her ailment, or, happily, of her husband, but of her garden. Miss Cator remained almost an hour.

"When you think I'm well, you must stay away of yourself," said Mrs. Espy. "Otherwise I'll call you for steady company. I'm so lonely. My mister——"

Bag in hand, Miss Cator stepped quickly out the path, then she withdrew backward. At his gate stood Mr. Kinkle, a large bouquet in his hand.

"Mrs. Espy," said she, "is there any way I can get over to the mill district without going down this street?"

"To be sure!" answered Mrs. Espy. "Go out my back gate and down the lane through the woods."

"Thank you!" said Miss Cator fervently.

"He went that way." Mrs. Espy used still another Pennsylvania German synonym for "husband." "He was a molder."

"Preacher, steeple-jack, locomotive engineer, molder," said Miss Cator to herself. "If he were also a miner he would have worked on the earth, above the earth, and beneath the earth."

MISS CATOR sat on the porch talking to father. The honeysuckle was sweet, the moon floated overhead, the roses showed color in the bright light. Father sat in a rocking-chair and Miss Cator in an armchair, her knees crossed. The chair was tilted; her hands were clasped behind her neck.

"I went first to the Rath's," she said, beginning the catalog of another day. "The baby was dreadfully sick."

"Had they given him anything indigestible?"

"Oh, no, of course not. They never do!"

"What had they given him besides milk and broth and orange-juice?"

"Well, they had given him some raw potato."

"Is he all right now?"

"Yes," Miss Cator nodded. "At Grandma Galloway's I read the riot act. There lay the poor old soul in misery,

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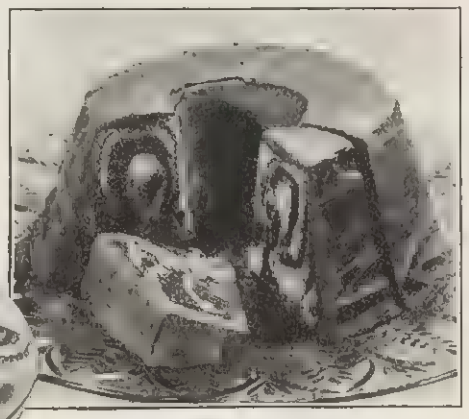
PINWHEEL COOKIES

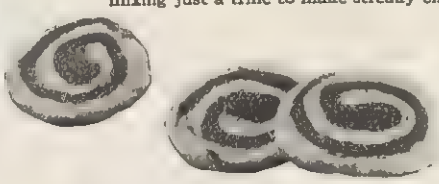
Cream ½ cup butter, add gradually ½ cup sugar, add 1 beaten egg yolk and beat the mixture well. Add 3 tablespoons milk; add 1½ cups flour which have been sifted with 1½ teaspoons Royal Baking Powder and ⅛ teaspoon salt. Add ½ teaspoon vanilla extract. Divide dough into halves. To one-half of this mixture add 1 square (1 oz.) chocolate, melted.

Roll the white dough into a thin rectangular sheet, then roll the chocolate mixture into a sheet the same size. Place chocolate dough over the white and gently press together. Roll up as for jelly roll into a tight roll about 2 inches in diameter. Set in ice-box for several hours to become firm. Cut into thin slices with a sharp knife and lay, cut side down, on a buttered cooky sheet. Bake in a moderate oven at 375° F. for about 8 to 10 minutes. Makes 4 dozen cookies.



MARBLE CAKE

Make a standard butter cake, putting ⅔ of mixture in greased tube pan. To remaining third add 1½ squares melted, unsweetened chocolate or 5 tablespoons cocoa mixed with a little cold water. Drop chocolate batter into batter in pan, mixing just a trifle to make streaky effect.



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and in the next room two phonographs were going."

"Oh, my!" said father.

"One was a saxophone record and the other was by Sousa's band. Then I went to the Youngs'."

"The rich Youngs?"

"That depends on what you mean by rich. They have two automobiles, but no extra sheets for their beds."

"And poor Thaddy?"

Miss Cator blinked. Thaddy Gunn, an old Irishman, was the most afflicted of her patients and the most brave.

"A little worse every day."

"And Mrs. Espy?" Father glanced at Miss Cator uneasily. In some moods she merely denounced Mrs. Espy's untruthfulness; in others she turned her into a "Thousand and One Nights." Miss Cator tilted her chair at a sharper angle and father smiled.

"LAST week her mister was a molder. I said to myself that he ought to be a miner; then he would have worked on the earth and above the earth and beneath the earth. This week he is a miner. I had made up my mind to tell her exactly what I think of her, but now I'm going to let her go on. Preacher, steeplejack, locomotive engineer, molder in a furnace, miner. I gave her the suggestion that he should be a miner, and now—" Miss Cator laughed—"now I propose he shall be a poet. Preacher and poet to balance miner, molder, engineer, and steeple-jack. Then a college professor—that would be seven. Then a——"

"Now, Ellen!" laughed father. He asked hungrily, "What adventures did he have as a miner?"

"She forgot that he was a miner and related an incident in his life as a steeplejack."

"Well?"

"He'd been painting a stack and had reached the rim. He had noticed that the last thirty or forty feet of his ladder seemed insecure, but he was young and daring and anxious to get done and he didn't have it repaired. One evening he was ready to descend when this section loosened. The ropes which held the horizontal ladder from which he'd been painting could not be detached. Night was coming on, a terrified crowd gathered below, but there was no professional steeple-jack to advise or assist."

"What did he do?"

"Father, I'll give you one guess."

Father laughed excitedly. "'Unravel your stocking,'" he quoted. "'Begin at the toe.'"

"Exactly!" cried Miss Cator. "Only it was a silk necktie which Mrs. Espy had crocheted for him."

"That could have happened."

"I don't believe it happened to a man who was successively miner and molder and preacher and engineer and steeplejack, and who is still to be poet and college professor. He's by turns tall and short and medium, and thin and stout and medium, and curly-haired and entirely bald. One of these days when the hot weather comes I'm going to say, 'Mrs. Espy, you tell lies from morning till night.'"

"No, you're not!" Father laughed. "Did she tell you any of his other adventures as a steeple-jack?"

"He had a much more exciting one." Miss Cator tilted her chair still farther. "He—Father, there's some one coming in the gate!" She let the front legs of the chair drop softly. "If it's——"

"Good evening," said an amiable voice.

"Good evening," responded father.

"Don't you dare leave!" said Miss Cator.

"Miss Cator." Mr. Kinkle bowed. The letter "H," obscured for an instant, rose into the moonlight. He held out a handful of magnificent roses. "My compliments."

MISS CATOR rubbed Mrs. Espy's arm. The honeysuckle bloomed abundantly, and bee-balm added its glorious color to the garden and its strong spice to the perfume which drifted into Mrs. Espy's room. Mrs. Espy could use her arm a little, and she talked ruefully about dismissing Miss Cator.

"It will be like when my mister died."

Miss Cator poured a new supply of liniment into her cupped hand. She was very tired; she did not know how she could possibly hold out till August and her vacation. Her evenings had formerly been seasons of rest, but she could not shut Mr. Kinkle out of the premises, and now they were ruined. Once she made an excuse of weariness and went in, but Mr. Kinkle sat on and on while she suffered in the warm house.

Mrs. Espy's head nodded; once or twice it sank to her breast, and she lifted it with a jerk.

"*Ach*, I'm sure not polite!"

"Go ahead and sleep," advised Miss Cator. "It's a sleepy day."

"You have right," agreed Mrs. Espy. "I used to know long ago some poetry about June."

"Did you?" said Miss Cator. "Did you ever know a poet?"

"Indeed I did," answered Mrs. Espy with enthusiasm. "My mister was a poet."

Out loud Miss Cator said, "Was he?" To herself she said, "Oh, you wicked old woman!"

"Yes, he was," said Mrs. Espy. "I used to say some of his poetry, but I forget it."

Miss Cator reminded herself of Miss Butterfield. "Hold on, Ellen!" she said. "Hold on, Ellen!"

"It was poetry about love," explained Mrs. Espy. "My mister used to write a great deal. Some of it was printed in a newspaper."

"I suppose you kept the clippings?"

"They were burned in a fire," sighed Mrs. Espy.

"Oh, you wicked old woman!" said Miss Cator to herself. "I don't believe you were married at all!"

Miss Cator pulled down Mrs. Espy's sleeve and walked into the kitchen to wash her hands. She said to herself, using Mrs. Espy's own idiom, "One of these days I'll tell you the meaning."

"I'm always so sorry for you," said Mrs. Espy when she returned. "You have no man."

There was suddenly a pain in Miss Cator's head, and a fire in her heart.

"Mrs. Espy," she said, "there's something I'd like to say to you."

"To be sure!" answered Mrs. Espy. "What is it?" Her startled eyes were fixed, not on Miss Cator, but on the front door, where stood a tall gentleman bowing, in his hand a cluster of delphiniums and larkspur, a glorious blue mass.

"Miss Cator, I thought I might find you."

"Here I am," said Miss Cator. She lifted her bag and quickly stepped out toward the kitchen. "Mrs. Espy, this is Mr. Kinkle. He's brought you some flowers."

MISS CATOR approached Mrs. Espy's house. It was four o'clock and a hard day had followed a bad night. July had come, and with it sharper pain and more complete exhaustion. Father had prophesied rain and coolness, but father, she believed, was mistaken. Father had inquired about Mrs. Espy.

"I'll be sorry when you give her up."

"I won't," answered Miss Cator grimly. "I'm tired of her and her lies."

"You didn't say anything to her?"

"Not yet."

"Then I wouldn't."

Miss Cator had made up her conscious mind that she wouldn't, but her subconscious mind sang a song, "You tell lies from morning till night."

Mrs. Espy was not in her chair; she was preserving raspberries in the kitchen. There was a sweet odor of boiling sugar and berries.

"My arm is well," said she.

Miss Cator's last patient had been Thaddy Gunn, and the thought of touching even healthy human flesh was intolerable, but she never failed in duty.

"Better have a treatment while I'm here."

Mrs. Espy began to roll her sleeve still higher, but Miss Cator took hold of the sleeve herself. She was, Mrs. Espy

Continued on Page 94

The fresh snowy whiteness of Laundry-washed clothes

When you turn back the snowy, spotless sheets that have come from your laundry, you know they not only look clean and feel clean, but *are* scientifically clean ✾ Yet modern laundry service is simple ✾ It is a story of unlimited quantities of filtered rainsoft water, plenty of pure soap, and scientific knowledge of how to use amazingly gentle equipment ✾ Your clothes are washed without rubbing, and are rinsed in many baths, until every particle of loosened dirt is definitely removed from the fabric ✾ There is a pronounced difference between professional and domestic laundering . . . a difference that strongly emphasizes the fact that laundry-washed clothes *must be cleaner,* sweeter, and longer wearing ✾ Visit a modern laundry and see for yourself why millions of home managers depend upon such laundries for relief from irksome washday toil ✾

The LAUNDRY does it best

Above—The heavy, rich suds which penetrates every fabric pore, gently softening and removing dirt, in a washer with glass-smooth inside surfaces. Left—How the hand of science helps protect your clothing . . . every laundry formula is worked out with prescription-like exactness.

Keeping Faith with American Women

The modern laundries which stand as sponsors for this series of informative advertisements belong to a great group of progressive institutions. Not only is this group endeavoring to tell you the illuminating facts about modern laundry service, but each modern laundry is earnestly striving to keep its methods on a level with the high standards and ideals reflected in these advertisements.

Modern laundries offer a variety of services to suit every family need. All-ironed work, partially-ironed work, and work which returns clothes damp for ironing, are but a few of the many *individualized* services available at laundries today. Phone a modern laundry now—let them help you decide which service is best suited to your needs.

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FREE, this remarkable new rouge. See offer below.

WOMEN WRITE US
They use this treatment

Begin now to give yourself the Ingram treatment best suited to your skin. For large pores, do this: Wash your face twice a day in warm water and a good soap. Rub the lather gently into the skin with a soft cloth. Be sure to rinse off all the soap. Then dash your face with cold water and dry it gently with a soft towel.

Now apply a thin, even coating of Ingram's Milkweed Cream. Wipe this off with a soft cloth. Then dash your face with cold water once more and dry with the towel.

Keep your skin soft and fine by the method that thousands of beautiful women use. Society leaders, screen stars, stage beauties write us that Ingram's Milkweed Cream is the only cream they have used for ten —twenty years or more. It gives your skin exactly what it needs.

Learn how to use Ingram's Milkweed Cream and avoid large pores. With each jar of Ingram's Milkweed Cream come full instructions. Women write us telling how they have improved their skins by following these instructions.

So that you, too, may give your skin treatments basically right, go today to your druggist and buy a jar of Ingram's Milkweed Cream. 50c the jar—$1 size more economical —Theatrical size $1.75.

Frederick F. Ingram Co., Est. 1885, 193 Tenth Street, Detroit, Mich., also Windsor, Ont., Canada.

Ingram's Milkweed Cream

THERE IS BEAUTY IN EVERY JAR

Let us send you FREE purse-size package of this remarkable new rouge—

Ingram's American Blush Rouge, and an interesting booklet on The Art of Rouging.

Continued from Page 92

thought, a little rough. But Mrs. Espy smiled.

"It's awful hot," she said. "You sit a little down instead of working, and I'll fetch you some root beer. My mister, he liked root beer."

Miss Cator passed her capable hand firmly down Mrs. Espy's arm. It seemed to her for the first time that the liniment had an overpowering and unpleasant odor. The song still sang in her subconscious mind, "Mrs. Espy, you tell lies from morning till night," and she tried to take herself sternly in hand, and to answer it with, "Hold your tongue!"

"I HAVE my vacation in August," she said, determined to think of something else.

Innocently Mrs. Espy herself applied the match to the fuse.

"My mister, he had three months off when he taught," she said pleasantly. "It was——"

"Your *mister!*" repeated Miss Cator rudely.

Mrs. Espy blushed.

"I often talk Dutchlike," she explained.

Miss Cator had suddenly one necessity in life. She forgot the heat, she forgot her exhaustion, she remembered only Mrs. Espy. Fortunately her contemptuous face was turned away while she restored the liniment to her bag. Fortunately she did not say, "Mrs. Espy, you tell lies from morning till night"; she said, "How many husbands have you had, Mrs. Espy?"

Mrs. Espy did not answer in words; she took a few steps across the little room to a center-table.

"I count seven," said Miss Cator, her face still averted. "A preacher, a miner, a locomotive engineer, a molder in a furnace, a steeple-jack, a poet, and a teacher."

Mrs. Espy turned the leaves of a large book.

"You counted wrong," she said with dignity. "There were only six. The preacher and the poet were one and the same. Here are the names of all." Mrs. Espy laid her hand on a page on which was printed "Family Record." The ink at the head of the page was faded; at the bottom the name of Edward Espy was still bright. "I used to call them all by name, but it got unconvenient. I had very bad luck," sighed Mrs. Espy. "And also very good luck. My companions were taken, but others were sent."

Miss Cator's jaw dropped. She looked, merely to look away from Mrs. Espy, out the front window. Entering the gate was Mr. Kinkle, whom she had so recently introduced. He was not dressed in elegance; his was the informal visit of neighbor to neighbor. He looked eager and happy; his horizontal smile met his perpendicular side-whiskers. Mrs. Espy saw him also and smiled. She was not merely an individual, she was a type, eternally young, unfailingly pleasant, and irresistibly attractive to susceptible gentlemen. She spoke with an air of possession.

"He comes to get root beer. I wish you had such a companion, Miss Cator."

MISS CATOR walked out the door. Passing Mr. Kinkle, she looked him in the eye. He had not, it was plain, expected to see her at this hour. It was plain also that she need fear his attentions no more. She saw a red sun sinking toward the west and dark clouds rising to meet it.

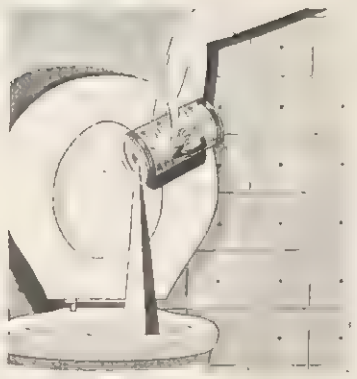
"We will have rain," some one had promised. "By evening it will be cool."

She remembered a little old man; she thought of bread and butter and iced tea and red raspberries. Then she remembered that she had not bidden Mrs. Espy farewell, and from the gate she looked back. Mrs. Espy stood in the doorway, and Mr. Kinkle stood before her. Their eyes were upon each other; for them Miss Cator was gone.

Miss Cator went rapidly. Home and father seemed a hundred tantalizing miles away.

"Six misters," she chuckled. "And soon there'll be seven. And rain! Oh, Pop, what an evening!"

White as snow



SANI-FLUSH will keep the toilet spotless and glistening. It is easy to use, efficient, and thorough. It takes the unpleasantness out of a very necessary household task.

Just sprinkle a little Sani-Flush into the toilet bowl, following directions on the can. Then flush. Stains, marks and incrustations disappear. Foul odors are banished, for Sani-Flush reaches the hidden, unhealthful trap.

Sani-Flush leaves the toilet sparkling. It is harmless to plumbing connections. Use it frequently. Keep a can handy all the time.

Buy Sani-Flush in new punch-top can at your grocery, drug or hardware store, 25c. *In Canada,* 35c.

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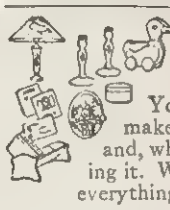

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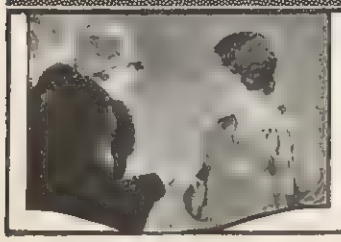

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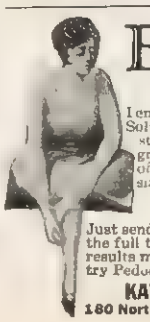

I end bunions quickly with my new Pedodyne Solvent treatment. Pain stops almost instantly. Actual reduction of the enlarged growths starts so fast that your next pair of shoes may be a size smaller—often two sizes smaller. Its action is amazing.

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Just send your name and address, no money, and the full treatment guaranteed to bring complete results may be yours to try. Just say, "I want to try Pedodyne." No obligations—Address

KAY LABORATORIES, Dept. N12

180 North Wacker Drive Chicago, Illinois

Eyes that have "IT"

"IT". . . that subtle something which attracts others . . . usually lies in the eyes. Don't be discouraged if your own eyes are dull, lifeless and unattractive. A few drops of harmless *Murine* will brighten them up and cause them to radiate "IT".

Thousands upon thousands of clever women use *Murine* daily and thus keep their eyes *always* clear, bright and alluring. A month's supply of this long-trusted lotion costs but 60c. Try it!

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

Free Mail this coupon to Murine Co., Dept. 108, 9E. Ohio St., Chicago, for book checked: "Eye Beauty" "Eye Care"

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Please PRINT your name and address in PENCIL

Throat Gargle

MANY serious diseases get their start in the throat. Don't let germs get set; keep them moving. Gargle frequently when you have a cold or cough. Use a level teaspoonful of MU-COL dissolved in a glass of warm water. Gives cooling, soothing relief. Cleans and freshens the membranes, so aids good health and sanitary cleanliness. Pleasant to the taste; has thousands of users.

MU-COL

Dependable Hygienic Powder
At Druggists, 35c, 60c, $1.20 or
The MU-COL Company
158 Tupper St., Buffalo, N.Y.
Send for Free Sample

Please Accept 10c Package FREE

You Women are Clever

You know a good thing when you see it. That's why so many of you have written for a trial package of Del-a-tone and are now using it regularly in preference to razors, pulling out hairs, and all other methods.

DEL-A-TONE

Removes Hair

Adds that touch of daintiness so essential to feminine charm. The standard depilatory for 20 years.

Del-a-tone Cream is snow-white, fragrant, and ready for immediate use. Removes hair **in only 3 minutes** from arms, under-arms, legs, back of neck or face. Leaves skin smooth, white, dainty. The quick, effective results are the same, whether you use the newer Del-a-tone Cream or the old reliable Del-a-tone (powder). Send coupon today for FREE 10c package.

The large size economy package is sold by drug and department stores, or sent prepaid anywhere in U.S. for one dollar. Money back if not satisfied.

Miss Mildred Hadley,
c/o THE DELATONE CO.,
Dept. 25, 721 N. Michigan Ave.,
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FREE TRIAL In U.S. only

Please send me FREE, prepaid and in plain wrapper, 10c size I have checked herewith:

☐ Del-a-tone Cream ☐ Del-a-tone (powder)

Name.....

Address.....

YOUTH WALKS UNDER THE WILLOWS

Continued from Page 23

There came the surge of people rising Dode whispered to Powers, "Don't stand out where they'll pass. We're dirty." They drew back from the aisle.

Over the heads of the standing people he caught a glimpse of the bride's veil. He stood on tiptoe and saw her plainly. Her bright head was flung up. Her wide eyes looked straight ahead. She was smiling—smiling, altho her face was paler than her dress. He wondered if every woman came from the altar like that, smiling down fear.

Ah, but she walked beautifully! She came on like a dainty white yacht buoyant under new canvas. Suddenly an old woman reached out and touched her arm. The gesture was a benediction and a warning and a plea—a wordless message from the heart. The strained look on the girl's face quivered into glad surprize. Her blue eyes under her red hair were like the first glimpse of sky after rain.

She passed. People surged up the aisle after her and crowded around her in the vestibule. Dode and Powers hung back and went out the very last. The coaches were just moving off. People were standing about laughing and talking. Rice lay powdering the steps and the flagstones. It was over.

It was the next morning that Archie Voight came down to the yard. Dode hadn't seen him in years, yet he recognized him at once as he came through the clover, rolling on his short, bowed legs.

Archie hailed him, "Hello, Dode! Is the old man around?"

"Haven't seen him. Guess you'd better try up at the office."

Archie ground his heel into the shavings and looked over the river toward New York. "Tell you what I'm after, Dode. I want to sell my boat. Know of any likely buyers?"

"Not just now, I don't. Better see the captain." Dode knew every inch of Voight's sailboat. He had helped build her. She was a beauty of the jib-and-mainsail class, a single-hander, but stanch and deep enough. Her cabin of shining mahogany had three berths, and a man could almost stand erect in it. "How much are you asking?" Dode wanted to know.

"Well, what I'm after is cash. I want at least five hundred down, and the rest, say three hundred, in instalments. She's a winner. You know that. You know what went into her. It's like giving her away. You know that, Dode, but I need the money."

"I'd like to take her off your hands, but I could give you only two hundred and fifty down."

"Thanks, Dode. But I'd have to have more than that. Well, I'll run up and see the captain."

DODE was glad he lacked the price. He had spoken on impulse. He wanted no encumbrances when Captain Lacy was ready to let him go. But she was a beauty, just the same. *The Flying Cloud!* He had never so much as owned a rowboat. There had never been any ready money before or after his father's death. Now, all at once, he had two hundred and fifty dollars, the remainder of the insurance money, plus twenty dollars the second-hand man had given him for the things in the house.

After a few days Archie Voight again came down to the yard. He had failed to find a buyer. If Dode could let him have the two hundred and fifty—immediately. Dode had the money in his pocket. The thought of spending it had been a horror to him. But to put it into the *Cloud* was like buying a monument, and a better monument than a lump of stone in Calvary. And there was still time to have some fun out of the boat before he went to sea.

The day he brought the boat around the point and anchored her in the cove off the yard, he noticed that there was smoke going up from the little house. The girl had moved in. One morning

TRE-JUR'S
Compacts and face powders - in a NEW ODEUR

Smart women from New York to the Golden Coast were seeking an odeur of sophistication and new allure—an odeur to mate with Modern Fashion. And so Tre-Jur conceived *Charvai*—a fragrance too elusive for words—delightfully different and strangely seductive.

Like Tre-Jur's famous *Joli-Memoire* fragrance, *Charvai* may be obtained in all the newest Tre-Jur Compacts—the charming watch-case "Little One"; the new "Thinest" (exquisitely slim)—in modish gunmetal, or lacquered to harmonize with the smartest costume colors.

Tre-Jur's Face Powder is Pre-Blended

Its making marks an epoch in the development of beauty aids. The delicate airiness of a light powder, and the body and "cling" of a heavy powder, have been *pre-blended*. The resultant powder is caressingly smooth. It clings but does not cake. It hides the pores, but does not clog them. It banishes shine and sallowness—and lends a pearly radiance that remains for hours. You'll be delighted with the surprising loveliness that this new powder brings to your skin. Try it!

"Joli Memoire" Face Powder is 50c.

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"Little One" Compact is 50c.

"... Flashed right in his face"

"My young nephew, not 10 yet, was playing with an old powder can. He foolishly thought he would burn the pinch of powder he managed to shake out of the 'empty' can. There was an explosion, right in the boy's face. One whole cheek was blackened. Eyebrows were singed off, and one hand was scorched. We treated the burns at once—with Unguentine. The first application soothed the pain. The burns were healed with surprising rapidity. And left no scars whatever."

WE shudder at the very thought of the touch of flame. But, records show, all sorts of burns are common. With housewives at their daily tasks, with active, carefree children. And all too often remain scars that blemish a splendid body for life.

Doctors say, "Treat even a little burn on the spot!" There is one famous surgical dressing physicians and hospitals everywhere rely on. Keep a tube of Unguentine ready!

Apply Unguentine freely. At once comes blessed relief from pain. The scorched surface is protected; you are safeguarded against infection, and the tissues are repaired certainly, promptly. Best of all, with Unguentine, healing is so perfect that, even in severe cases, *not even the trace of a scar is left.*

For all cuts, bruises and scratches as well as for burns. In severe cases, apply it on gauze and bandage lightly. Make Unguentine a part of your household equipment today. At your druggist's—50c. The Norwich Pharmacal Company, Norwich, N. Y.

LEFT

"I was taking out a cake. The oven door slid to on my arm—the left one. I received a burn about two inches long ... A blister formed which I broke against the woodwork. The wound became inflamed, and was very painful. I was advised to use Unguentine. I applied it frequently and faithfully. Very quickly the pain left. Soon my arm was healed beautifully—and 'nary' a scar was left. Unguentine is a marvelous healer."

The surgical dressing physicians use

FREE!

—A trusted name

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Please send me trial tube of Unguentine and booklet, "What To Do," by M. W. Stofer, M. D.

Name .....

Street .....

City and State .....

soon after, he saw her bareheaded, in a pink dress, flashing along under the willows. He watched her go down the easy descent to the main street. He watched for her to come back. He marveled at the way her shining hair caught and held the light and reflected it with every turn of her head.

Her coming and going grew into the pattern of his days. There was always a blue river under a blue sky, and the great city of New York piled up against it in the west. But it was to the east he looked, to this red-headed girl appearing at unexpected moments along the margin of the bluff, for that stirring of the heart that has neither rime nor reason.

She came with the Spring. Dode never counted with how many. To him each Spring was but a continuation of that April when she had first moved into the little house. To him Spring was beyond the reach of time. It had nothing to do with marking the passing years. It was that eternally recurring moment of the heart's uplifting after Winter. She came with the Spring. In the Winter he hardly saw her—perhaps because her hair was covered. But in April the pink dress flashed, and the glinting hair. Time came when she did not run—when she carried a baby on her hip. To Dode it was always the same dress and the same baby. Yet that could not have been.

His Sundays and holidays were spent on the *Cloud*. Sometimes he took her out at night. Mrs. Powers moaned over him. "You'd never be trapesin' around on that boat if your mother was alive! Not a wink of sleep do I get when I know you're out in it. The dear knows, you'd better be gettin' your good night's rest than courtin' death with a sailboat in Hell Gate!"

Dode missed those scoldings when the Powerses moved to Harlem. Dobs Brothers transferred Powers to their Harlem plant, and altho he protested that he could travel back and forth on the ferry, Mrs. Powers wouldn't hear of it. "A man should live within a stone's throw of his job, so he should!" Nor was she to be shaken. When they moved away Dode rented a room from the Eckhardts' and ate his meals in the restaurant down-stairs. He thought to himself, "It does a man good to make a change. I've been with the Powerses quite a while." Quite a while! That was as near as Dode ever came to reckoning the flight of time.

WHEN Dode went to the Eckhardts' he decided to sell the boat. Once more he had made up his mind to go to sea. Just as soon as the *Cloud* was off his hands he was going to quit at the yard. Twenty dollars a week was all right, but he was tired of working on boats. He wanted to sail in them. He intended to stay at the Eckhardts' only until he had found a buyer. The boat was as good as she had ever been. He had gone over every inch of her. But people fought shy. A launch was what they wanted—a good, dependable engine. They had no time to waste, waiting for the wind and the tide. The whole Summer went by and no one bid for the boat. Well, it took patience. He'd have to wait another year.

Eckhardts' was a pleasant place at which to wait. The restaurant was a big, stove-heated room that smelled pleasantly of frying oysters. Along the wall on either side were oblong tables covered with spotless cotton cloths. In the middle stood the stove, and in Winter it glowed through winking isinglass eyes set in the nickel of its bulging base. It was fed from a scuttle that Chris Eckhardt was supposed to keep filled. His father would call from the kitchen, "Chris! How's the scuttle yet?" Chris would come out of the book he was reading and dash for the scuttle and race with it to the door and into the street and fling up the sloping wooden doors that led down to the cellar. The red setter dog, usually lying behind the stove, would get up and race after Chris.

Back of the stove was a high counter painted cherry-color that reached almost half-way across the room. It held matches and toothpicks and plates of

Continued on Page 98

No Gray Today!

Fear of crude dyes no longer excuses gray hair. You don't have to use them. Kolor-Bak is a clean, colorless liquid that cannot harm the hair; and it *does* bring back the color. Not the weird hues women used to get from old-fashioned hair dyes, but the color your hair ought to be—the color it used to be.

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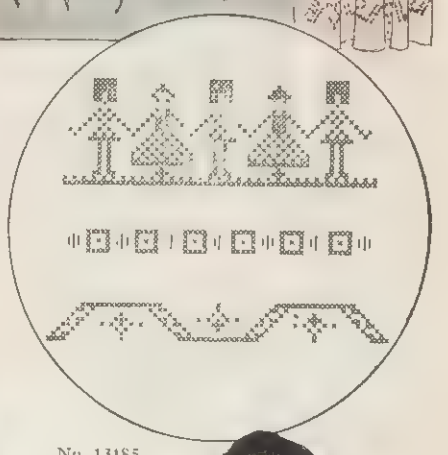
APPLIQUÉ Design No. 13183, blue or yellow, supplies eight each of different motifs. These consist of different sized circles, triangles, squares and diamond shapes, which may be combined to form a variety of unusual modernistic designs. They can be appliquéd on dresses, scarfs, 'kerchiefs and handkerchiefs, or they may be used to add a futuristic note to household linens, such as pillows. Shown on Frock 4213, designed for 34 to 48 bust, 14 to 18 years.



No. 13185
40 cents
on Curtains

No. 13182
35 cents
on Towels

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40 cents
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APPLIQUÉ Design No. 13184, blue or yellow, gives 3½ yards of a 3-inch appliqué border, 4 rights and 4 lefts of a 3¼-inch motif and 10 of a 2-inch motif. Cutting guides for the appliqué pieces are provided. This motif is based on the popular coin dot theme. Shown on Frock 4216, designed for 34 to 44 bust, 14 to 18 years.

EMBROIDERY Design No. 13185, blue or yellow, provides 3½ yards each of cross-stitch borders ⅝, 1 and 2¾ inches high. For the children's room, the little figures are very attractive cross-stitched on curtains or dresser scarfs in gay colors. Shown on Frocks 4189 and 4249, each designed for 2 to 6 years.

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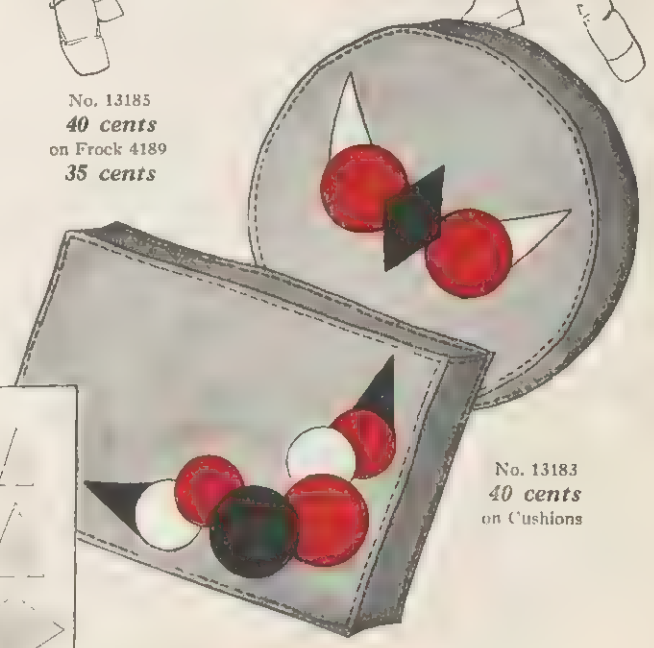

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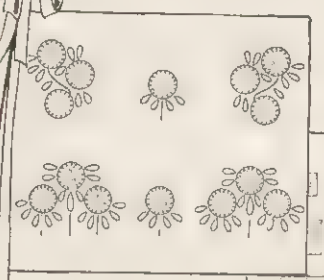

Detail of No. 13184
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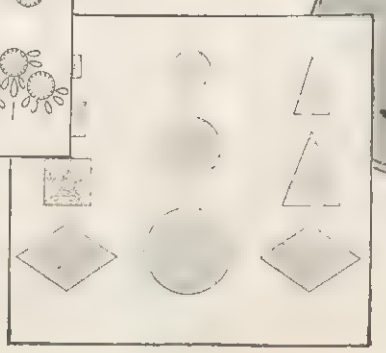

Detail of No. 13183
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No. 13185
40 cents
on Frock 4213
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No. 13184
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new beauty for spring

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Spring Beauty Guide

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Continued from Page 96

small hard biscuit waiting for an accompaniment of fried oysters and dill pickle. Back of the counter and guarding the door to the kitchen was a folding screen of bamboo with pink-satin panels on which were embroidered birds and tall grass in black and gold.

Customers went back to this counter to settle with Eckhardt. He would come out from behind the screen, and after he had their money safe in one of the little cups of the till-drawer he would begin his everlasting joking. He was always shaking with silent mirth, and his girth and height dwarfed even the stove. Chris took after him. He was dark and smiling too, and his great thighs seemed bursting through his short pants.

ONCE Dode told Eckhardt his dream of the sea. "Well, what's keepin' you?" Eckhardt wanted to know. "You haven't any ties."

"I'd go to-morrow—if it wasn't for the boat. I want to get out some of the money I sunk in her." Perhaps Dode never acknowledged, even to himself, the reason for his waiting. Perhaps he never knew. He would have denied hotly the accusation of being in love with another man's wife.

"Oh, boats! You never get back nothin' out of them. Never!" There was scorn in Eckhardt's tones. "Chris always wanted a boat, but I wouldn't listen to him." He pulled out one of the cane-seated chairs and sat down at Dode's table. "Now he's given up teasin' me for one. He's got a girl down on Maxwell Street. You know his mother was always suspicious even before he put on long pants. 'Well, Chris, ain't it time you got a girl?' she was always sayin' to him. She was foxy—beatin' around the bush. 'Oh, go on!' he always said. 'What would I be doin' with a girl?'

"Well, last Sunday we went up to Joe Diets's place, Mrs. Eckhardt and me, and who do we meet when we was comin' back but Chris. He was carryin' flowers in tissue-paper—a lot of them. His mother says, 'Oh, Chris, where are you goin'?' I wish you could have seen him color up. I says to his mother, 'Come on! You're keepin' Chris. He'll be late for the funeral.' We met him as we came by the shipyard on Maxwell Street. Who are the pretty girls livin' on Maxwell Street?"

It was always like that. On no matter what subject you began a conversation with Eckhardt he always managed to bring it around to Chris. Well, Chris was growing up. He had grown up—just in the short time Dode had been there. Dode had become a fixture at Eckhardts', but he still thought of himself as a transient. He was still trying to sell the boat.

The Summer Chris was married Dode took him and his crowd for a sail up the North River. It was July and there was a great white moon. A couple of the men had guitars, and the girl Chris was going to marry had a banjo. Her name was Cora Singer—and she could sing. That was the joke of it. She was a New York city girl. They begged her to sing and she wouldn't—not for a long time. She said she couldn't—with her hat on. There was a great deal of teasing about that until finally she took it off.

Innumerable fair, short curls blew out from the psyche-knot of her high-drawn hair. She was very pretty, twanging her banjo. The sleeves of her shirt-waist ballooned out behind her. You could see that the stripes were blue and not black—the moon was so bright. Her sweet, gay voice went far out over the water in "Nellie Gray" and "Juanita" and "You'll Remember Me." Other boats came crawling up and trailed behind to listen.

It must have been one o'clock when they tied up to the jetty in the cove. Dode had expected that they'd all be invited over to Eckhardts' for supper, but there was no mention of supper. They said good night, that they'd had a bully time, and went off under the high moon, two by two, across the yard, up through the clover, to disappear around the fence.

When Dode at last had everything shipshape for the night, he followed the path the others had taken. As he reached the fence he heard the sound of some one running. He drew back and waited. It was a woman. She ran out onto the dock—straight down the middle—on and on. Good Heaven! Did she intend to jump in? "Hey, there!" His voice cracked out like a shot. She spun round, and he saw her wide, startled eyes under her red hair. It was the girl from the little house.

She was panting. She had to run her tongue over her lips before she could speak. "I saw you coming up the river," she told him. "I could hear the singing. I've stood a good deal, but that went to my head." She took a deep, sobbing breath. "I don't know why I came down here. I guess I wanted air."

"This is no time for a woman to be out on the dock," he told her. "You'd better go back home."

She hadn't heard him. She had dropped to the big beam that runs along the dock's edge and buried her head in her arms. Her whole body jerked with silent crying.

Dode stooped down. "You shouldn't take on so. You'll make yourself sick." She continued to cry. Dark suspicion of her trouble tugged at his imagination. This man she had married—hadn't he heard something about his being wild? Perhaps he was rough with her.

He ventured another question, "Is it something—that you can't go home?"

She looked up at that wildly and jumped to her feet. "It's nothing at all, Dode Creighton!" So she knew his name. "It's just the heat. I haven't been sleeping well."

She moved away and then she turned and came back. "You won't tell any one about this, will you? None of that bunch you were with to-night? I don't want Cora Singer to know I care, or Chris Eckhardt either. I'd rather jump in the river than to have Chris Eckhardt know." Her breath still came sobbingly.

"I don't intend to tell no one," he assured her. "You go on up home."

He watched her go all the way. What was there to tell? That she had come down on the dock late at night? He sat on the dock's edge and watched the little house. She had been like a wild thing trying to escape. He didn't understand the talk about Chris Eckhardt. No, he didn't understand it. The moon went down and dissolved into a paper wafer in the west and he was still there.

After that he used to sit on the dock at night—long after the youths with their sweethearts and the mothers with their baby-carriages and skirt-tugging children had gone home. Far into the night he used to sit there and see twisting on the water the brief green and red and gold reflections from the passing steamers.

WINTER came, and, altho he watched, he caught not a glimpse of the girl. But he continued to watch. If not to-day, to-morrow would bring her. The faint green of the willows deepened. It was Summer. The leaves came whirling. Summer was over. He had not seen her—nor had he sold the boat.

After Chris Eckhardt was married old Eckhardt sold the restaurant. People by the name of Hornby bought it. Dode hated to make a change, so they appropriated him along with the fixtures and the good-will. He found a great many things about them not to his liking. They discarded the table-cloths and installed a cash-register at the door.

Dode missed the pot-roasts of beef that Mrs. Eckhardt used to cook with carrots and onion and just enough vinegar. He missed the dumpling in the good vegetable soup. He had always been given a share of what the Eckhardts had cooked for themselves. Now he had to order from a menu written in purple ink. He missed the Eckhardts.

But there was always a blue river under a blue sky, especially in the Spring. On Memorial day he went down to the yard before seven o'clock. The river was like indigo. It reminded him of that intense blue color his mother used to get by puddling a bluing-rag in a wooden tub of water.

He thought of those long-forgotten bluing-rags as he brought the *Cloud* around into the wind. It was the kind of morning that sometimes comes to little craft straight out of paradise. He decided to run up to Pelham Bay. He raced north with wedding-blossoms at his bow and a wide wake trailing out behind—or felt he did. He seemed to fly.

The morning and the racing boat satisfied deep instincts for space and freedom and an eternal vigor of life. He began to whistle, and when he listened to himself he was whistling a song Chris Eckhardt's girl had sung that night on the North River. Then for no reason at all he thought of Eckhardt's old red setter. He wished he had a dog aboard.

THE sun began to burn his cheek. His exultation died with the freshness of the morning. The wind fell away. Nothing to do but drift.

He crept across the early hours of the afternoon. The sky was less than blue. The slow-moving water was gray.

He cast anchor and dropped a line over the side of the boat and fished. The *Cloud* was one among a fleet of small patient boats brooding motionless upon the water. He caught nothing. After all, what was the pleasure of paddling in inland byways? There came that old vision of the sea—of waters churning endlessly between remote horizons.

He dreamed. Masts and bellying sails and strange stars in the rigging. He saw islands lovelier than any imagining. He heard the trades roaring at his ears. The bitterness of salt was on his mouth.

The end of the afternoon came. The neighboring boats began to move off. A slight breeze had sprung up, and he too prepared to get under way. This would be his last jaunt in the *Cloud.* He would wait no longer. In the morning he was going to sea. And Captain Lacy could not stop him this time. The trouble was the captain was getting old—too old. He hated change of any kind. But Dode would wait no longer. He was going.

He sailed down slowly through the shining end of day. The west was amber and primrose and daffodil. In the morning he was going to sea. He sailed down through the waning end of day.

When he tied up to the jetty in the cove, the dusk was deepening into night. In the yard the small boats riding high on their horses in the clover were not so white as they had been by day—less white than they would be by night. There was the smudged rectangle of the works—the blurred outlines of the box that was Captain Lacy's office. He was leaving all this forever. In the morning he was going to sea.

He crossed the yard and went up through the clover. As he came around the fence at the head of the deserted dock he heard a faint plaintive sound. He listened. The two scows at the end of the dock creaked as they rose and fell. The water lapped. Above these the small plaintive sound persisted. It seemed to come from one of the scows, so he walked down to investigate.

"Why, hello! How did you get in there?" From the bottom of one of the scows a child's face glimmered up at him above a white blotch of dress. There sat a little girl crying.

"It moved."

LOOKING down at her, he caught a resemblance to some one—why, to Chris Eckhardt. For a moment it was as tho Chris were looking up at him from out her face. Then the resemblance passed, and she was only a strange child.

He proceeded to make the scow fast. Evidently she had scrambled in when it was close to the dock and it had swung around and out a foot or so on its loose hawser. She had been terrified. She still sat crouched down, afraid to move, hugging the bottom.

When he lifted her out she clung to him wordlessly. She was so little—hardly more than five. He could feel all her plump small body quivering. He put her down and tried to smooth the rumple of her dress and to brush off the

Continued on Page 111

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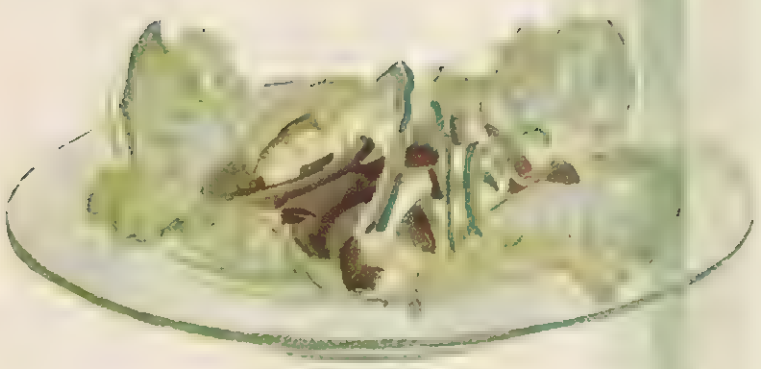
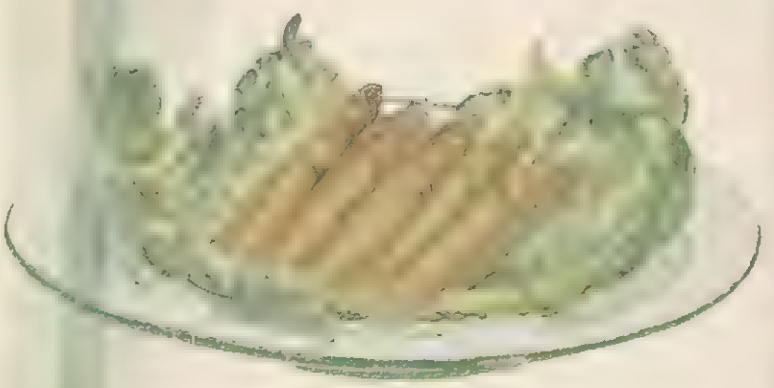
With this dainty salad of tomatoes and water cress—a French Dressing made with mint.

For fresh pineapple, cherries and lettuce—a Nut French Dressing seems a happy choice.



A salad of string beans, celery, green pepper and lettuce suggests a piquant Indian French Dressing.



Asparagus tips and crisp lettuce—a delightful Chiffondale French Dressing goes with it delightfully.

A French Dressing made with Chili Sauce gives spice to this always popular salad of fresh cucumbers, carrots and lettuce.

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4307

4319 4339 4339 4336

Paris—Doucillet 4319 ***50 cents***

Coat 4307 ***50 cents*** Frock 4339 ***45 cents*** Alphabet 11929 ***20 cents***

Paris—Premet 4336 ***50 cents***

PARIS SAYS

The Printed Vogue Is Led by Dots and Spots

THE problem of a week-end wardrobe usually presents itself at this time of the year, and how to pack chic into a diminutive suitcase is an oft-repeated query. The obvious reply is to select a minimum of garments to serve a maximum of purposes. The three costumes shown on this page would, therefore, answer admirably. The first frock may be donned for late afternoon, worn to dinner and throughout the evening, since its lines and fabric suggest formality. The ensemble will do as a morning costume and also for sports wear. For general daytime occasions, the simply styled frock of dotted silk is an ideal choice.

4319—Frock. Designed for 34 to 38 bust, 16 to 20 years. Width about 3⅜ yards. Size 36 requires 4¼ yards 39-inch printed chiffon —¼ yard 39-inch green crêpe de Chine. This charming afternoon model illustrates the tendency toward drooping lines, which frequently result in an irregular hemline. The soft bodice is drawn in at the hip to simulate a swathed girdle and give the modish fitted effect. A chic hip bow marks the termination of the crossed front and lends balance to the skirt fulness which dips at the right side. This is an ideal model for the smart sheer fabrics.

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4307 — Coat. 4339 —Frock. Coat designed for 34 to 50 bust. Frock designed for 34 to 44 bust, 14 to 18 years. Width about 1⅜ yard. Size 36 requires 4 yards 39-inch white silk canton crêpe for the frock—2⅜ yards narrow grosgrain ribbon for the binding—2½ yards 2-inch grosgrain ribbon for the skirt band—2¼ yards 54-inch green flannel for the coat. The crisp lines of the three-quarters length coat and the smartly adjusted pleats in the one-piece frock render this ensemble ideally appropriate for sports occasions. The smart two-letter monogram on the frock is formed from Alphabet 11929, blue transfer only.

4336—Frock. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, 14 to 18 years. Width about 2¼ yards. Size 36 requires 3⅝ yards 39-inch printed crêpe de Chine. This model makes use of the ubiquitous bow at its yoked neck to achieve a soft, feminine effect. The suggestion of a yoke is given at the hip, where the long-waisted bodice is fitted snugly. The narrow belt is placed just above the hips and hints at a mounting waistline. Fulness is introduced in the skirt by means of soft pleats, which are left unpressed to give the effect of a circular flare. This model is well adapted to prints.

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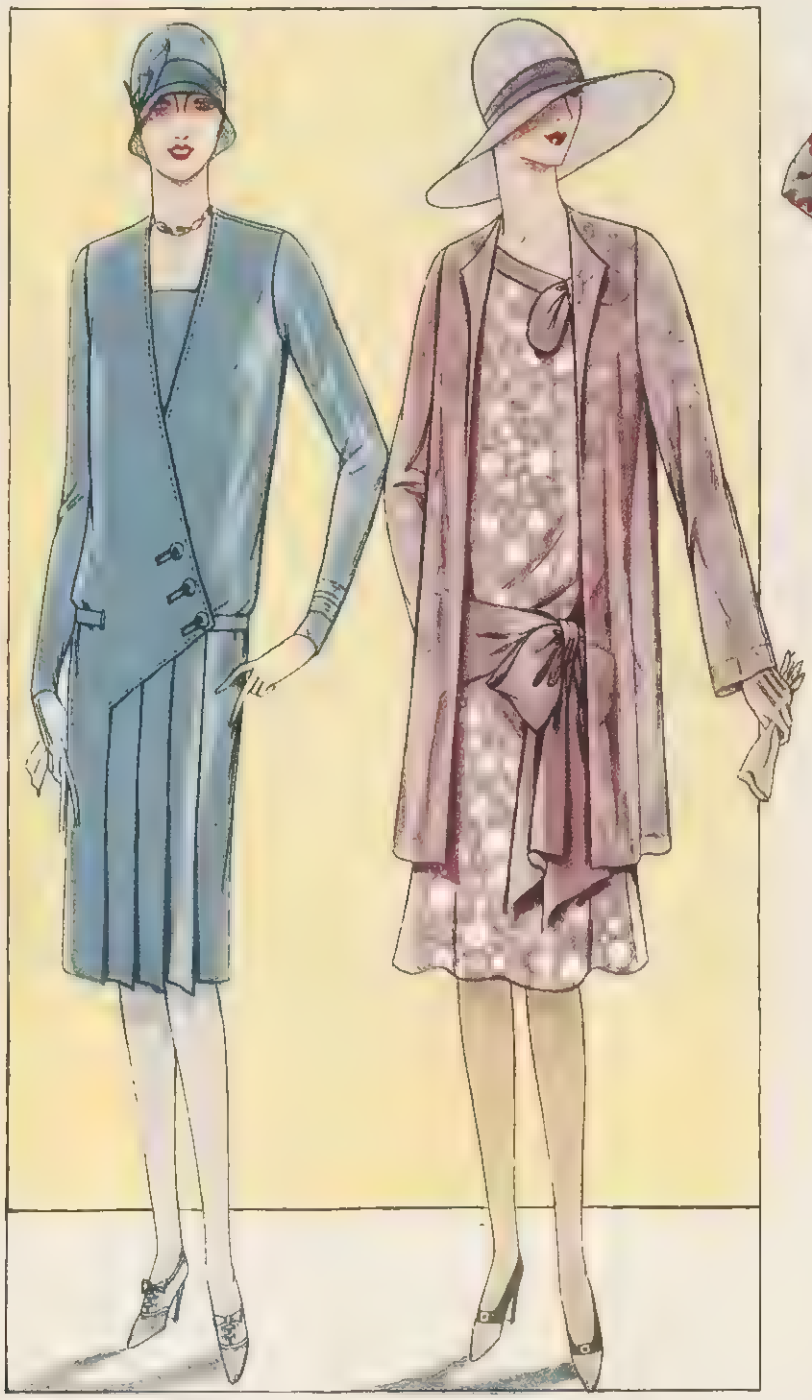
THE SIMPLE LINES OF THESE FROCKS CONCENTRATE INTEREST IN THEIR CHARMING FABRICS

4352—Frock. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, 14 to 18 years. Width about 1¼ yard. Size 36 requires 3⅛ yards 39-inch printed crêpe de Chine—2⅝ yards 39-inch plain white for slip and band on drapery—¾ yard red binding. The simplicity of styling permits the fabric to form the chief interest in this frock. A graceful side drape relieves the severity.

Paris—Miler Soeurs
4352
50 cents



Paris—Martial et Armand
4338
50 cents

Paris—Drecoll
Coat 4258
50 cents
Frock 4345
50 cents

Paris—Germaine Lecomte
4337
50 cents

4338—Frock. Designed for 34 to 48 bust, 14 to 18 years. Width about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 3 yards 39-inch blue silk canton crêpe. For the woman who is no longer slender, the elongated point terminating at the belt line, forms an unusually flattering line.

4258—Coat. 4345—Frock. Both designed for 34 to 44 bust, 14 to 18 years. Width of frock about 2⅜ yards. Size 36 requires 4⅛ yards 39-inch orchid georgette for the coat, collar and sash—3⅛ yards 39-inch printed georgette for the frock. For mid-Summer this ensemble is just the thing.

4337—Frock. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, 14 to 18 years. Width about 1¼ yard. Size 36 requires 4⅞ yards 39-inch printed chiffon—⅞ yard 39-inch pearl gray for trimming. Many good style features, such as the long side panels, the inset belt, and tiered skirt, are used. The hat is of matching chiffon.

There are hundreds of other beautiful designs in original colors in the new

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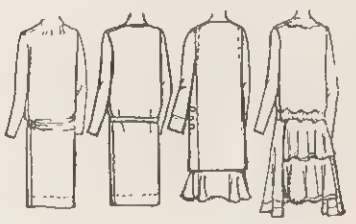
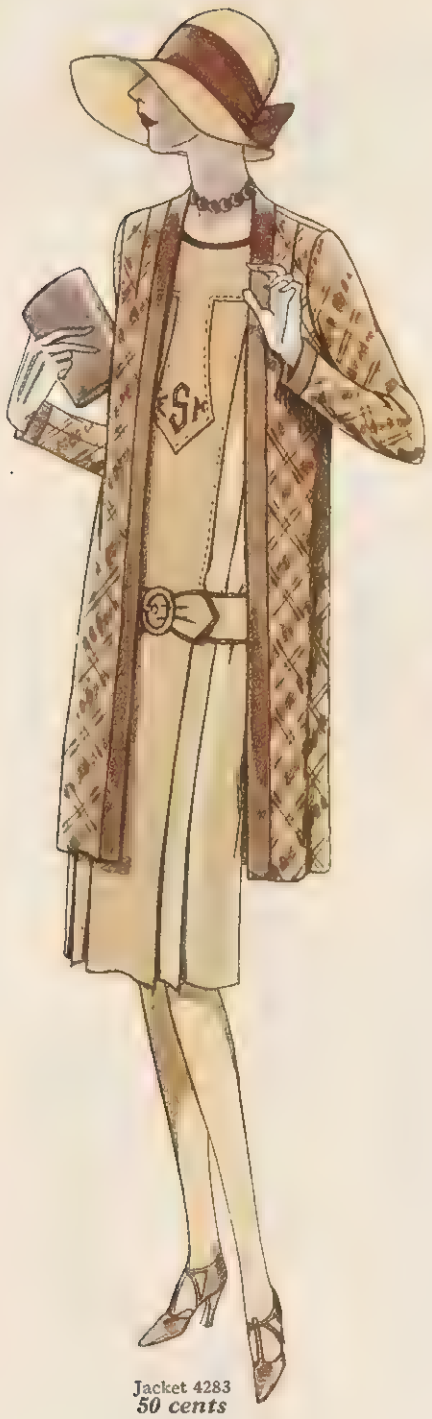


4352 4338 4345 4337

NEW DAYTIME FROCKS OBTAIN SMART EFFECTS FROM ORIGINAL SKIRT TREATMENTS

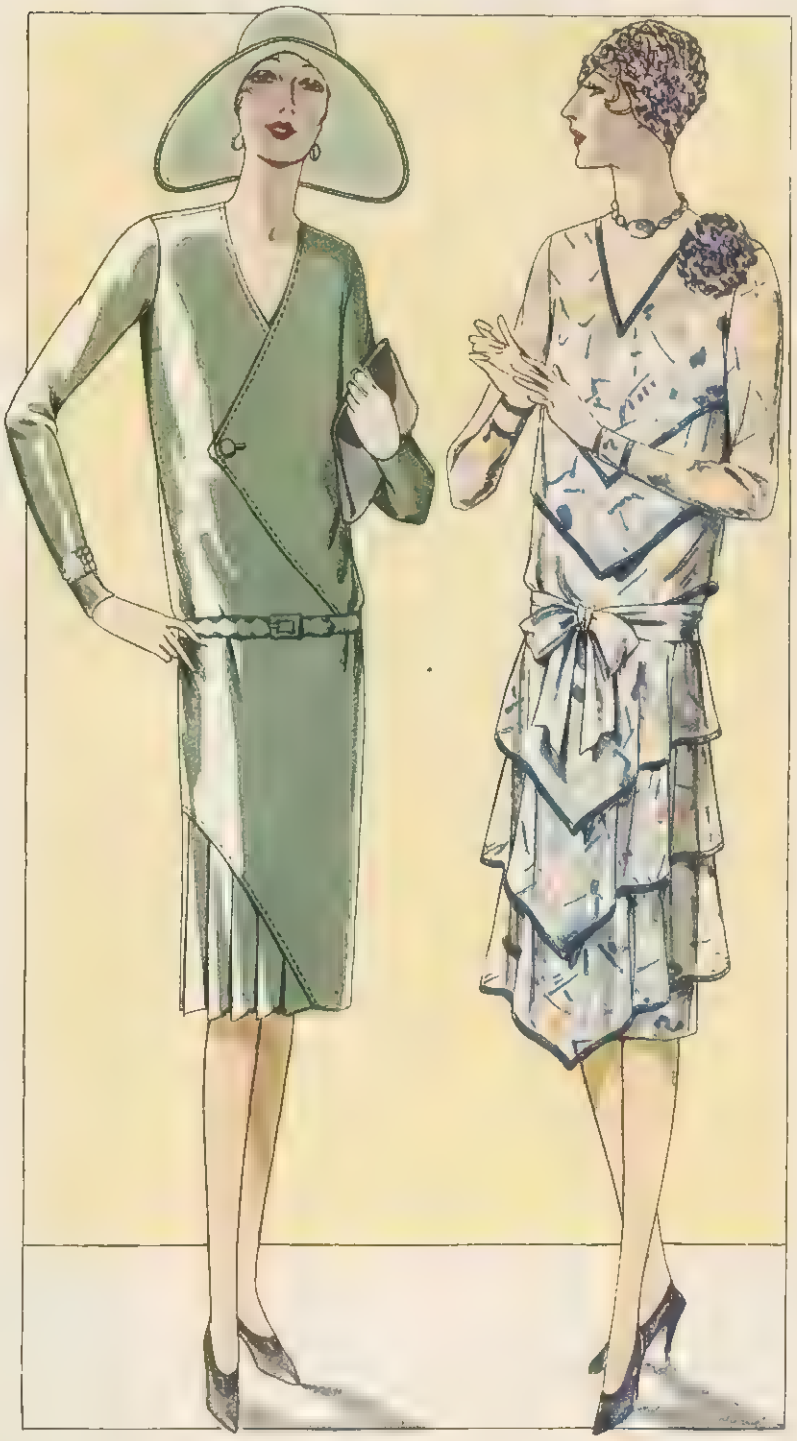


Jacket 4283
50 cents
Frock 4354
45 cents
Monogram 540
60 cents

4283—Jacket. 4354—Frock. Both designed for 34 to 44 bust, 14 to 18 years. Width of frock about 1½ yard. Size 36 requires 2⅜ yards 39-inch printed shantung—3½ yards 39-inch plain tan—2⅝ yards 39-inch darker for trimming and coat lining. Monogram 540, 3 inches high, trims the frock.

4351—Frock. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, 14 to 18 years. Width about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 2⅞ yards 39-inch green flat crêpe. Diagonal lines are interestingly used in this smartly simple frock. They appear in the crossed front, and again at the top of the inserted group of pleats.

4344—Frock. Designed for 34 to 42 bust, 14 to 18 years. Width about 1¼ yard. Size 36 requires 6⅛ yards 39-inch printed chiffon—12¼ yards blue grosgrain ribbon for binding. This afternoon model makes use of flounces—an important means of attaining skirt fulness. Points achieve irregularity at the hem.



Paris—Goupy
4351
50 cents

Paris—Goupy
4344
50 cents

4349—Frock. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, 14 to 18 years. Width about 1⅜ yard. Size 36 requires 4¼ yards 39-inch red-and-white printed crêpe de Chine—⅛ yard 39-inch plain red for trimming. The flared tunic lends feminine softness to this frock, whose neck features the becoming bateau outline now enjoying a revival.

Paris—Paquin
4349
45 cents

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RESORT FROCKS WEAR EITHER SHORT OR LONG SLEEVES

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Paris—Jenny
4299
45 cents

Paris—Molyneux
4362
45 cents

Coat 4184
50 cents
Frock 4248
45 cents
Monogram 573
60 cents

Paris—Chambcommunal
4343
45 cents
Initial 543
15 cents

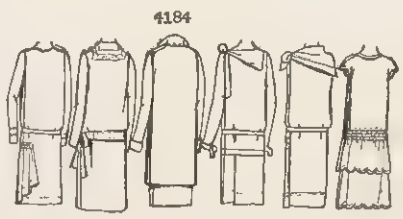
Paris—Talbot
4322
45 cents

Paris—Marcel Rochas
4317
45 cents

4299—Frock. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, 14 to 18 years. Width about 1¼ yard. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards 39-inch red dotted radium—1⅛ yard 39-inch plain white for trimming. A crossed-over vestee lends softness to the deeply pointed neck of this model, which shows its fashion newness by using a dotted material. The drapery at the right side gives the frock its asymmetric silhouette.

4362—Frock. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width about 2 yards. Size 36 requires 3⅝ yards 39-inch orchid silk canton crêpe—¼ yard 39-inch white—1 yard 1½-inch lace edging—¼ yard 1½-inch lace insertion. This coat-frock retains its tailored lines, though it has such feminine details as wide revers, unpressed pleats, lace trimming and a sash. It is an ideal choice for the matron.

4322—Frock. Designed for 34 to 42 bust, 14 to 18 years. Width about 1⅞ yard. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards 39-inch green silk shantung—1 yard 39-inch dotted for the 'kerchief—⅝ yard 39-inch white. Sleeveless frocks are chic for sports and resort wear. The jauntily tied 'kerchief is a smart accompaniment to the collarless V neck.



4184—Coat. 4248—Frock. Both designed for 34 to 44 bust, 14 to 18 years. Width of frock about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 3⅜ yards 39-inch yellow flat crêpe—2⅞ yards 39-inch white for the frock. This is a typically smart costume for resort wear. The coat is the chic three-quarters length, and the frock is a one-piece model. Monogram 573, 3 inches high, is embroidered on the frock.

4343—Frock. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, 14 to 18 years. Width about 1⅜ yard. Size 36 requires 2¼ yards 39-inch blue-and-white printed crêpe de Chine—1⅞ yard 39-inch plain blue. A collar of unusual cut simulates the modish 'kerchief on the jumper of this two-piece frock, which contrasts plain and printed material in a most effective manner. Initial 543, 3 inches high, adorns the collar.

4317—Frock. Designed for 34 to 42 bust, 14 to 18 years. Width about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards 39-inch printed celanese voile—6⅜ yards red binding. Tiers accord smart skirt treatment to this resort frock, which makes a trimming note of scallops. The bow posed at one hip is seen repeatedly in daytime as well as evening frocks.

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CIRCULAR CUT GIVES MANY MODES THEIR SMART FLARE

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Paris—Premet
4298
45 cents

Paris—Premet
4312
45 cents

Paris—Chanel
4341
50 cents

Paris—Premet
4342
50 cents

Paris—Paquin
4331
50 cents

Paris—Cheruit
4303
50 cents

4298—Frock. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width about 1¼ yard. Size 36 requires 3⅛ yards 39-inch printed radium—1⅝ yard 39-inch plain for vestee and center-front sections. Trimming pieces which cross over a vestee attached to a bodice lining are a smart detail of this open-in-front frock. There are inverted tucks on the shoulders in front and at the neck in back which give an added fulness.

4312—Frock. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, 14 to 18 years. Width about 1¼ yard. Size 36 requires 4⅛ yards 39-inch printed georgette crêpe—9 yards frilling for trimming. The softly falling, one-sided collar and the correspondingly irregular flounces give chic to this frock. A crushed girdle closes at the left side under a bow and the long sleeves are finished with little turn-back cuffs.

4341—Frock. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, 14 to 18 years. Width about 1¼ yard. Size 36 requires 4⅝ yards 39-inch moiré. Slightly longer in back are the circular flounces which form the modish skirt of this gown for dinner or evening. A fabric which is both rich and soft should be chosen since the styling of the blouse brings out the texture.

4298 4312 4341 4342 4331 4303

4342—Frock. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, 14 to 18 years. Width about 1¼ yard. Size 36 requires 5¼ yards 39-inch allover lace—2⅝ yards 39-inch crêpe de Chine for the slip. Lace is a most important material for Summer evening frocks and no model could be more adaptable to this medium than this frock with its floating draperies and uneven tunic. A wide girdle of lace is drawn up in front.

4331—Frock. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, 14 to 18 years. Width about 1¼ yard. Size 36 requires 3⅜ yards 39-inch satin—2⅜ yards 36-inch allover lace for the slip. With the new preference for femininity in dress, lace plays an important rôle as trimming as well as a medium for whole frocks. Here it appears at the neck and through the front opening of a full, circular skirt.

4303—Frock. Designed for 34 to 38 bust, 14 to 18 years. Width about 3⅜ yards. Size 36 requires 5¾ yards 39-inch taffeta. The bouffant, flounced skirt is the chief interest in this fluffy dance frock. A simply cut bodice with V neck and semi-fitted line is appropriately chic with this skirt. Tulle allied with taffeta is also smart.

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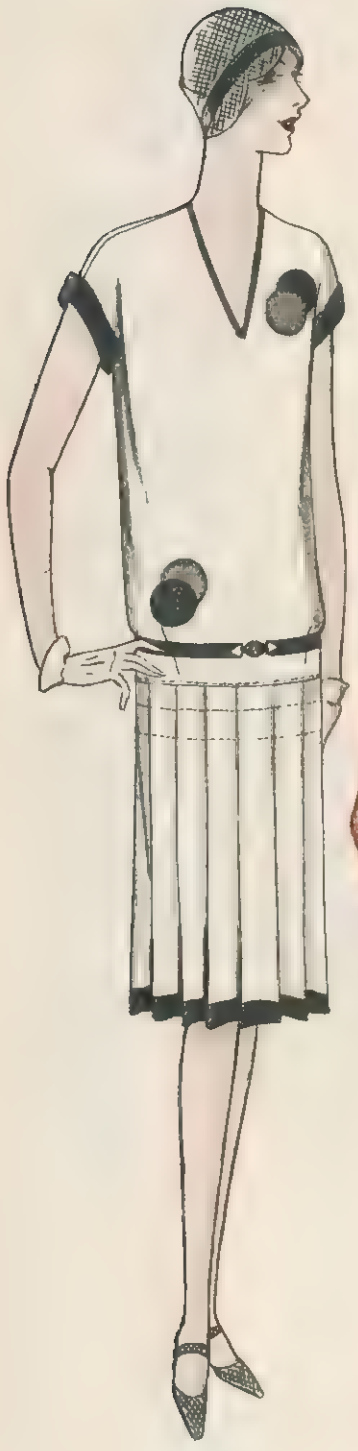
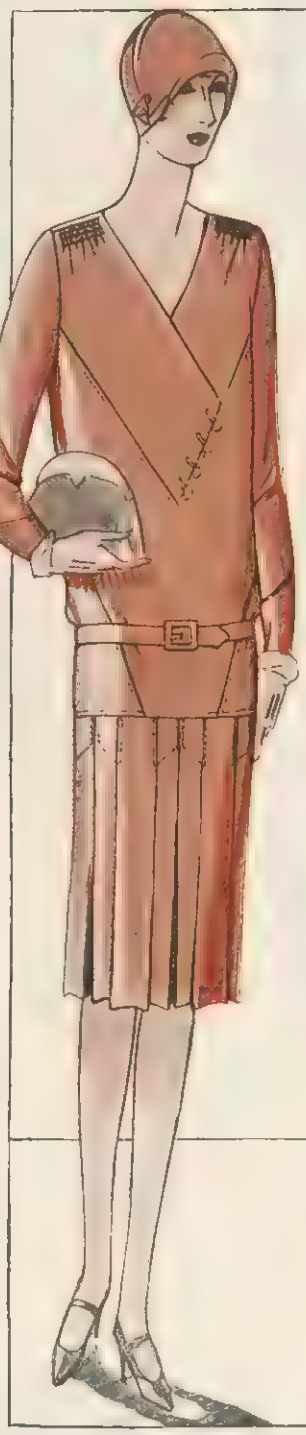
BLOUSES EXTEND BELOW THE BELT TO FORM SNUG HIP EFFECTS

FOR sports wear and for the informal daytime frock the two-piece styling is as smart as ever, but not always when a frock appears to be two-piece is this the case. A great many of the most delightful frocks of the season boast the lengthened blouse with full skirt, either pleated or circular, attached below the belt. These give the appearance of two-piece styling.



Paris—Vteb
4188
45 cents
Appliqué 13183
35 cents



Paris—Worth
4335
50 cents

Paris—Gervais
4340
50 cents

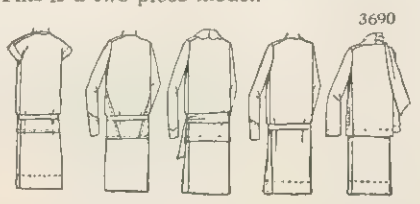
Paris—Vionnet
4348
50 cents

Jacket 3690
40 cents
Frock 4187
45 cents
Embroidery 12820
25 cents

4188—Frock. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, 14 to 18 years. Width about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 39-inch radium—¾ yard 39-inch contrasting for the cuffs, belt, skirt band, neck binding and two appliquéd circles—⅛ yard 39-inch lighter for the other two circles. The appliqué dots are from transfer pattern 13183, blue or yellow.

4335—Frock. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 3⅝ yards 39-inch crêpe de Chine. A deep yoke, pointed in outline, gives this frock an exceedingly smart touch. The lines of this yoke are followed by the lines of seaming on the lower part of the blouse. Below the snug fitting hip line the pleats cause the skirt to flare freely and smartly.

4340—Frock. Designed for 34 to 42 bust, 14 to 18 years. Width about 2⅛ yards. Size 36 requires 2⅜ yards 39-inch dotted radium for the blouse—1¾ yard 39-inch contrasting for the skirt, bands on sash and blouse, and for binding—⅝ yard 39-inch white for scalloped trimmings—1½ yard 36-inch mull for a bodice lining. This is a two-piece model.



4348—Frock. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, 14 to 18 years. Width about 1⅞ yard. Size 36 requires 3 yards 39-inch crêpe satin (laid lengthwise). Here again a deep yoke adds chic to the blouse of a new Summer daytime frock. A skirt yoke which is really the blouse extending below the belt, is cut in the same outline and also repeats the button trimming.

3690—Jacket. **4187**—Frock. Jacket designed for 34 to 42 bust, 14 to 18 years. Frock designed for 34 to 44 bust, 14 to 18 years. Width about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 2¼ yards 39-inch figured crêpe for the jacket—3⅜ yards 39-inch plain for the scarf and frock—¼ yard 39-inch contrasting. The design is from transfer pattern 12820, blue or yellow.

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PRINTS VIE WITH PLAIN MATERIALS IN FASHIONING FROCK MODES

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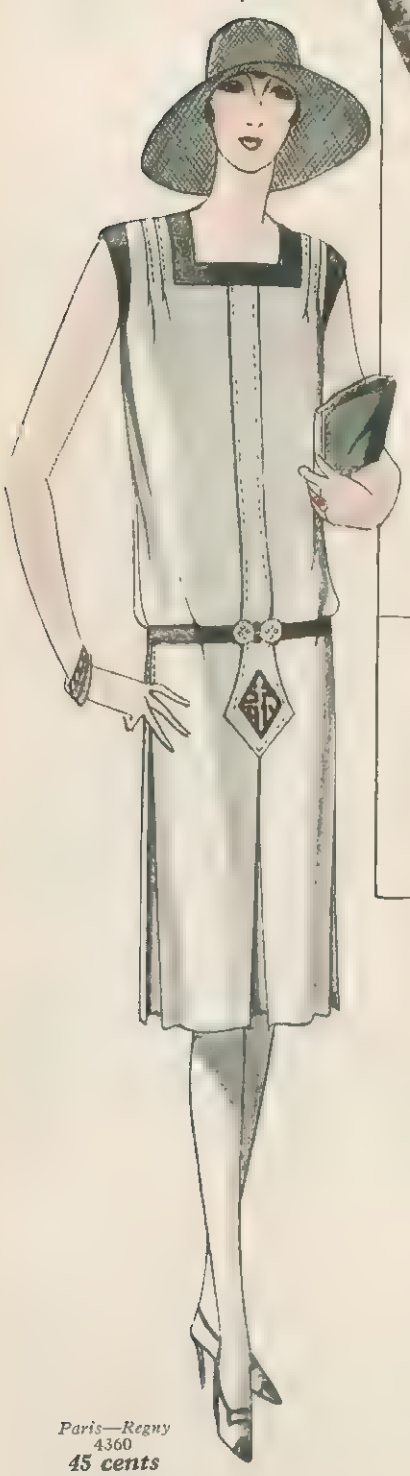
THE eager acceptance of dots in the fashion world has created a vogue for all kinds of spotted motifs in prints. These now appear in irregular and in geometric shapes, and in the various formations such as clusters, borders and all-over designs. The so-called confetti prints are very attractive, especially when they appear in delectable color combinations.

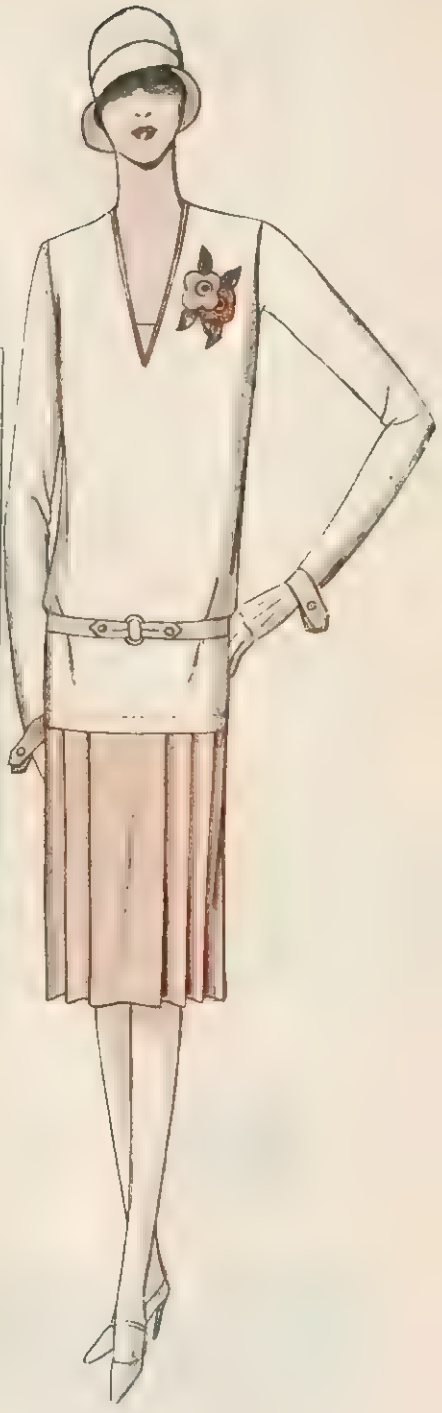


Paris—Regny
4360
45 cents
Embroidery 12820
25 cents

Paris—Vieb
4332
45 cents

Paris—Goupy
4359
45 cents

Paris—Jenny
4353
50 cents
Monogram 573
60 cents

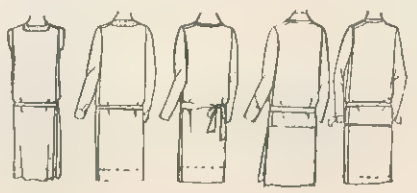


Paris—Chanel
4239
45 cents
Appliqué 13119
30 cents

4332—Frock. Designed for 34 to 48 bust, 14 to 18 years. Width about 1½ yard. Size 36 requires 2⅞ yards 39-inch printed radium—½ yard 39-inch plain for trimming. This simple one-piece frock is distinguished by a crossed neckline which, together with a group of pleats at the left side, achieves a chic asymmetric effect. The scalloped pocket is effective.

4360—Frock. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, 14 to 18 years. Width about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 39-inch silk shantung—⅝ yard 39-inch contrasting. Sleeveless one-piece frocks of this type are smart for sports and resort wear this season. Three inverted pleats provide ample freedom. Embroidery 12820, blue or yellow, simulates a monogram.

4359—Frock. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, 14 to 18 years. Width about 1¼ yard. Size 36 requires 2¼ yards 50-inch bordered crêpe de Chine print—⅜ yard 39-inch plain for the jabot—1¾ yard contrasting binding. The jabot lends a soft, feminine touch to this straight-line one-piece model, which makes use of a becoming triangular neckline.



4360 4332 4359 4353 4239

4239—Frock. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, 14 to 18 years. Width about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 1⅝ yard 39-inch radium for blouse—1¾ yard 39-inch darker. This model is typical of the two-piece frock, whose long jumper fits the hip snugly below the belt, and whose skirt is plaited only in front. Appliqué 13119, blue or yellow, trims the jumper.

4353—Frock. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, 14 to 18 years. Width about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 3⅛ yards 39-inch crêpe de Chine—¼ yard 39-inch contrasting for collar—¾ yard binding. Plaited fulness is concentrated at the left side of the skirt, below the pointed extension in the long-waisted blouse. Monogram 573, 3 inches high, adorns one sleeve.

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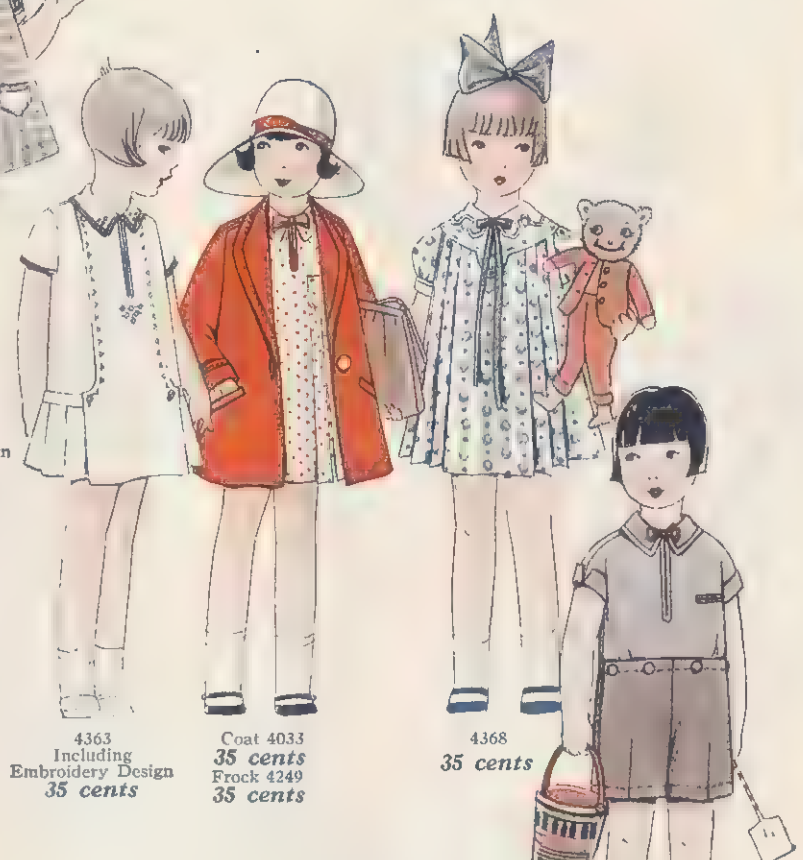
4189
35 cents

4350
Including
Embroidery Design
35 cents

4189—Frock. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 1⅜ yard 36-inch printed linen—⅜ yard 36-inch plain—2¾ yards contrasting binding—⅞ yard ribbon for the bow.

4350—Frock, including Embroidery Design. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 1⅝ yard 32-inch checked gingham—½ yard 32-inch plain—1⅞ yard contrasting binding.



4363
Including
Embroidery Design
35 cents

Coat 4033
35 cents
Frock 4249
35 cents

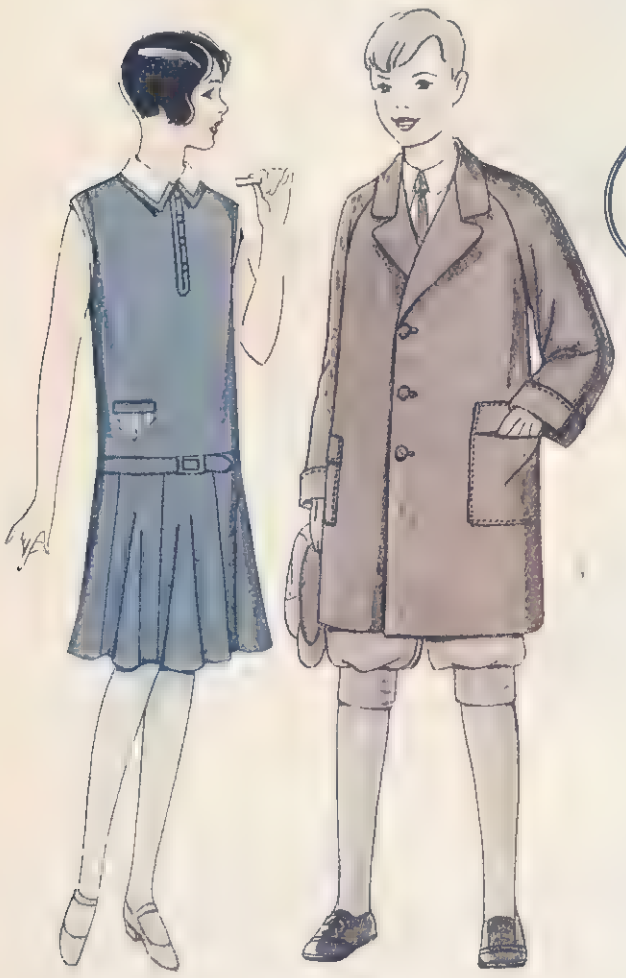
4368
35 cents

Coat and Hat 4300
30 cents
Pantie Frock 4253
35 cents

4171
Including
Embroidery
Design
35 cents

4300—Coat and Hat. 4253—Pantie Frock. Coat and hat designed for 2 to 6 years. Pantie frock designed for 1 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 1⅝ yard 54-inch flannel—2¾ yards 39-inch printed crêpe de Chine for the frock, panties and to line coat. This ensemble makes a smart little outfit for street wear.

4171—Suit, including Embroidery Design. Designed for 1 to 5 years. Size 4 requires 1¾ yard 36-inch linen—2⅛ yards binding. This good-looking suit consists of a long blouse and side-closing trousers. The blouse closes through the trimming band extending from the right shoulder. A band also trims each shoulder.



4370
35 cents
Monogram 558
50 cents

4355
35 cents

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3935
35 cents

4870—Frock. Designed for 8 to 15 years. Size 12 requires 2⅛ yards 39-inch flat crêpe—⅜ yard 39-inch contrasting for the collar and to bind the armholes. This is a smart little model for sports and country wear. It is designed to give freedom of movement. Monogram 558, 2 inches high, appears below the pocket.

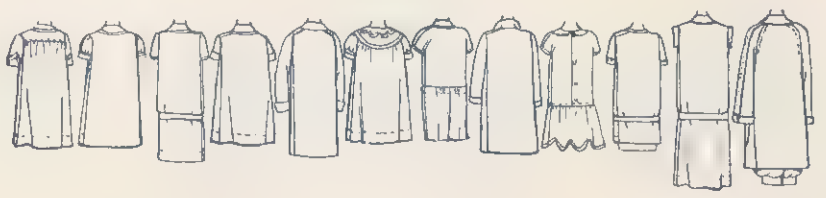
4355—Coat and Cap. Designed for 6 to 16 years. Size 12 requires 2 yards 54-inch tweed for coat—¼ yard 54-inch plain flannel for cap—2¼ yards 36-inch sateen for coat and cap lining. The coat has well-fitting raglan sleeves and roomy patch pockets. It is cut along mannish lines. The cap has a sectional crown.

4363—Pantie Frock, including Embroidery Design. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 2¼ yards 36-inch linen for the frock and panties—1¾ yard binding to trim. Pleats lend crispness and added width to this short-sleeved little model. An attractive panel effect is given by the front of the frock.

4033 — Coat. 4249 — Frock. Both designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 1¼ yard 54-inch flannel for the coat—1⅜ yard 36-inch sateen for the lining—1⅜ yard 39-inch dotted crêpe de Chine for the frock. The ensemble costume composed of a dotted silk frock and a plain color wool coat is the last word in chic.

4368—Frock. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 1⅝ yard 36-inch dotted linen—¼ yard 36-inch plain for the collar and cuffs—1 yard ribbon for the bow. Plaits extending from the yoke lend a crisp air to this little play frock. It is trimmed by a collar of unusual shape, in the favorite French manner.

3935—Suit. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires ⅞ yard 36-inch linene for the blouse—1 yard 36-inch darker for the trousers and blouse trimmings—⅞ yard contrasting binding for the collar. Short kimono sleeves distinguish this little suit, which consists of a blouse and button-on, side-closing trousers.



4189 4350 4363 4249 4033 4368 3935 4300 4253 4171 4370 4355

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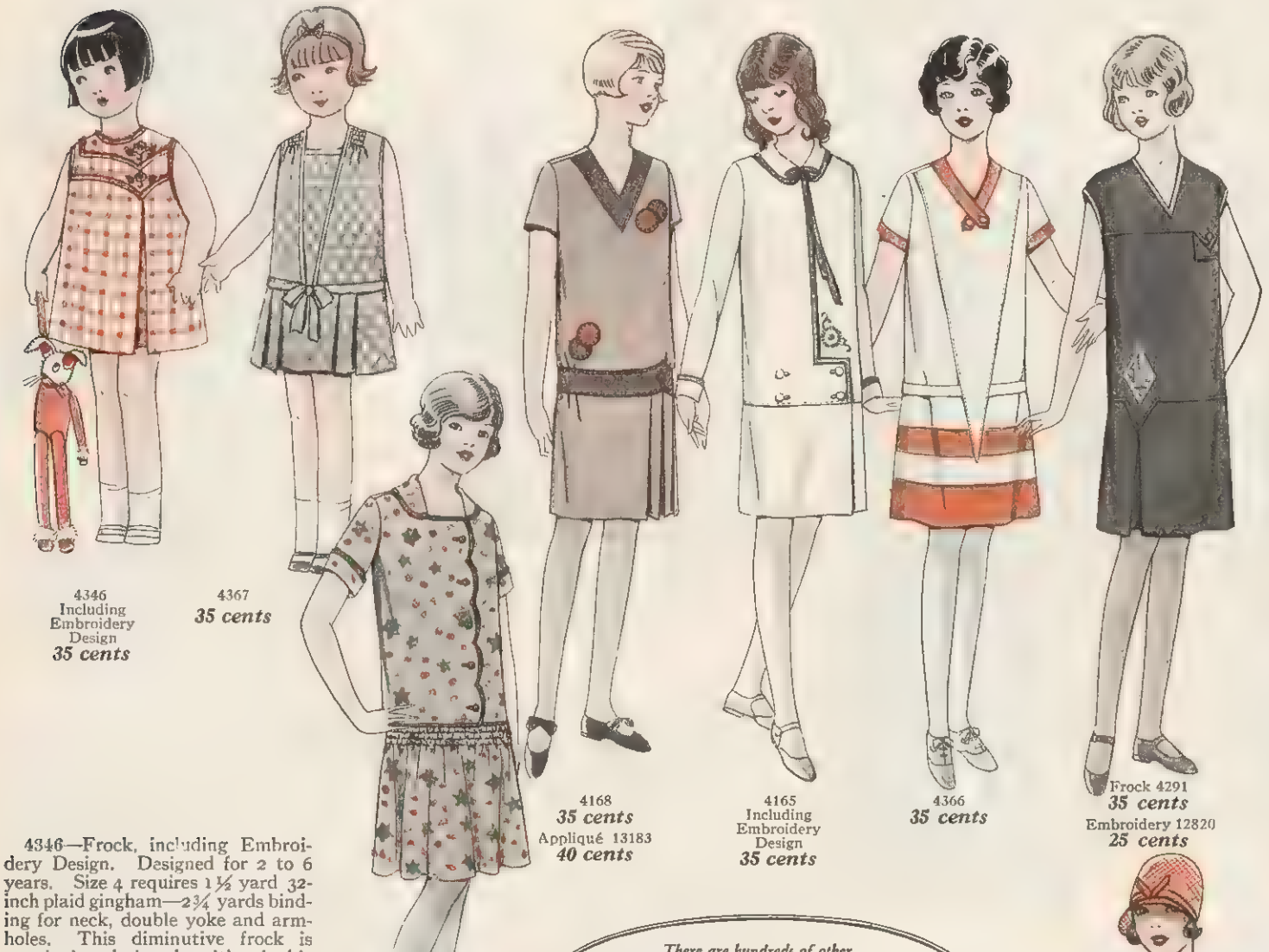
THE PETITE MISS DONS HER SLEEVELESS FROCK ON SUNNY DAYS



4346
Including Embroidery Design
35 cents

4367
35 cents

4168
35 cents
Appliqué 13183
40 cents

4165
Including Embroidery Design
35 cents

4366
35 cents

Frock 4291
35 cents
Embroidery 12820
25 cents

4333
35 cents

4291—Frock. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 10 requires 1¼ yard 54-inch flannel—2¼ yards binding. The square yoke line is broken by a V neck and a pointed extension cuts into the pocket. Embroidery 12820, blue or yellow, is effective.

4346—Frock, including Embroidery Design. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 1½ yard 32-inch plaid gingham—2¾ yards binding for neck, double yoke and armholes. This diminutive frock is cunningly designed with double yoke pointing down to meet the head of an inverted pleat. A dainty embroidery design adds charm.

4367—Frock. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 1¼ yard 39-inch dotted radium—⅛ yard 39-inch plain to trim. Even little sister has fallen under the spell of the polka dot mode as expressed in this frock. The application of a pert little bow at the end of the long pointed vestee is a typically French note.

4333—Frock. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 12 requires 2¼ yards 39-inch printed shantung—3⅝ yards binding to trim. Several rows of gathers at the low waist line give the effect of a belt and serve also to let the full skirt fall in a softly, flaring line. A graceful effect is achieved in the line of scallops which forms the front blouse opening.

4168—Frock. Designed for 8 to 16 years. Size 10 requires 1½ yard 39-inch silk shantung—⅜ yard 39-inch darker for trimming and two dots—⅛ yard 39-inch contrasting. This combination of two shades of the same material is smartly decorative and especially suited to this frock. Appliqué pattern is 13183, blue or yellow.

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4165—Frock, including Embroidery Design. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 10 requires 2 yards 36-inch linene—2½ yards binding to trim. This one-piece frock achieves the effect of a double breasted suit by the use of four buttons just above the hip line. The bow-trimmed, rounded collar adds a youthful softness to this frock.

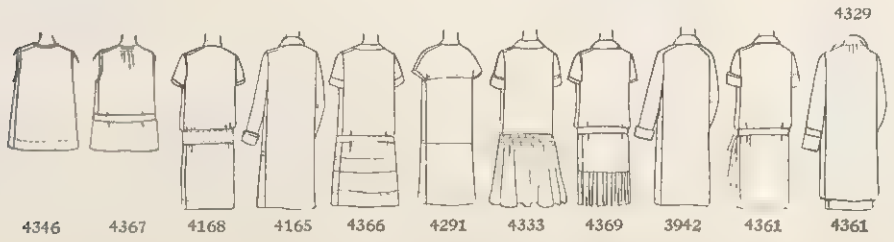
4366—Bloomer Frock. Designed for 4 to 12 years. Size 8 requires 2¾ yards 39-inch crêpe de Chine—½ yard 39-inch darker. This frock is a youthful reflection of the unabated popularity of diagonal lines. Its unique version of this mode consists of a long V-shaped insertion starting at the shoulders and tapering to a point in the skirt.

3942—Coat. 4369—Frock. Coat designed for 6 to 14 years. Frock is designed for 8 to 15 years. Size 12 requires 2⅛ yards 54-inch kasha—5⅛ yards 39-inch polka dotted crêpe de Chine for frock and coat lining—6¼ yards plain frilling. The swagger boyish lines of the coat are offset by the feminine charm of the frock with its ruffled collar and pleating.

4329—Coat and Hat. 4361—Frock. Coat and hat designed for 6 to 15 years. Frock designed for 8 to 16 years. Size 12 requires 2⅞ yards 54-inch flannel for hat, coat and frock—⅞ yard 54-inch darker to trim hat, coat and frock—1 yard contrasting binding for collar of frock. The use of light and dark flannel is a favorite combination.

Coat 3942
35 cents
Frock 4369
35 cents

Coat and Hat 4329
35 cents
Frock 4361
35 cents



4346 4367 4168 4165 4366 4291 4333 4369 3942 4361 4329 4361

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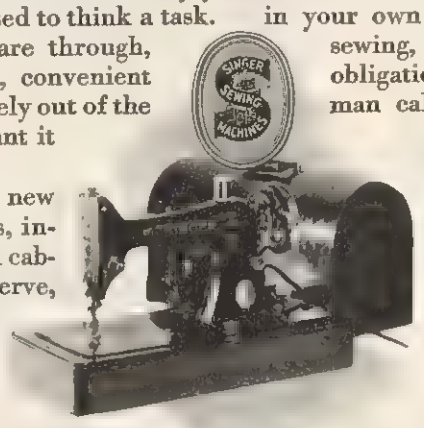

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Paris—Paquin
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4365
50 cents

L. H. 4365—Frock. Designed for 35 to 45 bust. Width about 2 yards. Size 41 requires 4⅜ yards 39-inch tweed-printed crêpe de Chine—¼ yard 39-inch plain. This is a smart coat-frock.

Paris—Cyber
Larger-Hip
4364
45 cents

L. H. 4364—Frock. Designed for 35 to 45 bust. Width about 1¾ yard. Size 41 requires 4⅛ yards 39-inch dotted georgette—1⅛ yard 39-inch plain—⅝ yard 39-inch crêpe de Chine for lining.

Paris—Lanvin
Larger-Hip
4347
50 cents

L. H. 4347—Frock. Designed for 35 to 45 bust. Width about 1⅝ yard. Size 41 requires 6⅛ yards 39-inch printed chiffon—⅛ yard 39-inch plain. The uneven hemline gives longer lines.

4334—Negligée Jacket. Designed for 36, 40, 44 bust. Size 36 requires 1¾ yard 39-inch crêpe satin—3½ yards 2-inch ribbon. This garment, worn with a slip, composes a chic lounging costume.

4358—Apron. Designed for 36, 40, 44 bust. Size 36 requires 1⅝ yard 36-inch cretonne—2¼ yards binding for the neck and armholes. This well-fitting apron may perform in the kitchen and also serve at tea.

4357
35 cents

4357—Coveralls. Designed for 2 to 12 years. Size 6 requires 2⅝ yards 36-inch denim. This garment may take the place of a suit during play hours.

4334
35 cents

4358
30 cents

4356
30 cents
Initial 543
15 cents

4356—Pajamas. Designed for 4 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 3 yards 36-inch percale. Initial 543, 2 inches high, is embroidered on the pocket.

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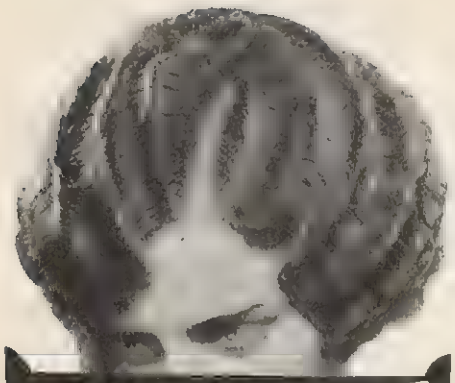

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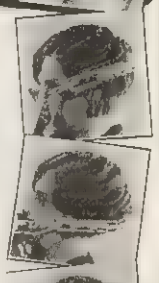

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Continued from Page 98

great stains that ruined its whiteness—brick-dust.

"Now, where do you live, little girl?"

"Away up there, on the hill."

She was pointing toward the little house on the bluff. Why, she belonged to the girl in the little house! She was the baby grown older.

"There's my grandma."

Grandma? A woman was hurrying toward them down the dock. The child ran to meet her.

"Oh, Katy, I've been looking for you. Didn't you hear me call? Didn't I tell you to keep away from the river?"

He wouldn't have known her—white hair and a worn, unhappy face. But the eyes were still fine and just as he remembered them.

The child was explaining. "My ball, Grandma. It broke and went into the boat and the man took me out." She held up a rubber ball and a long piece of snapped elastic.

"She was pretty well scared," Dode said. "The scow moved out after she got in."

"I'm sure I don't know how I'm ever going to thank you," the woman answered. "I guess you don't remember me. I was Mary Walsh. I went to the sisters' school when you did. I used to watch you running in the boys' yard at recess. We used to look through a crack in the fence."

He hated to meet her eyes. They looked at him now as they had looked at him that night when she had come running down here on the dock, and talked so wildly about Chris Eckhardt.

"This is Mollie's little girl," she went on. "She's just come to live with us."

How long was it since that night on the dock? Chris Eckhardt had been married that Summer, and in the Fall old Eckhardt had sold the restaurant. He had been with the Hornbys only four—no, five—six years. Why, it was only about six years ago. Is there time to fade and wither, to grow old in six years?

"Mollie still lives in Scranton," she was saying. "She was living there when her husband died, so she stayed on."

Why should her eyes be questioning him?

"Mollie wanted to keep Catherine, but I wouldn't hear of it. You see, she has to go to work and you know how hard that is on a child. I made her send Catherine to us."

She was lying. Why?

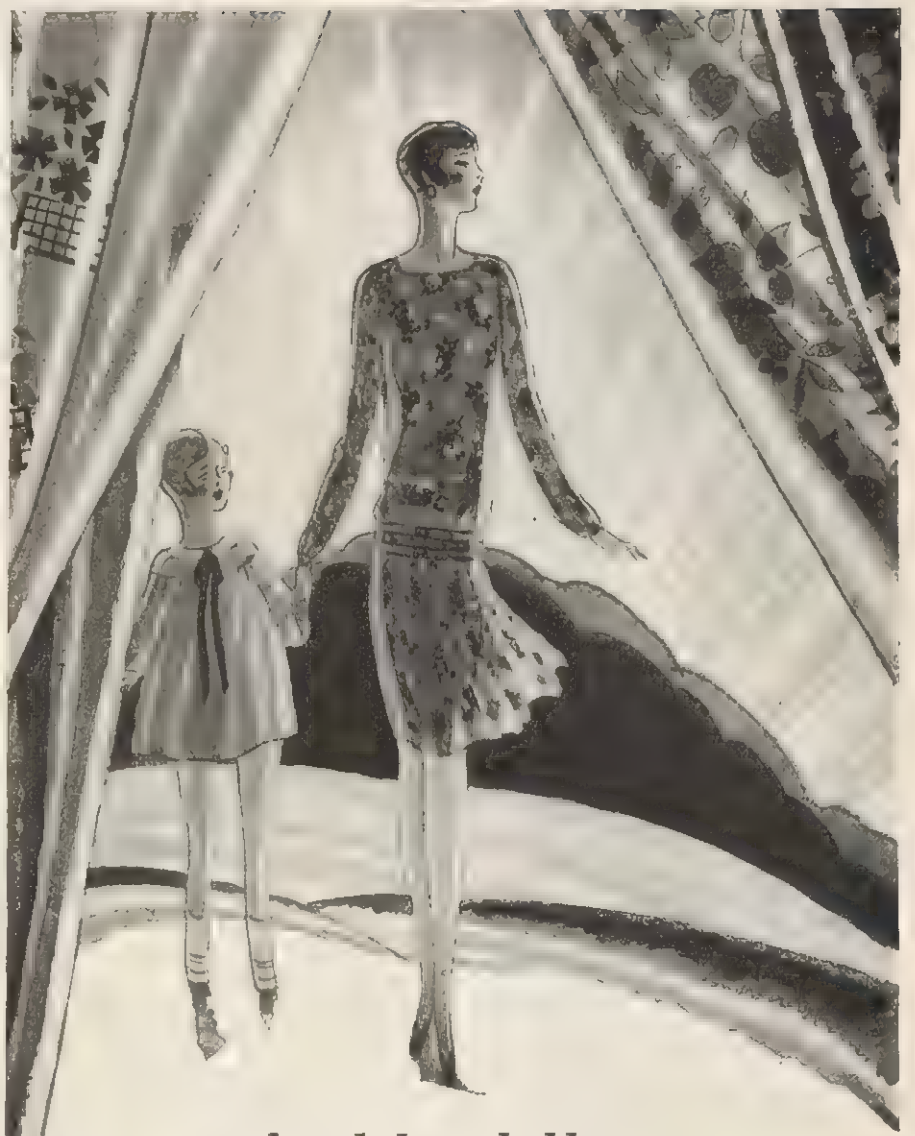
She paused. "I never knew your daughter," Dode said to fill the pause. He couldn't read the expression that came over her face.

"Oh, I thought—on account of your knowing Chris—the Eckhardts." She stopped suddenly in confusion.

IN THAT second all the pieces of the puzzle fitted together. Here on the dock that night, he had been talking to the daughter— Heaven! What a fool he had been!—to the daughter with the shining looks of the mother and the wild ways of the father. He remembered her bitter tones, "I'd rather jump in the river than to have Chris Eckhardt know." He looked down at the little girl and thought how a moment before she had startled him with her resemblance to Chris. Heaven! What a fool!

The woman said good-by to him and went, holding the little girl by the hand. He watched them—up the path, along the bluff, under the willows. There youth had walked so many years with a flashing head—first the mother, and then the daughter, beguiling him into a dream of an eternal Spring. Why, he was in his fifty-second year! Yet just a little while back he had been twenty-three—and she had come up the aisle a bride. Only yesterday his mother had ironed those great cloths of Mrs. Voight's up there in the kitchen. "Isn't it lovely, Dode?" He was a boy turning to admire a gleaming fall of white.

As he stood there on the dock, he did not see the river, nor the bluff, nor the yard. He was listening again to Captain Lacy. "Why, boy, what's a month or six weeks to you? You've all your life before you."



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HOW CAN YOU HOLD THE MAN YOU LOVE?

Beguile Him

Continued from Page 18

shimmering mists. Men in love can not tell the truth; they do not know what the truth is; they care less than nothing for truth, being lost in their mad dream. Women can cherish no less fondly their happy illusion while half knowing that it is illusion. Therefore we can delicately walk the hair-line between not telling the truth and telling a lie.

For I do not at all mean that any human relationship can safely be founded on lies. Deliberately to tell a lie I believe to be a sin, not because it deceives another, but because it deceives oneself. Tell a lie often enough, and you almost believe it; the true and the false blur together in your mind. The habitual liar is a pitiful creature who is sure of nothing, who can not whole-heartedly believe anything, who wanders lost in unrealities, unsure even of his own motives and desires. Nothing in this world, not even the man who is more precious to you than all the world besides, is worth lying for.

But a lie is a positive thing; it is a deliberate statement of the false rather than the true. And, since we are all egotists and vain, a lie is usually an attempt to appear better than we are. In love this kind of lie is especially the temptation. But miles of difference stretch between falsely attempting to appear better than we are and the natural impulse to be our best.

I think there never was a woman whom love did not irresistibly impel to buy a new hat. That new hat, which makes the eyes appear bluer, and the nose somewhat more kindly adjusted to the rest of the face, is commendable. It isn't, most strictly speaking, a truthful hat. It does flatter you—and, also, it flatters him. It is your brighter plumage, donned for the wooing season. So are all the graces of mind and heart that now spontaneously appear. So is that instinctive tact which does not obtrude harsh truths, cruelly to shatter your mutual dream.

For the truth is that, loving him, you desire above all things to please him. Telling him the truth is a heroic deed which demands almost superhuman strength, doing violence, as it does, not only to his love, but to your own.

I RECALL one girl I knew who had that lofty, destructive idealism which we all had in those days. She had a job and meant to keep it. She was, however, a pretty, dainty, charming girl, who wore the laciest jabots and quite the largest Merry Widow hat in town, and she was as deeply in love as ever a girl was. The young man to whom she was engaged was also a radical, an ardent believer in woman's rights. Every evening, after work, they rode homeward together on the same street-car. And it was a pay-as-you-enter car.

One day, embarrassed but dogged, he asked her not to pay her own fare. He had no logical reason; he said merely that it made him feel uncomfortable. She said at once that she wouldn't do it any more. But her work took her about in street-cars a great deal; many times a day she dropped a nickel in that box as she passed it; the gesture had become automatic. Without thinking, she did it again, and he protested. Again she did it, and he was furious.

She was all sweet reasonableness. She asked, why shouldn't she pay her own fare? Her salary was larger than his; he knew that. She was an independent woman. Surely he loved her for what she was? He was silenced. Being a feminist and independent, she pointed out, she could not honestly and truthfully behave like a parasitic woman. Was it quite fair to try to quarrel with her because her essential honesty was such that she couldn't keep up the pretense? He admitted that she was entirely right.

Therefore, miserably but courageously, she continued every day to remind him, with that symbolic nickel, that she was what he had always known her to be. He was the first among the many men who have loved her to marry another girl. She has always told them all the whole relentless truth, because she believes in truth in love. It is perhaps an admirable ideal; certainly she is devoted to it. But it is not being happily in love according to the rules provided for maintaining illusions.

For even in love there is a place for the social grace, the courtesy, which adds charm to all human relationships. And the essence of courtesy is a somewhat fictitious yielding to another's tastes, opinions, and prejudices. Even tho any one knew the truth, the whole truth, and ardently wished to tell it, elementary courtesy dictates holding the tongue.

THE fundamental necessity for courtesy is detachment, and this is fortunately inescapable in love. However greatly these two lovers may yearn to be wholly one in heart and mind and soul, the truth is that they remain forever two. They will never see quite eye to eye in anything. If fleetingly they meet in a taste truly shared, or a simultaneous mood, they are fortunate.

Usually, when she wishes to wander in silent, blissful harmony beneath the moon, he insists on kissing her and talking about his emotions, and when she wishes to be told that he loves her, he jovially relates the news about the Smiths. This can not be helped, and one should be thankful for it. This inevitable space between two personalities gives one the opportunity to be truly courteous—and, of course, not quite devastatingly honest.

He asserts that you are an angel, let us say. He says this because it gives him pleasure to believe it, and he thinks it will give you pleasure to hear it. Now, you know that you are an ordinary person, that your family considers you the untidiest girl alive, and that before breakfast you're habitually in a vile temper. You can fancy the jeer of derision with which your brothers, who know you, would greet the statement that you are an angel. Yet this deluded man actually intends to marry you on the entirely mistaken assumption that you are an angel. Doesn't truth require that you undeceive him?

Not at all. The last thing he desires is to be undeceived. He believes that you are perfection because he likes to believe it. Try to take that innocent pleasure from him, and he feels like the puppy from whom one tries to take a bone. He will fight for it; he will even, pressed too hard, fight you for it. At first he will try to fend you off with more compliments, then to escape through a joke; at last desperately he will try to silence you with kisses.

Continue, with a fierce insistence, to tell him all the horrid truth about yourself—that you don't like babies, the squalling things; that you have such a fiendish temper when you are cooking that no one else dares venture into the kitchen; that you wear your stockings until the holes are too big and then throw them away undarned; that you can't resist candy and will be fatter than his father ten years from now—tell him all this, candidly and frankly, and he will hate you for your mercilessness to his dream of you. Your heart will be broken by the cruel things he says before he leaves you forever. And he will return next day to say that it was all his fault and to beg you to forgive him like the angel you are.

No, by its very nature this state of being in love has nothing whatever to do with truth. It is a delicious, absurd, irrational delirium, a fantasy, an illusion. It is a glimpse of a light that never was

Continued on Page 114

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Pic. 5-28

Continued from Page 112

on land or sea; it is an emotional fairyland that has its own fantastic rules.

Men know this without thinking about it, for they are more at home in dream and fantasy than we are. They do not trouble themselves with these ethical problems in relation to love. They simply love, and let their mouths speak from the fulness of their hearts. Every man, in love, is a poet; he is not on the witness-stand under oath. It is cruelty to force truth on him. He does not want truth from you; he wants a playmate in a land of glamour.

And he is perfectly aware, without your telling him so, that when you are married it will be different. For, with the irrationality of love, he expects you to be a timid, fluttering, clinging little thing, helpless and inadequate and admiring, and he expects you to be the most efficient of housekeepers, the most intelligently firm of mothers, calm, competent, and always ready to comfort and support him in trouble or disaster. And all the time he really knows that you are only a woman, a human being like himself, and that your life together will probably turn out well enough, on the whole.

He knows that there will be bills, and quarrels, and anxieties, and that you will both grow old, that no one can delay the years that slowly take from each of us youth and illusions and leave quite ordinary, undistinguished folk. He knows this, but he doesn't want to be reminded of it. Above all, he doesn't want you—you, who for this little time are to him all the impossible beauty of which men dream—to remind him of it.

Why, indeed, should you remind yourself of these realities which have so little beauty? You, whom all the world envies, you who, in love's land, have escaped from the prosaic daylight in which most of life is lived? Santa Claus and his laden sleigh and the sound of reindeers' bells in the frosty sky are not fact—yet they are not lies, either. There is a twilight space between truth and falsehood in which belong all the fairy-tales that children have ever believed, and all the lovers' vows and raptures.

Ah, yes, you say, but when we are married—? Indeed, and if there are reasons why you should not marry—reasons so clear that even in the dazzle of loving you can still see them—don't marry. Because I believe that love is an illusion, I don't see it, ever, as a safe basis for marriage. Certainly it is lacking in solidity, since in America, where marriage for love alone is predominantly the rule, divorces multiply so rapidly that I can not be up to date with statistics.

MARRIAGE—which is a business and social institution still, in spite of all the harm we young idealists of the early century did to it, with our exalted belief that it was merely a personal relationship—should certainly be on a sound social and business basis. To marry on false pretenses, strangely, is not legally the crime that obtaining money on false pretenses is, but it seems to me that it should be an even graver one.

Yet telling the truth in love will not put marriage on a sounder foundation, not so long as love is considered the only and sufficient reason for marriage. For people who are able to see the truth clearly and relentlessly are not in love, and those who are in love are blinded to truth. Love laughs, not only at locksmiths, but at poverty, disease, disgrace, family traits, inherited tendencies, and every dictate of wisdom or common sense.

The girl who intensely dislikes every characteristic of her future mother-in-law will joyously marry the son who in all things resembles her. The man whose favorite author is Henry James will radiantly rush into marriage with the golden-haired darling who puts on her make-up in public and exclaims, "Applesauce!" No, there is no hope of rationality in love. The essence of love, and its beauty, is irrationality.

You may bludgeon love out of existence with heavy blows of inexorable truth, or you may let it alone, to gently

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fade and vanish, leaving you once more in the sane light of every day—which, not so glamourous as moonlight and mist, is more serviceable. It is sad that we must all come down to these considerations of serviceability, and to value durability a little more than beauty. But so it is. The days when a dream transfigured us, so that for a little while we were more gracious, more beautiful, more wholly and unselfishly devoted to another than human beings can ever, in sober truth, quite be—those days become soon enough a memory.

They are given to each of us by the man who sees, in a woman whom we know too well to admire, a beauty which is not there, so that he must be a poet for its sake. No doubt he is quite an ordinary fellow, in fact, but it may be that all our lives we shall feel a tenderness for each other because of that little while when, somehow, we were both a little more than human. The truth is that neither of us was ever quite the person that the other saw. But the truth is, also, that love is a kind of magic which life must be a poorer thing without.

WE ARE a race of very practical, efficient realists, we women. In America we have taken away from our men almost all their former prerogatives—the vote, the cigaret, the pay-envelop, the invitation to the dance. If now we are going to invade man's poetic realm of love with such relentless, matter-of-fact truths that he must abandon that to us also—well, we shall lose love. There will be left to us only the French *amour*, the Italian *amore*. And, of course, always marriage.

HOW CAN YOU HOLD THE MAN YOU LOVE?

Be Honest with Him

Continued from Page 19

late last night and I was not very well, so he suggested that I stay in bed this morning. He didn't want to disturb me, so he wrote me that silly little note. I have answered it so he will see it when he brushes up for dinner to-night."

I said to her, "You two are just as much in love as ever."

She replied, "More, Genevieve. Much more than any one can imagine. He has proved up so true and fine." There is no assuming between these two. For many years they were poor. Both of them had talent, but the wife devoted hers to making a home and bringing a beautiful zeal to the shaping of their life and to the motherhood of their children. They, too, have traveled together, read together, and played together. They have that laughter in their eyes which can come only from laughter in the heart. Now that the hard part of their struggle is over her latent talent, ripened by inner experience, is being brought to a beautiful expression.

A celebrated woman writer, married thirty years and more, and her husband, celebrated in his profession as well, have kept their love intact. They have sons who are an honor to them. On entering their home one is filled with a sense of well-being and of harmony. There is color there and a feeling that those who created this home have fathomed the meaning of life. There is the lightness of real joy in their repartee. Their attitude toward each other is one of delightful companionship.

TWO artists I know, married for twelve years, have built with their own hands a home on a hillside overlooking a river. Through the week they work side by side in their studio. Week-ends their friends come, well-chosen ones, bringing tidings from the outside world. When I grow overtired of the sophistication of the city I go to them because I know that there I shall find wisdom and that my faith in the beauty of life will be renewed.

Such love, I am sure, if fed upon deception, would not have withstood so well the test of the years.

Now, no one believes that any human being can or should possess another.

In that nook of the soul where dreams are born there is a sanctuary. Only God may enter there. But surely in so vital a union as love between man and woman each has the right to the truth in all matters affecting their relationship.

The question naturally arises as to just what a woman is bound in all honesty to reveal. Now, I am not one who ordinarily would believe that it is necessary for a woman to tell a man about her past—if she has one. We are all products of our heritage, our environment, and our reactions to whatever life has put before us. And most women, in so far as morals in the accepted sense are concerned, are better than most men.

But if a man is the demanding and inquisitive sort, he will not let the question rest.

Truth has a strange way of coming to the surface. In after-life, if some untoward fact is discovered, he will then have occasion for double recrimination: for the fact itself and for the deliberate deception. This must always be a question for individual decision.

But I do consider it both unhonest and unwise for a woman to withhold from the man she is to marry the conviction that she does not wish to bear children. Deeply inherent in most men when in love is the feeling that the woman of their desire shall be the mother of their children. It may be unconscious, but it is no less alive. And it is the right of every man to expect children. A big love, if the course of marriage proves a woman unable to bear them, may rise above this disappointment. Few men will forgive the deliberate intention not to have them, especially if that intention was kept from them before marriage. I have seen several marriages go on the rocks because of this mistake in principle.

Just as I have seen, too, love disintegrated and torn to tatters by the slatternliness of wives who before marriage appeared the "pink of perfection" in attire and personal detail. Just as I have seen, also, men's patience worn down by the constant nagging of ill-tempered women. These things, like murder, will out; and I fail to see expediency in a deceit which carries one so far in love only to desert one at a time when one has grown used to love and the years without it may become desolate. This is not my idea of success in love.

A lie to be a lie does not necessarily have to be a positive statement. It can be implied by silence in the presence of a misstatement or by innuendo. Tact, I'll admit, is a necessary concomitant of harmony. According to the dictionary it "implies delicate and sympathetic perception, especially of what is fit, graceful, or considerate under given circumstances." Now, consideration applies not only to the moment, but to the full course of a situation.

ONE may be truthful without being discourteous, and when tact is founded on a lie or the evasion of truth it fails of consideration in the long run. For, surely, it is neither graceful nor considerate to lie to a man for the purpose of a moment when that lie will later cause a breach in the entire relationship. Such lies are not told to save the man, but to save oneself, and that, let me repeat, is self-love and not love for any one else.

Now, it seems to me that the instance Rose Lane cites of the girl who persisted in paying her own car-fare testifies to the utility of truth. Her persistence strongly indicates that she was bound to have her

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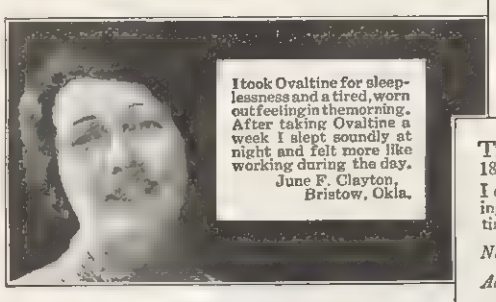
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own way no matter what the result, and also that she was unable to compromise. The attitude of the man to whom she was engaged shows plainly that he wished a wife who would submit her will to his. Marriage between these two would have been ill-mating and their life together would have been a battle-ground. Love would have had little chance to survive. Had she withheld her convictions from him, some time he would have discovered them.

That the girl has pursued her course of truth-telling does not in any way involve failure in love. Even tho she has had many men in love with her and they have so easily fallen out of it, had she married any one of them it would have turned out unhappily under the circumstances. One who has a passion for truth can not abide happily with one who can not bear the truth.

I AM amused at Rose Lane's delineation of men in general as sensitive, imaginative, impractical, idealistic, and inquisitive. A few men out of the great mass are scientists, artists, and builders. The majority are practical, hard-headed business men. Many of them are dreamers, some of them may be idealists, but it must be remembered that one may be a dreamer without being an idealist. I have known men who were builders, a few who have conquered the air, some who were scientists and artists, and I can not say that they were all what I should call idealists in their personal conduct.

Women, because they have had to mother the race, have, I think, far higher ideals of personal conduct than men, and this is why when they fall from grace the impact is more disintegrating.

Men are guileless, much more guileless than women. The greater and finer they are the less they are aware of calculation and expediency. When men of this sort are hurt in love, the wounds are deep indeed. To take advantage of the poor things is like trapping defenseless and unwary animals.

We should praise them, we should indulge them, we should *always* try to look our best for them, we should forgive them, and we may even idolize them, but deceive them never.

The temptation to lie to them is sometimes overwhelming, I admit. But if we analyze this temptation we shall know that it arises out of two deep-seated misconceptions: our belief that the happiness of one human being lies wholly within the keeping of another; and our desire to hold men to a given point of glamour and illusion, thinking that to be successful love must be sustained on a high note of complete ecstasy.

Now, no human being can find happiness through another. To expect to do so is to deceive oneself. And to exact such a responsibility from a man is an imposition, unfair as it is unhonest.

Whatever of happiness one may experience through love must come by virtue of one's own capacity for happiness. Having that, one begets and sustains it in all one's relationships. It is only by learning to give that one grows fit to receive.

As for success in love it does not flourish in untilled fields nor where the sun is always shining. Monotony is no suborner of achievement. The desert is barren ground enough until it has felt the sharp upturn of the plowshare and the swift onrush of diverted waters. Thus too must love thrive by the strength which comes through fortitude and courage in the face of conflict. No matter how ugly a situation may seem, it may be made beautiful if fine qualities contrive to master it.

The happiest marriages—and a happy marriage is love at its best—are those in which poverty, sorrow, suffering, and even disappointment have served to invigorate mutual trust and devotion. Here there is no resting-place for a lie.

No, there is nothing the matter with love nor with marriage. Whatever may appear wrong is but the wrong in the attitude of those who marry and think they love.

There is a fine augury in the intelligent young people of to-day. They are going into marriage as it should be gone into—with love for its foundation, a love of the mind as well as of the heart, a love determined to make a success of wifehood and motherhood, fatherhood and husbandhood, and therefore of love itself.

This love will not be a series of passionate explosions leaving regret, disillusionment, and cynicism in its path. It will be one of physical and spiritual wholeness whose fields shall be white with harvest.

If this, my faith, be an illusion, then I pray that it be spared me to the end of my days.

MONEY WON'T BUY IT

Continued from Page 16

seemed there were scores of jobs equally well paid in a radius of twenty blocks. Her wage at the moment was thirty dollars a week.

Gloria and Rose—the brunette—became friends at once. They ate their lunches together either in the shop lunchroom or at a near-by counter. They told each other lies about their origins. Gloria, as "Mary West," came from near Boston, she said.

For the present she had to be careful of her money. Pay-day wasn't until Saturday, and she had only the small sum that remained after she had paid the flavorous Mrs. Meloney ten dollars and had bought an overblouse and a pair of stockings.

So, as she walked with the flowing crowd that Wednesday evening homeward, she was conscious of the ninety cents that jingled in her pocket and that would have to last until Saturday. Say, thirty cents a day for food. She couldn't borrow from Rose, she knew, because Rose had already tried to borrow from her. But she was happy. She could manage easily enough; and she saw a bright future that would in not too long a time make her independent of Josiah W. Timberlake and all his works.

Next day the calamity happened—or rather next night.

MINNA seemed to be a privileged character in the shop. She was a tall, slim girl, who was a dancer as well as a model. She enlivened each morning in the aisle by doing her callisthenics there, limbering up to keep her dancing-muscles in trim. She went through her routine with perfect abandon. It didn't make any difference who might saunter through the aisle when Minna, having shed her kimono and appearing in short chorus bloomers and a little silk shirt, lay on her back, her long legs high in air, and brought them down, one—two, one—two, on the floor above her head.

Everybody laughed at Minna, and everybody admired her litheness, her supple strength, and her robust, ribald jollity.

"WHAT you doing to-night, Mary?" she demanded of Gloria at noon. Gloria, thinking of the sixty-five cents in her purse, replied that she couldn't do anything.

"Got a date?"

"Not exactly," Gloria confessed. Minna nodded toward the salesroom.

"Strauss is out there and he wants you and I should go on a party."

Gloria's objection that she had no clothes was met by offers from all the girls to supply her. Minna herself could fit her out entirely, it appeared.

"Don't be a dumb bunny," Brunette Rose whispered. "Ain't you wise? The boss is takin' care of Minna. You better go."

There were several "bosses" as far as Gloria could find out. Strauss, it de-

veloped, was a buyer for a chain of Georgia houses. "You'll get a big feed," Rose murmured.

"I'll go," Gloria yelled to Minna.

The girl's apartment, in the upper Forties near Lexington Avenue, was rather more spacious than Gloria imagined it would be. It comprised three rooms and a kitchenette, and there was elevator service and a hall-man. When Minna and she arrived they found a negro maid who laid out clothes for them, ran the water for their baths, and then went home.

"Yours is the newest thing," Minna said; and Gloria recognized the same copy of the "import" frock that she had donned the first day. She slipped into it, pleased with it, and found a pair of silver slippers of Minna's that fitted her nicely. While she and Minna were still dressing the buzzer rang, and Gloria heard a man's voice without. Minna, dressed in her georgette undies, pranced on her long legs to the door, threw it open, dashed out. Gloria heard smothered greetings and laughter. In a second Minna was back in the room again. Her hair was a little disheveled and she was pink with exertion.

"You can't come in," she called. "Mary's here."

"Hurry up, then," came the man's voice.

"All right—you mix a cocktail."

WHEN they emerged Gloria recognized the man as "Sam," as he was known in the shop, where almost everybody was called by his first name. Sam was a brother of the president of the company, and was a tall, neat, quiet chap who didn't seem to have much to do with the business except look on. The buzzer rang.

"That's Strauss." Sam made for the door, shaker in hand.

Dinner was a great success. They ate in a speak-easy of the best sort, where the service was excellent, the food the product of some brilliant French chef, and real Graves and Pommard were in the cellars. Gloria had a chance to appraise "Strauss," as he was invariably called.

She just thought him funny. A man of middle years, with the exaggerated politeness and formality of a person of no real breeding, he seemed considerate and dull, bearlike. His face was jolly, and a big curled mustache gave him the look of a huge German baker. His Southern accent was incongruous in that setting.

Dinner began late, and they lingered over liqueurs and coffee until well after ten o'clock. Gloria carefully vetoed the suggestion of dancing, later, at any night club where she might be known, and the party trooped away presently to a cabaret, cheerful and exclusive enough, which somehow she had avoided in her past existence.

Sam danced decorously with Gloria every third dance—as a matter of duty apparently. His attitude toward her was as correct as Strauss's, but with Minna, Gloria could see, he whirled in loving abandon. Such an effort on the part of Strauss would have been as incongruous as a bear dancing to a calliope.

Once Gloria had a fright. She thought she was recognized. A waiter, whose face she thought she knew, was looking at her. Could he have served her at some other place and known her as Gloria Timberlake? She put the thought from her. She watched Strauss drink down his eleventh highball. He had, it seemed, an inordinate capacity, but his manners were not affected.

Sam looked at his watch. It was after one, and time to go on.

"Where?" Gloria asked.

"To Arizona's," Minna cried. "We always end up there."

SO HAD Gloria, for months past. She could not go. She would be instantly known. Her excuses were readily accepted—almost too readily, it seemed—but perhaps Minna and Sam wanted to be alone. Strauss would take her home.

Gloria must, of course, return to Minna's to change her frock, since her suit there was the only one she possessed. So it was agreed. In the hall of the cabaret Gloria waited rather a long time while Strauss held converse with the captain of waiters and another whom she could not see.

In the taxi he sat like a German *hausvater* or like a bear on a stool, paws sturdily on his knees, eyes front.

"Go ahead and change your clothes," he said, moving around Minna's sitting-room and picking up a highball-glass. "I'll have a drink."

Gloria, who had had nothing but mineral water all evening, went into Minna's bedroom. Closing the door, she couldn't find the lock—but there! Strauss, outside, seemed as benign and fatherly as Santa Claus.

She stripped off the frock and folded it with care. Then she picked her skirt, blouse, coat, hat, and shoes out of the closet. She laid them on the bed and sat down to change her stockings and slippers. There was a crash.

Looking up, she saw the door swing violently open. Strauss was crazily framed in the doorway. He looked queer. His eyes were glazed, his face contorted. There was nothing of Santa Claus about him now. But there was something else—definitely something else.

Strauss had gone to pieces all of a sudden. The last drink had broken down his reserves.

"'Lo there, shweetheart," he roared! "Come to pop—pop-pa!"

He lurched toward her, his two hundred pounds moving like a good-sized bear, his pudgy hands and arms stretched toward her. Gloria could not move. She was palsied with disgust and fright.

Strauss tumbled to the bed beside her and squatted on it heavily One ponderous arm went around her.

"You—not—goin'—home t'night!" roared Strauss, who wheezed and pulled her close to him. Something desperate in Gloria's mind sent her a clear message. It was time to be brave—and time to be clever.

SHE smiled in Strauss's face, smiled with sparkling eyes. Her lovely lips curled in a roguish, provoking grin, and she nestled close to him. The mammoth man chuckled like a roly-poly bear.

"Whoo!" he yelled in glee,and rocked with her in his arms like a drunken pendulum.

"Strauss!" she cried, "Straussy!" loud enough to catch his fogged attention. He was grave with the owlish gravity of the very drunk.

"Whassup?" he demanded.

"You big, strong, tall man," Gloria cried with a purr in her voice, "reach up there—" she pointed to a high shelf in the back of Minna's clothes-closet "—reach up there and get me that pair of slippers!"

The bear got ponderously to his feet, moved unsteadily to the closet, stumbled within, raised his pudgy arm to grope.

"I can't fine it——"

"Don't bother!" Gloria screamed, triumph making her voice crack. She had slammed the closet door on him. She bent her back to push his weight farther in. The door clicked. In the instant Gloria bolted it.

It was a solid lock and a solid door—luckily for Gloria. The din that Strauss was making was amazing.

Leisurely she slipped into her stockings, her slippers. She fitted the simple costume of "Mary West" upon herself, jammed her exquisite but inconspicuous hat on her curls, taking her time, while the rage inside the closet increased and diminished like the surf. The bear seemed to have lost his sense of direction and was hammering frantically on a side wall. That was good, because he would eventually burst the door if he could get braced.

Gloria was dressed. She took a final look about the apartment and went to the door. The apartment was only two floors above the street. She left the bedroom door and the living-room door wide open. Then she pressed the button of the elevator. When she heard it start from the ground floor she slipped away to the staircase and ran swiftly down. At that hour the elevator-man was also the doorman. He would hear the racket Strauss was making. Gloria didn't want the bear to smother in the closet.

The streets were deserted. The late

Will you let *AGE* leave his *Merciless Etchings* on your face?

AGE is the merciless etcher. With his insidious finger he first traces fine lines about your eyes and mouth, which later spread and deepen in a coarse network of unsightly wrinkles.

But age has one dauntless archenemy—regular, intelligent care. You need not accept, with a sigh of resignation, the development of these telltale signs in your face. With faithful care and simple treatment you can prevent and correct them.

Watch these interesting little "lines of laughter" about your eyes and mouth. Today they give charm and character to your face, but if they are neglected they will spread and deepen into tragic wrinkles. If lines have already formed in your face, you must begin at once to restore the smoothness of youth.

Dorothy Gray, after years of study, evolved a corrective treatment for lines and wrinkles. She knew that when the delicate tissues sag and stretch the firm tension of a youthful skin is lost. Miss Gray's treatment is so remarkably successful because it strengthens and tightens the lazy muscles, and restores smoothness and suppleness to the skin.

The exact preparations used in Dorothy Gray's salon treatments, and a booklet with full directions for their home use, may be found at leading stores and specialty shops.

Miss Gray will gladly answer letters of inquiry regarding the needs of your individual complexion.

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Please send me The Story of Dorothy Gray. I am particularly interested in: ☐ The Treatment of Lines and Wrinkles ☐ The Treatment for Double Chin ☐ The Treatment for Relaxed Muscles and Crépy Throat.

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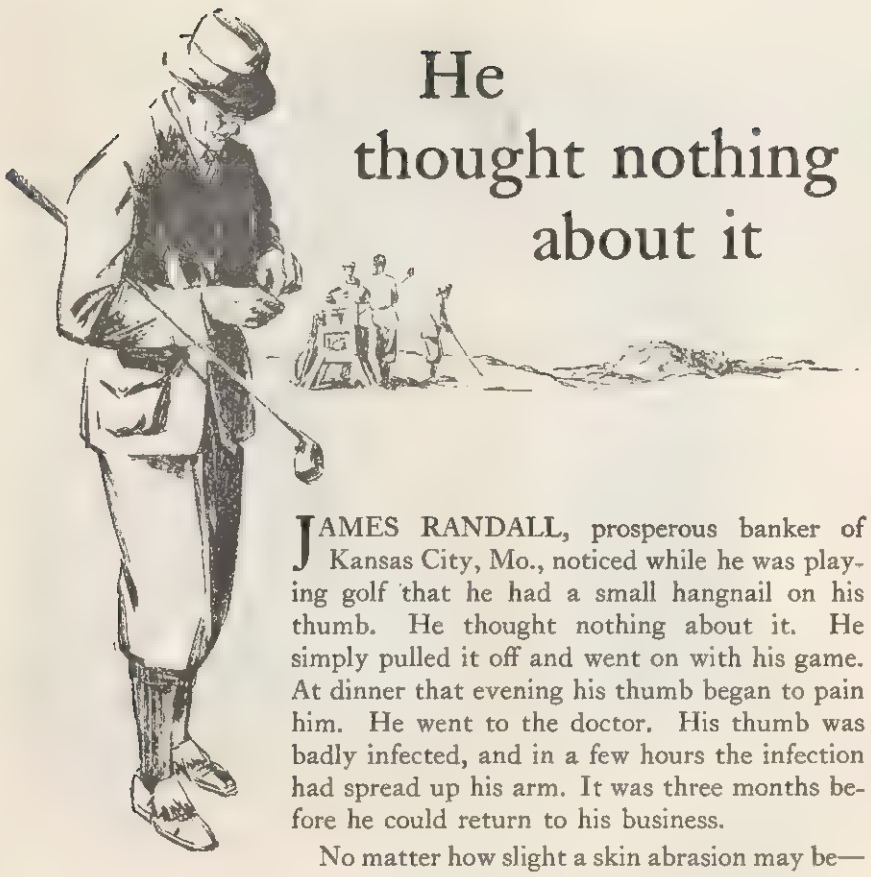

He thought nothing about it

JAMES RANDALL, prosperous banker of Kansas City, Mo., noticed while he was playing golf that he had a small hangnail on his thumb. He thought nothing about it. He simply pulled it off and went on with his game. At dinner that evening his thumb began to pain him. He went to the doctor. His thumb was badly infected, and in a few hours the infection had spread up his arm. It was three months before he could return to his business.

No matter how slight a skin abrasion may be—a pin prick, a scratch, even a slight bruise—there is always danger of infection, which may lead to serious consequences, great pain and great expense.

ALWAYS have "Lysol" Disinfectant in your medicine chest. Used in proper solution it prevents infection.

Every home needs two bottles of "Lysol," one in the medicine chest, one in the kitchen.

Made by Lysol, Incorporated, *a division of* Lehn & Fink Products Company. *Sole distributors* Lehn & Fink, Inc., Bloomfield, N. J. In Canada, Lysol (Canada) Limited. Distributed by Lehn & Fink (Canada) Limited.

"Lysol" Disinfectant is sold at retail *only* in the *brown* bottle packed in the *yellow* carton.

Lysol
Disinfectant
REG U S PAT OFF.

Remember!

1. "Lysol" Disinfectant must *always* be used in solution.
2. Keep a small bottle of "Lysol" Disinfectant, diluted according to directions, *always* ready for instant use to prevent infection.
3. Whenever you use a needle to prick the skin for any purpose, *always* dip it first in "Lysol" solution.

© Lehn & Fink, Inc., 1928

Spring air was cool, and Gloria shivered. She was uncertain about the subways—shuttle and all—and she set her chin and started to trudge the weary distance down-town and across town to West Thirty-first Street. She was weary with dancing, excitement, and foreboding. She moved down Lexington Avenue.

She had not gone far when a car drew close to the curb beside her.

"Want a ride?" a voice called.

Gloria didn't answer. Frightened, she crossed to the inside of the sidewalk. The car caught up with her.

"Listen Sister," the voice called, "don't be a darn fool. If you're going to get along in the world you got to know men. Take a look at me. I'm not a necker; I'm a plumber."

Gloria looked.

"I don't think," she said slowly, "that I've ever known a plumber."

Then she stepped into the car.

"It's a swell business," went on the man as he shifted gears.

Throughout the entire ride home Gloria didn't speak. She didn't get a chance. But by the time she arrived at her lodging she knew all about the plumbing business. She stepped from the car unmolested, and expressed her gratitude.

"Oh, that's all right," the man said bruskly, and drove away.

He hadn't asked her name. He hadn't suggested that he would like to see her again; and as Gloria climbed to her room she felt that she had been insulted twice in the one evening.

Next morning she lost her job.

The jade talisman of luck that hung from Gloria's neck bobbed in sympathetic good spirits as Gloria emerged, after a whirlwind half-hour, from the loft-building on Seventh Avenue. She was resting, once more, as the actors put it. Her discharge from the services of the Haut Monde Cloak and Suit Co., Inc., had been spectacular, accompanied by enough yelling to flatten the walls of Jericho. Evidently the "Strauss account" was one of vital importance to the company. And, evidently, Gloria was not.

But she had fifteen dollars in her pocket—the sum of her three days' labor—and was not in the least discouraged. Happy, rather. She had found a means of earning a living, and she still saw huge possibilities in it. If she could get a job at one place, she could certainly get one at another. She had enough money to pay rent for another week, beginning next Monday (it was only Friday), and she could eat, sparsely, to be sure, on her remaining five dollars and sixty-five cents.

THE streets looked busy and friendly, a warm sun beat on her, the noises of the city sounded cheerful and inspiring, and Gloria bought a handful of papers to examine when she reached home. She thought with glee of all the places that would want models, "attractive girls, size 16." A cloud passed over her spirits when she remembered the bearlike Strauss. To be sure, if that sort of thing was a necessary part of her job it would be fatal.

The slack-jawed slavey who worked for the oleaginous Mrs. Meloney had not yet cleaned Gloria's room, the girl learned when she reached it. She threw her solitary window up and sat in the spindly rocking-chair to read the want ads. Friday, she might have realized, was a bad day for notices for the kind of work she wanted. In all three papers only two "model" jobs were listed. This disturbed Gloria, who decided with a little catch in her throat that she had better answer them right away. The morning was already almost gone.

Gloria, prinking before the shabby mirror, decided on a career of absolute parsimony. She would save every cent of her money. It would have to last a long time, the little bit that would remain after she paid the landlady next Monday. She tossed her thin roll of bills into the bureau drawer. Then she examined herself in the mirror again, and saw the green-jade talisman. She was vexed with that thing—it hadn't brought her much luck, at that. She lifted it from her neck and deposited it in the drawer. She would try her own luck without it.

Corns Lift Off!

Ah! What relief! One touch of "Freezone" stops the pain, then shortly corn lifts off without hurting. Why have corns when you can get "Freezone"? A small bottle is sufficient to remove every kind of corn and foot callus.

HIDDEN GOLD — *in your hair too!*

Re-discover it, tonight, in one shampooing!

A treasure hunt—in your hair! Hidden there is something precious—loveliness undreamed of; a sparkling radiance that is *YOUTH*—key to popularity, romance, happiness! You can revive this charm, tonight, with Golden Glint! Rich, generous lather cleanses each hair. You rinse—remove all trace of soap. Your hair appears shades lighter. Then you apply the *extra touch*—the "plus" that makes this shampoo *different!* Instantly—new gloss—new finish! All trace of dullness gone! Millions use regularly! Nothing to bleach or change natural color of your hair. Just a wonderful shampoo—*plus!* At your favorite dealers', or if not, send 25 cents to J. W. Kobi Co., Dept. E, 608 Rainier Ave., Seattle, Wash.

Golden Glint *the* SHAMPOO *plus*

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My method prevents the hair from growing again. Easy, painless, harmless. No scars. Booklet free. Write today enclosing 3 red stamps. We teach beauty culture. D. J. MAHLER, 425-A Mahler Park, Providence, R.I.

A beautiful bob! But only if the back of the neck is smooth and white.

ZIP, in gently lifting out the roots with the hairs, rapidly, painlessly and harmlessly, makes your skin adorable. Ideal also for the face, arms, body, limbs and underarms. Guaranteed!

CARMEL MYERS says: "ZIP is certainly the best in its line and nothing can take its place."

Use *ZIP* once and you will never resort to any other method.
Sold at all stores by the package.
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Makers of ZIP-SHAVE Cream for men

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Please tell me how *ZIP* really destroys superfluous hair at home. Also send FREE sample of your Massage & Cleansing Cream.
(If you enclose 10¢ and mark here ☐ a package of my 25¢ Cocoanut Shampoo will be sent to you FREE.)
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Our plan for ambitious boys in business is going to bring happiness to thousands of "regular fellows" between the ages of nine and fifteen, this summer. Wouldn't *you* like to earn real, big cash profits and win quality boys' Prizes? Just fill in the coupon below and we'll tell you all about it.

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Mr. Allan B. Scott,
Young Hustlers Division,
The Pictorial Review Company,
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Without obligations, please tell me all about your plan—how I can earn money, win Prizes close to every boy's heart, and obtain a business training, free of cost.

Boy's Name .....

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GRAY HAIR

SCIENCE now finds that hair can be restored to natural shade. No tell-tale, crude dyes that endanger hair health. No mess... but instead a clear, colorless 100% safe liquid is used that gives the hair its youthful shade and lustre. Faded hair sparkles with girlhood color. Gray streaks disappear entirely.

Make this free test offered below. **Or go to any drug store and get a bottle.** It's called Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer. If it fails you pay nothing. Don't delay.

Test Free

Mary T. Goldman, 148-F Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.
Send Free Outfit. Black.....dark brown..... medium brown....auburn...light brown...light red...blonde...

Name.....
Street.....
City.....
Please print your name and address

Gloria was right. She was late. At the first place she called a supercilious young person with elegantly waved blond hair eyed her frigidly and told her "the job is filled." Gloria rode down in the elevator, the swift descent doing something unexpected to her heart.

The other address was not so prepossessing. It was down in the neighborhood of Union Square. Gloria climbed the scuffed, dusty stairs and knocked at the door of the small shop—so different from those she had previously been in. In fact, it didn't seem to be a dress-house at all. There was a smell of chemicals about the place.

A pimply man sat at a littered desk. Gloria explained her mission. The man's eyes played over her like a grease-gun.

"Take the skoit and blouse off," he commanded. Gloria's eyes grew round.

"But why?" she asked.

She was informed that her job would be to pose for photographs for underwear advertisements—if she got it. But she didn't. She didn't wait to find out whether she had it or not.

BUYING newspapers and riding in subways was expensive. Gloria stopped at a soda-fountain and drank a glass of sticky, sweet milk chocolate and ate a sandwich for lunch.

Mrs. Meloney's front steps were as unprepossessing as the lady herself. So were the stairs inside. Gloria climbed both with a sinking heart and a premonition of evil. Both were justified.

It wasn't until she had been in her room five minutes that she noted anything queer. The slavey had made the bed and cleaned the room. At least it was Gloria's own for the time, her fortress, her haven, her place of refuge. She stood before the bureau and arranged her hair, her hat on the bureau cover. Then she saw it.

It really wasn't anything in itself. It hadn't any importance, being merely a piece of black cord such as jade bangles may be hung to.

But it hadn't been just where it now was, at the time Gloria left the room. It had been inside the drawer of the bureau entirely, coiled and looped over her fifteen dollars. Now it was hanging half outside the drawer, like an untidy loop of Mrs. Meloney's stringy hair.

Vertigo seized the girl. Her heart pumped once like a fish's gill. She threw the drawer open, and she found that what she had feared was true. The money was gone.

Blazing with rage and fear, Gloria descended to the smelly regions where the landlady fried her fish and slept. Here was something new to Gloria—she had never before experienced the disgusting, heart-breaking, sickening fact of petty theft. She met a Tartar.

Thieving in this house! Never! This was a respectable house. Mrs. Meloney would have the police in—she had never been so insulted. In all her years of experience as a landlady such a thing had never occurred before. And, besides, had Gloria locked her door? Or her bureau? Gloria had not. Well, then, what could she expect? Anybody might have walked in——

Gloria found these arguments unanswerable. There was really nothing she could do. Back again in her room, she looked in the glass with frightened eyes, and the face she saw frightened her still more. Bothered, bewildered, up against it—and now this! Gloria clamped her chin hard and ducked her head with its halo of curls—sure signs that she had herself under control. Sure signs that the Timberlake blood was up. She would carry on! Well, as a matter of fact, when she thought it over, there didn't seem to be very much of anything else she could do.

The sounds of New York came blowing in the open window. What was that note that Gloria distinguished? Was there an eery, saturnine wail in the sounds? Or was it a wry chuckle?

IF GLORIA, when she was at the Ritz, imagined she was passing a dull and barren week-end, she was willing to revise the notion now. It had been paradise in comparison, gay as a merry-go-round.

Leaves your Hair Radiant with loveliness

Brings Out All the Natural Life, Wave and Lustre. Gives that Wonderful Gloss and Silky Sheen which makes Your Hair so much admired.

THE attractiveness of even the most beautiful women depends upon the loveliness of their hair.

The simple, modern styles of today are effective ONLY when the hair itself is beautiful.

Luckily, beautiful hair is now easily obtained. It is simply a matter of shampooing.

Ordinary, old time methods, however, will not do. To bring out the REAL BEAUTY, the hair must be shampooed properly.

Proper shampooing makes it soft and silky. It brings out all the real life and lustre, all the natural wave and color and leaves it fresh-looking, glossy and bright.

When your hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because your hair has not been shampooed properly.

While your hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali in ordinary soaps soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why thousands of women, everywhere, now use Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product brings out all the real beauty of the hair and cannot possibly injure. It does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

A Simple, Easy Method

IF you want to see how really beautiful you can make your hair look, just follow this simple method.

First, wet the hair and scalp in clear, warm water. Then apply a little Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo, rubbing it in thoroughly all over the scalp, and all through the hair.

Two or three teaspoonfuls make an abundance of rich, creamy lather, which cleanses thoroughly and rinses out easily, removing every particle of dust, dirt and dandruff.

Just Notice the Difference

YOU will notice the difference in your hair even before it is dry, for it will be delightfully soft and silky. The entire mass, even while wet, will feel loose, fluffy and light to the touch and be so clean it will fairly squeak when you pull it through your fingers.

If you want beautiful, well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, glossy, fresh-looking and easy to manage—and make it fairly sparkle with new life, gloss and lustre.

You can get Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo at any drug store or toilet goods counter, anywhere in the world.

A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.

MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO

"LET THEM GROW UP IN KAYNEE"

SUCH *real boy* styles—such smart tailored fit—such exclusive and wholly distinctive patterns, colors and fabrics—are found only in Kaynee. No wonder a boy looks better in a Kaynee suit! And how Kaynee survives tub, tumble and *wear!* Boys vote them real clothes—and mothers, real values. At leading stores everywhere.

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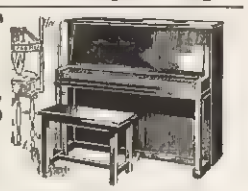

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Age lines *must* be erased
~they cannot be concealed

Catherine McCune's
Silk Muscle Lifting Mask

Your mirror knows no suave amenities It reveals with brutal frankness just how old—or young—you really look. That network of wrinkles about the eyes; the creases from nose to mouth; the flabby fullness under the chin and the coarsened texture of the skin cannot be concealed with lavish make-up. They must be erased.

Note How Mask Lifts and Supports Sagging Facial Muscles

The Way Has Been Found

Catherine McCune, one of America's foremost skin and beauty specialists says: "In all my experience I have never seen such a safe, sensible and inexpensive method of improving the contour of face and texture of skin. My Silk Muscle Lifting Mask treatment is so easily applied in the privacy of your home. Its principle of muscle lifting is most helpful in erasing tired lines, pouches, wrinkles, crows-feet, double chin and sagging muscles. The gentle massage induced by breathing while wearing the mask purifies, brightens and refines the skin, thus restoring a wrinkle-free bloom of youth that requires little, if any, concealing makeup. My Silk Muscle Lifting Mask treatment is a natural and inexpensive way of accomplishing that which required expensive plastic surgery or deep peel heretofore."

Let Catherine McCune tell you how to regain and retain your youthful freshness by sending for her wonderful book "Beauty is Yours to Have and to Hold."

It's Free—Send No Money

Catherine McCune,
1259 Security Bldg., Denver, Colo.
Send me your book "Beauty is Yours to Have and to Hold" without obligation to me.

Name .....

Address. .....

When Saturday came round, Gloria, religiously buying the papers, found that Saturday was a day nobody seemed to work—or want workers. Nobody, at the close of the week, was thinking about hiring. Never before had Gloria read the papers so carefully; she had nothing else to do. She tried to get a little exercise, but she found it made her terribly hungry. And the chocolate bars she was living on didn't have as much nourishment as they advertised they had.

Bright and early Monday morning there was a knock on her door. It was the landlady.

"You goin' to stay another week?" she demanded.

Gloria said she planned to, and again there was the waiting pause, the definite hesitation in Mrs. Meloney's manner which indicated as clearly as a sign-post: "Ten dollars, please."

The landlady was worse than firm this time. Hadn't Gloria insulted her? Hadn't the girl accused her of keeping a rooming-house where people stole? She was tempted to get rid of the hussy anyhow; she was too pretty to be really respectable; and if she didn't come through with the rent, that was an end of it.

It was. Gloria, a few moments later, found herself in the street, her two empty fake-leather bags in her hands, her suit bedraggled, her shoes in a worse condition than she had ever imagined shoes could get into.

The street met her with a boisterous halloo—a roaring, yelling sound that was certainly unfriendly, certainly cold-blooded, avaricious, brutal. Gloria did something she never imagined anybody could do—she picked a newspaper out of a rubbish-can!

New York wanted several models, it appeared. Gloria stumbled into a dress-house reception-room. Beyond it, she knew, through one or another of those doors, was the models' aisle—cozy, friendly, comfortable. In it the girls were happily sitting, chatting, smoking, laughing. Rich girls. Richer than Gloria at the moment imagined anybody could be—earning thirty dollars or thirty-five dollars a week. How she envied them!

Something in her manner evidently struck the man and the woman who interviewed her. Gloria didn't even have a chance to don a pretty frock. They merely asked her name.

When Gloria answered, "Mary West," the man turned to his companion and nodded. "That's the girl," he said. "Strauss said she'd be around." Then he turned to Gloria. "Nothing to-day."

Strauss! The pudgy finger of Strauss had marked her. Gloria felt a desolation flood her heart. Could she not tell these people? Could she not cry out? Explain? Tell her story? The elevator was carrying her downward in a great hurry.

HOW the time loiters when you're out of a job! How everything seems to halt, to be tied fast, to be useless! Everything except the busy people, the fortunate busy people, draymen, bankers, typists, shop-girls, hurrying, hurrying happily from here to there on their engrossing errands. The people with jobs—how careless they are, how full of themselves, how complacent! Their eyes are inward. They don't see the shabby girl with the big eyes and the two suitcases. Suitcases which, light as they are, have become too heavy for her. They don't see her sitting on the bench in Bryant Park, looking at the world go by, looking with vacant, pitiful, desperate, frightened eyes.

What did it matter to Gloria whether the time went slow or not? She had nothing to do with the time. Day or night didn't matter, apparently. Hunger mattered and her fatigue mattered. She sat there and thought dimly. Her thoughts were slow, vacant, difficult; and she fingered absent-mindedly the green-jade bangle she had hung around her neck for want of any other place to put it. Luck, indeed!

Something glowed inside her—an idea! An idea like a golden dawn after a night of storm. She was remembering that morning a week before at the Ritz. Remembering a conversation—ignored at the time, but now so important.

It was when all those scavengers from

EYES *no man could ever forget*

BEWITCHING in their loveliness, beautiful eyes are always so alluring, intriguing, so utterly divine!

And now, easily, safely and quickly you can awaken the beauty which slumbers in your eyes — by framing them in a fringe of soft, shadowy luxuriant lashes — the marvelous gift of Winx.

Applied in a twinkling and as easily removed, Winx lash dressing is now the vogue among smart women of fashion. Cake Winx, Cream Winx or Winx liquid (waterproof) obtainable at all good stores. All priced at 75c each complete.

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WINX

Lavishes Beauty Without the Slightest Hint of Artificiality

Lingerie "V" Chain
Won't let them slip

HOW easy now to hold lingerie straps securely in place. Here is new comfort for women—the original "V" Chain, a charming, dainty bit of jewelry serving a most practical purpose holding straps without tearing the fabric.

Our White Gold Filled Only $1.00—*or with Perfumette $1.35*

Perfumette Style permits use of your favorite perfume in center medallion. Thousands of women declare delight with this new invention. Genuine "V" chains are not sold in stores. Money back if not satisfied. Now banish forever annoyance and discomfort of slipping straps. ORDER TODAY!

WOMEN EARN *amazing incomes selling Original "V" Chains. No experience needed. No matter where you live you can earn much extra money. For details write today.*

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Remove all blemishes and discolorations by regularly using pure Mercolized Wax. Get an ounce, and use as directed. Fine particles of aged skin peel off, until tan, freckles and all blemishes disappear, leaving skin beautifully clear, soft and velvety, and face much younger looking. Mercolized Wax brings out the hidden beauty. **To quickly remove wrinkles and other age lines,** use daily this face lotion: 1 ounce powdered saxolite and 1 half pint witch hazel.

At Drug and Dept. Stores Everywhere. Advt.

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Earn substantial amount weekly retouching photos—man or women. No selling or canvassing. We teach you at home, furnish working outfit and employment service. Write today ARTCRAFT STUDIOS, Dept. B-8, 427 Diversey Parkway, Chicago.

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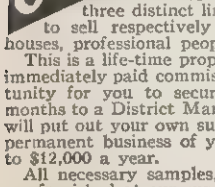

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the shops had piled into her suite, fingering her things, piling them up and carting them off. It was then that a man—kindly-faced, as she now thought of him, a man in his middle thirties, strong and heavy-built—had spoken to her, given her an ambiguous invitation. She had scorned the invitation then. But now! How solid, how substantial, how kind he seemed to her! Gloria jumped from her seat and started walking.

Then she halted. Slowly she turned back. She sat down again beside her two fake-leather suitcases and wrinkled her brows in serious thought. What was his name? What on earth was his name, and what on earth was his address? Gloria almost wept with vexation. What was his name?

Then from the junk-pile at the bottom of the cliff of memory, she pulled it slowly up—pulled it—Bel—Bel—Belmont? No, it had a "k" in it.

Belknap!

Gloria's face lighted up. Her smile in her wan face was so radiant, so gorgeous, that it almost knocked a boy bootblack off his pins. Some looker, hully chee! he whistled.

Belknap. That was easy. The rest was easy. He lived in East Fifty-first Street. The number didn't matter; she could find it. She knew it must be between Lexington and Third Avenues or farther East, since the blocks west of that were practically all private houses. She would find it.

She looked around her furtively. The coast was clear. Gloria giggled again as she discovered how hard it was to leave anything behind in New York. She rose, and almost tiptoed away. The bags on the seat seemed to yell at her accusingly.

Somebody was yelling at her. Gloria wouldn't look around. She wouldn't. The yelling rose louder.

"Hey, lady! lady!"

She had to look around. A pint-size bootblack was running behind her.

"Hey, lady," he piped with an adoring glance at her features, "youse forgot your bags!"

Gloria smiled at him. She couldn't help it.

"Oh, thanks," she said, and returned and picked them up.

The bootblack swaggered off, his chest expanded like a prize-fighter's, and a dream of beauty in his heart. As good as a Boy Scout's—that good deed.

Gloria crossed the street and stopped in a drug-store. Would they mind keeping these valises for half an hour for her? They were dubious at first. But then they looked at Gloria's face, at her eyes. Even a soda-jerker at the corner of Forty-second Street and Sixth Avenue was not impervious to the beauty of those eyes. She might leave the suitcases. The soda-jerker almost tumbled in his haste to put them behind his counter.

TRUDGING again! As Gloria looked back over the last week, it seemed to her she had been doing nothing but trudge, trudge, trudge the city streets—in the heat of the day, on the hot pavement. She was giving out. She could feel it. There wasn't much vitality left in her. Something would have to happen soon. An elevated train screeched into the station she had just passed; its brakes yelled a mocking laugh at her. What an outrageous noise!

Belknap! If she could only find him. He assumed for her—so cloudy was her mind—the appearance of a benevolent deity. So distorted were her thoughts that she built up his casual chat with her into a promise of beautiful, upright, cherishing care.

It was middle afternoon when she got to the block in Fifty-first Street where she imagined Belknap lived. How long she had sat on the bench in Bryant Park she did not know; and she had halted once for a cup of coffee—nothing else—on her walk up-town. She had seventeen cents. A dime, a nickel, and two pennies. She imagined she knew those coins as well as she had ever known a friend in the old days. The old days! They seemed like a dream, a fantastic memory that had never existed. Gloria was going a

Continued on Page 124

FAMOUS FEET

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how they're kept free from corns

GILDA GRAY'S *Dancing Feet*

Those whose feet earn fortunes treat them with zealous care, as a singer does her throat or a painter his hands. That's why hosts of stage stars, dancers and athletes endorse Blue-jay as the safe and gentle way to end a corn.

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You'll be delighted with the new refinements in the new Blue-jay. A new creamy-white pad and a more flexible disc. Now at all drug stores. *For calluses and bunions use Blue-jay Bunion and Callus Plasters.*

THE new Blue-jay

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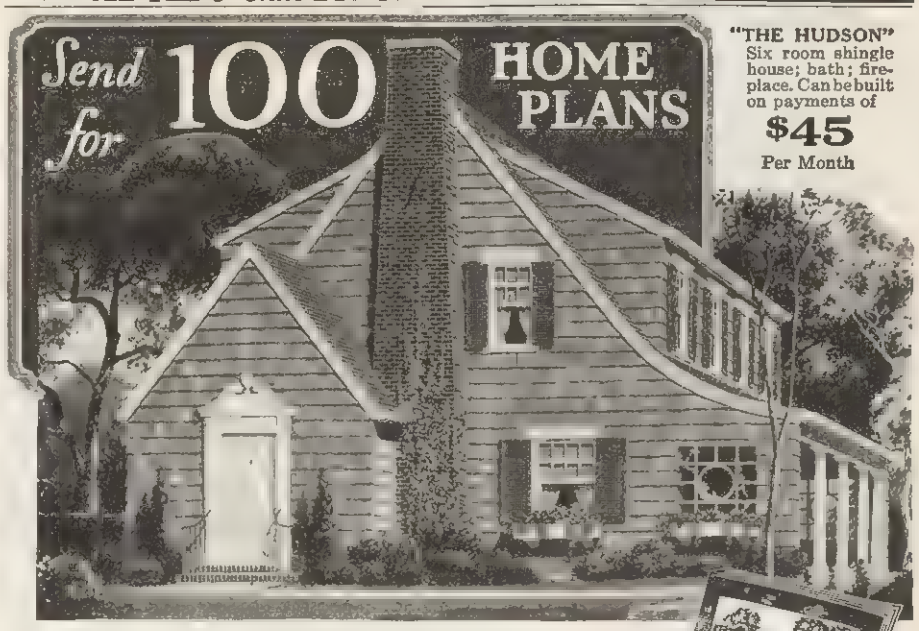

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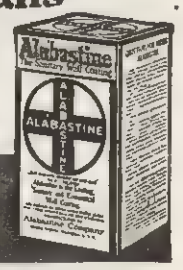
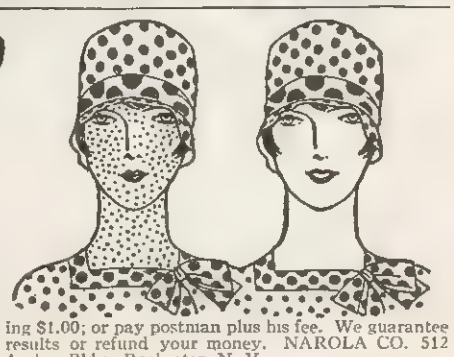


Alabastine

Freckle Soap Removes Freckles



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UNUSUAL FISH DISHES

By Felice Gervais

Salmon à la Monterey Bay

(Hot or Cold)

- 1½ Pound Fresh Salmon or 1 Large Can Salmon
- 2 Tablespoonfuls Butter
- 1 Onion, Sliced
- 1 Teaspoonful Salt
- 2 Hard-cooked Eggs
- 2 Tablespoonfuls Flour
- 2 Cupfuls Milk
- 3 Cupfuls Water, Boiling
- ½ Teaspoonful Pepper

BAKE the salmon; if it is fresh, bake it whole in a bread-loaf-size baking-tin; if the salmon is canned, it will be best to bake it in a greased casserole. Add the seasoned, boiling water and the sliced onion. Bake in a moderate oven (325 degrees F.), basting frequently. When tender, remove and put on a platter, and serve with a sauce made by browning butter and flour together until a smooth paste is formed. Next add slowly, stirring the while, the stock in which the fish was baked (there should be at least 1 cupful left) and the milk. Season, and when it commences to thicken add the hard-cooked eggs, which have been cut up in small pieces. Add chopped parsley to this if desired.

A delightful salad may be prepared the next day out of any left-over salmon. Place the cold salmon, removing any bones, on a bed of lettuce or watercress. Surround this with fresh green peas, cooked so that their vivid green color has not been destroyed. On the edge of the platter distribute ripe olives and radishes. Serve with mayonnaise to which lemon-juice and chives have been added. The whole must be thoroughly chilled before serving.

Timbale of Fish with Tomato Sauce

- 1 Cupful Fish Flakes
- ½ Can Evaporated Milk, Undiluted
- ½ Teaspoonful Salt
- Dash Paprika
- ½ Cupful Cracker-crums
- 1 Egg
- ¼ Teaspoonful Pepper
- ½ Teaspoonful Parsley

MIX the shredded fish flakes with the cream, the beaten egg, the crushed cracker-crums, the parsley, minced, and season. Place the mixture into greased patty-pans or timbale-molds. These should then be stood in boiling water, which comes almost to the top of the pans. Bake at a temperature of 375 degrees F. until quite firm but not dry. Remove from the molds and serve with a tomato sauce made as follows:

Tomato Sauce

- 1 Small Can Tomato Paste or Soup
- 1 Onion, Chopped Fine
- ½ Teaspoonful Salt
- 1 Tablespoonful Flour
- 1 Cupful Hot Water
- 1 Slice Bacon, Minced
- ¼ Teaspoonful Pepper
- ½ Lemon (Juice)

COOK the ingredients thoroughly together and thicken with the flour.

Shrimp and Cucumber en Gelée

- 1 Package Lemon Gelatin
- 1 Large Can Shrimps
- ½ Cupful French Dressing
- 2 Cucumbers, Diced
- Dash Paprika and Cayenne
- 1 Cupful Cold Water
- 1 Cupful Boiling Water
- ½ Cupful Mayonnaise
- ½ Cupful Gruyère Cheese, Cut in Small Cubes

DISSOLVE the gelatin in the cold water; add the boiling water. Marinate in the French dressing the contents of the can of shrimps, which first break into small sections. Drain these and add them to the gelatin. Add also the chilled, diced cucumbers, the Gruyère cheese, cut into tiny cubes, and then the stiff mayonnaise folded in gently at the last. Season well before putting in the refrigerator to set. This salad may be prepared in individual molds or in one large shape. Serve on hearts of lettuce, covering the whole lightly with shrimps, left unbroken for this purpose. Surround with sliced cucumbers, dressed with French dressing flavored with onion-juice. Extra mayonnaise dressing, mixed with an equal amount of whipped cream (unsweetened) and seasoned with paprika and a few grains of Cayenne, may be passed with this exotic and unusual salad.

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Decorate fancy handkerchiefs, scarfs, pillow tops, table runners, dresses, drapes. Quick. Easy. *Complete* trial outfit, *only* $1.00—silk crepe handkerchief, beautifully designed; 3 bottles color; 1 tube plastic white; 1 pkg. metallic gold; 1 brush; 6 cones; explicit instructions. Decorated handkerchief would cost much more in stores—you pay *only $1* for complete outfit. Order today!

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SUGAR-MIXTURES

By Helen Treyz Smith

WHEN you are cooking do you ever get to wondering—

Why cooking softens potatoes but hardens eggs?

Why heating stiffens cakes, but cooling stiffens gelatin?

Why boiling thins sugar sauce but thickens white sauce?

What happens, anyway, in these topsyturvy results?

[redacted]

These candies all secure their texture either by adding the simple sugar directly or by adding an acid so that the sugar will surely be changed.

Fudge

2 Cupfuls Sugar.
⅔ Cupful Milk
2 Squares Chocolate, Chopped
2 Tablespoonfuls Butter
1 Teaspoonful Vanilla, and
2 Tablespoonfuls Corn-sirup

Combine the sugar, milk, and corn-sirup. Add the chopped chocolate. Cook slowly, stirring until the chocolate and sugar are melted; then stir occasionally. Boil until 236 degrees F. or the soft-ball stage is reached. Remove from fire, adding the butter without stirring. Cool until lukewarm, or 110 degrees F. Add the vanilla, and beat until it loses its shiny look. Pour into greased pans.

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Woman's Greatest Need

IN any story, true or otherwise, there is always another possible ending.

With a little foresight any girl or woman may completely change the course of her life. But she must know this one thing—that personal charm and attractiveness form the ruling power of a woman's destiny. Yet how few women seem to observe it.

Personal beauty is the guiding star in the life of Edna Wallace Hopper. She knows the importance of feminine appeal. Today, when most women of her age consider beauty a vanished dream, she looks like a girl.

She has made numerous trips abroad for the best creams and powders that science could produce to refresh the cherished bloom of youth. No effort was too great, as she was determined to find the best beauty aids.

Miss Hopper now shares her discoveries with other women. Because of the large quantities sold, her cosmetics are available on any toilet counter at prices all women can afford.

An Invitation

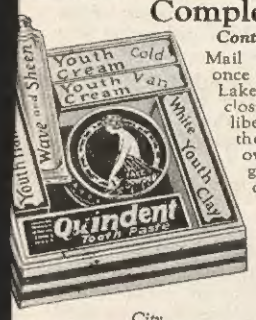
Every girl and woman is urged to accept Miss Hopper's special introductory offer as below. Note the beauty box filled with Edna Wallace Hopper's own beauty builders, which is yours at trifling cost.

Send Coupon for liberal trial sizes of seven Beauty Aids. Full size packages would cost you over $4.

FREE Certificate for full fifty-cent tube of exquisite Quindent toothpaste will be included, so this week-end beauty case really costs you nothing!

Complete Beauty Outfit

Containing Every Beauty Need



Mail this special-offer coupon at once to Edna Wallace Hopper, 536 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago—enclosing 50c (stamps accepted) for liberal trial sizes of all seven of these beauty aids, Miss Hopper's own beauty book, also certificate good for Free 50c tube of Quindent toothpaste.

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THE PERFECT DRY CLEANER
CLEANS PERFECTLY SILK, GLOVES, LACES AND ALL FINE FABRICS
THE CUMMER PRODUCTS CO.
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Energine removes dirt and grease spots quickly, easily and economically. Leaves no odor! Large 10-ounce can, 35 cents! For greater economy buy the 20-ounce family size, 60c. Millions of cans sold annually.

Cleans
Dresses
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ENERGINE LEAVES NO ODOR

Cleans
Neckties
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Spats
Upholstery

Continued from Page 121

little mad—from undernourishment, fatigue, and worry.

She started her door-to-door canvass. All she did was enter the hallway of an apartment and scan the cards on the bells. When anybody came in or out she pretended to be very busy. Once a woman looked so peculiarly at her and took such a long time to find her keys that Gloria in desperation clicked a button. Luckily there was no answer; and when the woman disappeared Gloria walked away. To the next door.

This business gave her a strange sense of lawlessness. She imagined that every one thought she was a sneak-thief. She felt hangdog, furtive.

Coming out of the sixth doorway, she looked up at the broad blue expanse and silver buttons of a patrolman. With a gasp and without attempting to reason why, Gloria fled. She dusted around the corner as if the whole bomb squad were after her. The patrolman, who hadn't noticed her, continued his inspection of a trickly fire-hydrant.

Poor Gloria! She might have known that the cops were about the best people she could have gone to. But she didn't.

When she thought the coast was clear again she returned, persistent, to the street. She didn't dare continue her door-to-door search. All she could do was wait there—wait and watch for five o'clock to come, or half past five, or whenever the visionary Belknap might be through with his labors and on his way home. She wasn't sure that he would be coming or that she could recognize him. Perhaps he dined out—perhaps he had moved away. Still, doggedly, persistently, she waited. She gazed into the face of all New York as it flowed past her in the fashion of a kaleidoscope. She gazed in vain.

It was a pallid, shaken figure that moved away from that street at seven o'clock. Hunger shaped her strides, and she wolfed another cup of coffee and a sandwich in a cheap lunch, paralyzed with fear lest the coffee might cost ten cents, and she be unable to pay the check. When she departed, her capital was two cents, and her hunger had hardly diminished.

Stepping to the street, a roaring chorus shrieked at her—the sounds of New York. They dinned in her ears, laughing, yelling, whooping, racketing. An elevated train from nowhere smashed its way overhead. A truck thundered, grinding its cacophonous siren past the curb. To Gloria it was the raging clangor of a madhouse.

And in the east there was another sound. A heavy, intermittent rumble. Thunder to the eastward and a strong wind making up.

TIM DELEHANTY, pride of the police of the Park Station House—a fine, upstanding figure of a man astride a fine horse—was returning from late tour just at the hour when dawn should have cracked if that morning had had a dawn. His slicker covered himself and his beast in the slashing downpour, and he was contemplating a game of pinocle in the back room in the hope the rain would stop before he needed to start home.

His eyes, as a good policeman's should, went from left to right, from right to left. The gray before dawn was so dim and the rain-storm so severe that he could see very little, if anything. But Tim had a well-trained pair of eyes.

"Glory be to Pewther," said Tim, "but them roots do be lookin' like a woman's legs." He gave a cursory further glance. "They do indeed," he said, "but what kind of a woman would be sleepin' under a bush on this night? Yer seein' things, Tim Delehanty."

So he passed on; and Gloria, faint, hungered, and half delirious, lay still and undisturbed.

Central Park that dreary day—Tim's game of pinocle would have prolonged itself until the next midnight if he hadn't decided to brave the storm—was scarcely inhabited. Only on the winding highways an occasional taxicab or automobile went by, and then swiftly, curtained, intent on finding the quickest shelter. But it was inhabited by one who seemed to be a creature of the woods, a wraith, a water-dryad with straggling locks and swift-running feet.

Fear—unreasoning, heart-fluttering fear—was Gloria's possessor that day. A fear that was close to madness and was despair. The lowering trunks of trees took on strange moving shapes to clutch her. The leaves under the downpour and the wind hissed at her like snakes. Trees far away tossed their branches like raging arms and pitchforks of crowds pursuing her. As long as she could she ran. When she could not she cowered into some dim recess of a shrubby bank and trembled. Then she ran again.

No sun. No people. Nothing but fantoms and the raging wind and the tossing leaves. Sounds, yes—vaguely in the distance the whoop and scream of New York, the voice of the enemy city, pursuing, chasing her to some terrifying doom. She measured hours by the choking of her breast, the booming of a new fear in her heart.

And there was another thing going on inside her—a gnawing that sometimes became an agony. Hunger! Gloria, so distracted that she could not tell what it was, waited as an invalid does for the new twinge of pain that is sure to come.

SO THE interminable day passed; and when the night began to close down like a bloodhound on a stricken fugitive, Gloria hardly noticed it. She had reached the gray wall that bounds Central Park. She stood there while her vacant eyes caught the flash of motors as they rolled south and north over the burnished, rain-coated asphalt. Just out there was a bench. If she could only reach it!

She did. But it was cold there. The night was turning cold and the east wind brought a whip in its fist. Gloria once more stared with vacant eyes. Across the way houses rose like cliffs. If she could get to them, cower beside them in their shelter—thus escape the wind's lash.

In a traffic halt the wraith-like figure flitted across the street. Gloria, momentarily warmer in the shelter of a huge rocky building, paused. Her hand went to her throat and closed on something there.

Then her gaze, so vacant, so far-away, focused. For a moment she was almost rational, and she saw that what she held in her hand was a jade-green bangle. A thing for luck! A thing for luck!

Impulsively with a gesture of fury she tore at it. The black strand snapped—the thing was in her hand. Luck indeed!

Gloria threw the bangle from her. She watched it hurtle through the air. It struck the side of the building, at the edge of a lighted window. It clung there. Its black cord had wrapped itself around the hook the window-cleaners fasten their straps to.

Gloria was fascinated by the bangle. She could see its color glittering in the light from the window. It blazed—it was emerald. It seemed to be alive. It seemed to beckon to her, to send her a message, to reproach her. It was her luck.

It was her luck. She must have it. You couldn't throw away your luck.

A wraith-like figure dodged into the lighted elegance of the corridor entrance. If the doorman had been there he would have halted it with an unfeeling arm. But the doorman was not. He was chasing a taxicab after a telephoned command from a resident.

Gloria understood apartments like this one. It was her luck she was after. She knew that the door behind which she would find her green-jade bangle was on the left, a little down the branch corridor. She made for it.

Suddenly she stumbled. Something went out of her heart. She could go no farther. A slender, wraith-like, rain-soaked dryad slumped down. Her hands played a feeble tattoo on the door as she fell.

The concluding instalment of "Money Won't Buy It" will appear in the next issue of Pictorial Review, published May 25th.

IMPORTANT

When you send us a change of address we act on it at once, but it is impossible for us to make the desired change until the second month following the date when we get your letter. This is because the tremendous circulation of Pictorial Review makes it necessary to have all addresses ready six weeks before the time for mailing comes around.

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